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LEWIS, E. A.

P O E M S

BY

ESTELLE ANNA LEWIS.



WILLIAMS.

LONDON:

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NEW YORK:

J. APPLETON & COMPANY, 23 NASSAU ST.

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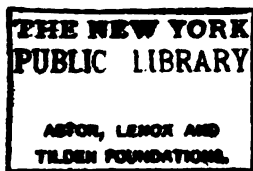
**ASTOR, LENOX AND
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Estella

(E. A. LEWIS)

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RECORDS OF THE HEART,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

ESTELLE ANNA LEWIS.

Illustrated by the best Artists.

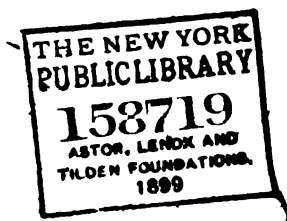
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HENRY G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

NEW YORK:

D. APPLETON & CO., BROADWAY.

1866.



ROY WEBB
JAN
1948

—

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO MY FRIENDS
IN NEW YORK.

I wish you all a sweet New Year—
A happy, happy day;
The smiles of Peace, and Love, and Cheer,
Though I am far away.

May Sixty-Six bring treasures rare—
Joys yet to you unknown—
And may ye reap without a tare,
Tenfold what ye have sown!

I cannot clasp your loving hands
As I've been wont to do,
But I will send from foreign lands
This New Year's Gift to you.

Receive it kindly: I regret
The gems unworthy are
The casket wherein they are set—
And of your fost'ring care.

STELLA.

LONDON, 23 Oct, 1865.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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1899.

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ENGRAVED BY J. CHENEY FROM A PAINTING BY ELLIOTT.

EMILIE.

ENGRAVED BY F. HALPIN, FROM A DRAWING BY H. W. CHENEY.

Emilie, p. 136.

FLORENCE.

ENGRAVED BY F. HALPIN, FROM A DRAWING BY D. HUNTINGTON.

Florence, p. 3.

UGO'S CASTLE.

ENGRAVED BY SMILLIE, FROM A DRAWING BY T. A. RICHARDS.

"By Tiber Ugo's castle stands,
Surrounded by an olive grove."

Florence, Canto I., p. 5.

ISABELLE

ENGRAVED BY PHILLIBROWN, FROM A DRAWING BY CHAPPEL.

"Implore thee to return this ring
To Gamba when I am no more.
And tell him all this suffering
That Isabelle for Gamba bore."

Isabelle, Canto II., p. 79.

ZENEL.

ENGRAVED BY F. HALPIN, FROM A DRAWING BY H. K. BROWN.

"She was a peasant's daughter blithe and fair,
Her cheeks fresh as the rose of Paradise,
Locks like the raven's wing, dark languid eyes,
And young and beautiful beyond compare."

Zenel, Canto I., p. 97.

SAPPHO.

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The Last Hour of Sappho, p. 137.

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PORTRAIT BY MACLIAR

Melpomene, p. 158.

THE REAPER.

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"The reaper rises from his work
And upward casts a doleful look."

Wreck of the Outter, p. 280.

THE WRECK.

ENGRAVED BY SMILLIE, FROM A DRAWING BY T. A. RICHARDS.

"Then, veering round beneath the tempest's shocks—
Backs—lurches—bilges on the fatal rocks."

Child of the Sea, Canto IV., p. 318.

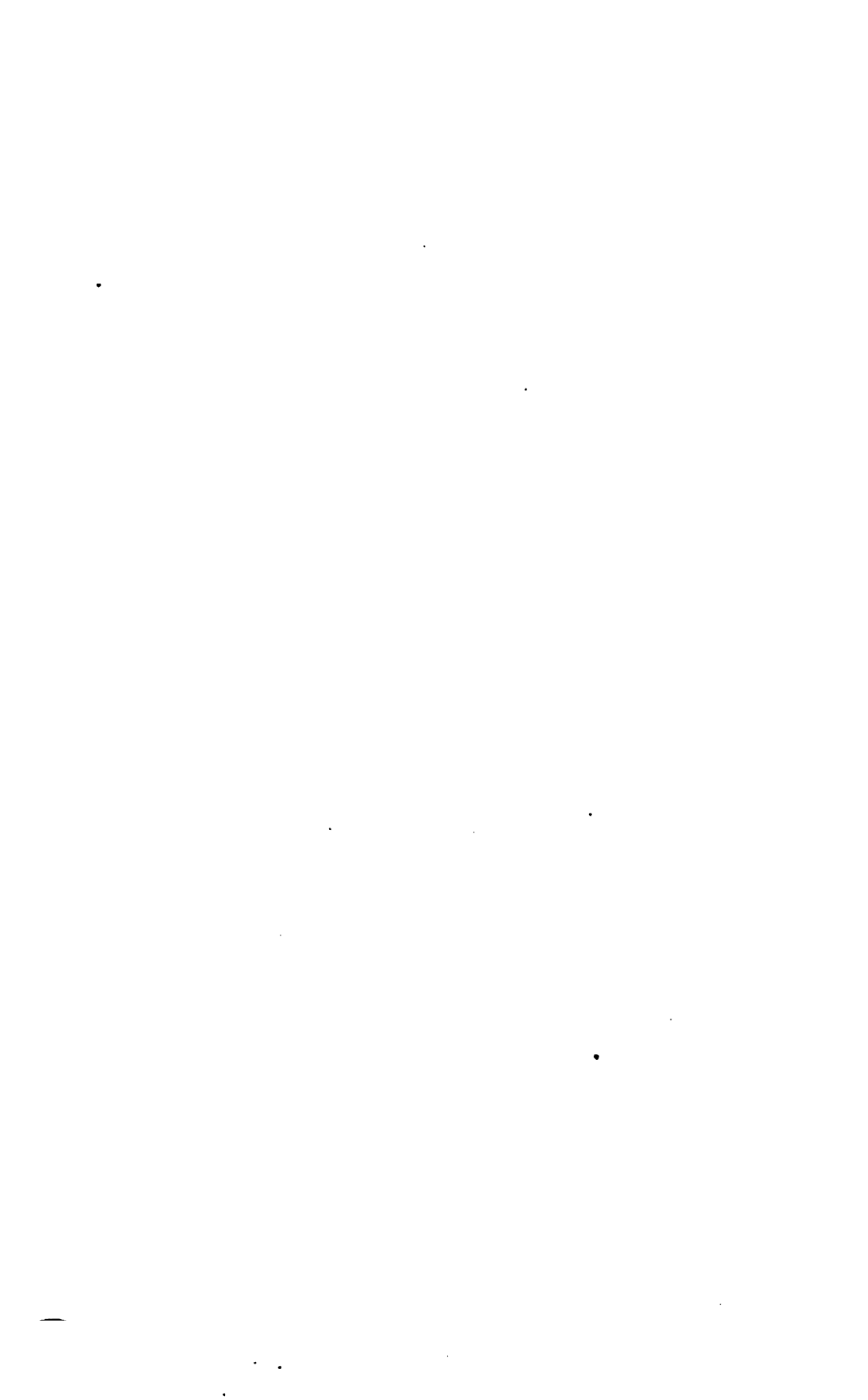
ADALINA'S REVERY.

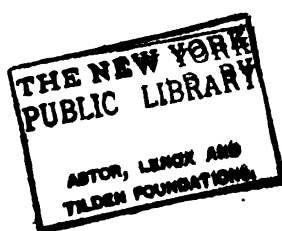
ENGRAVED BY EMILLIE. FROM A DRAWING BY T. A. RICHARDS.

" 'Tis eve, and by this stream I stand
And think, departed one, of thee."

Adalina's Revery, p. 402.

Records of the Heart.







English Dressing in 1844, painted by J. H. Thompson

FLORENCE.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1900

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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RECORDS OF THE HEART.

FLORENCE.

A TALE OF THE TIBER.

"Truth is stranger than fiction."

CANTO I.

THE CASTLE.

THE MEETING—PLIGHTED VOWS—THE PARTING.

I.

WHERE yellow Tiber rolls his tide
Onward in smooth tranquillity,
Through myrtle groves and meadows wide,
Defying mutability ;
Which long hath laid her mould-clad finger
On all else death has left to linger ;
Where Art and Genius had their birth—
The loveliest, fairest spot on earth—

The flocks are gathered to their fold,
The fawns reposing on the wold ;
The bells are rung, the mass is said,
The evening vespers duly made ;
In hut, and cot, and castle dun,
Sleep hath her silent reign begun.
The moon is in her summer glow,
And meekly smiles on all below,
The stars are burning in the sky
Like Angels' censers lit on high ;
While weeping lovers lift their eyes
Up to those calm cerulean skies,
Feeling that in those worlds above
Lies the unchequered home of love ;
And in their frenzy of despair
Implore to be translated there,
Where soul its kindred soul will greet,
And baffled hearts each other meet,
Enfranchised from the ills of earth—
The children of a holier birth.
And there, beneath the moon's pale sheen
Rises full many a mournful scene—
The wide Campagna dim and lone—
The Catacomb of nations gone,
And Rome's seven hills o'er Ruin's hearth,
The mimic Pleiades of earth ;

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THE LIONEL MOUNTAIN, GERMANY.

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The cypress, in funereal gloom,
O'erhanging many a hero's tomb,
Whose glorious memory shall outlive
All that vain pomp and wealth can give,
And shine until Time's latest day,
A halo hovering over dark decay.
Yes, there they sleep ! th' immortal brave,
Entombed in holy Freedom's grave—
The mighty arm that grasped the sword,
To put to flight the savage horde,
The tongue that pleaded with applause
For liberty and God's high laws—
Cæsar and Tully, when—oh ! when
Will such bright stars lume earth again ?
There thrones and temples lie around,
There wrecks of empires strew the ground ;
Decay and Slavery have wed,
And Genius rests her drooping head ;
And placid Beauty still appears,
Meek smiling through her limpid tears,
And Death sits throned on Glory's tomb,
Triumphant o'er the wrecks of joy and bloom.

II.

Ry Tiber, Ugo's Castle stands,
Surrounded by an olive grove,

And glassy seas, and myrtle strands—

The hallowed shrine of Peace and Love.

The guards are dozing round the wall,

Nor lamp nor step is in the hall,

And at this late and lonely hour

One waning light reveals the tower ;

And there, her rosary completed,

Lord Ugo's only child is seated.

Her untuned harp and jewels nigh,

A web of rich embroidery,

And flowers that breathe around the room

From golden vases sweet perfume.

She weeps not, but her restless eye

Betrays her deep anxiety ;

Now lost in thoughtful mood she sits—

Now hurried o'er the carpet flits—

Then by the lattice bends her ear—

“ A step ?—’Tis he ! ” O God ! her fear

If Ugo should her lover spy,

This night—this night, they both must die !

Her slight frame like the aspen shook,

And Reason half her throne forsook ;

With terror pale—with joyance drunk,

Reeling, upon the couch she sunk.

III.

'Tis past ! LEON is in her room—
A stately youth in manhood's bloom,
With cloak of black and hood of blue,
And hair and eye of sablest hue ;
And by his side a sabre gleaming,
And from his eye his high soul beaming,
Lighting his lofty olive brow
Paling with apprehension now—
“ Be calm ! sweet FLORENCE, do not fear ;
The wall is scaled, and I am here,”
He said, half drawing from its sheath
His blade, “ Thy champion until death ;
Nor have I breath nor time to waste—
Nay, Prudence bids me be in haste ;
A few words only would I say,
Which I could trust none to convey—
Words far too pure—too sacred—dear,
For other ears than thine to hear—
Wilt thou be mine ?—for ever mine ?—
Speak, fairest ; Angels hover near,
From thy sweet lips love's pledge divine
To waft unto a holier sphere.
Oh ! is the smile in that bright eye,
That cheek's soft blush my blessed reply !—

Now I am happy ! come what will,
Life hath for me nor storm nor ill.

IV.

“ I know the grudge and lasting ire,
Thy father bears my haughty sire ;
The danger of a secret union—
Ay, e’en if known, this brief communion ;
That if discovered, Ugo’s wroth
And hate may fatal prove to both :
But, dearest, this shall part us never—
Death—only death—our destinies shall sever !

“ To-morrow morn before the dawn
Awakes the lark upon the lawn,
My ship will sail for Sicily,
Where two months absent I must be,
Ere I return to Italy,
And, lovely FLORENCE, back to thee.
Twice thirty days just from this night,
Prepare thee for a speedy flight ;
When bells proclaim the vesper hour,
Be near the Tiber, in the bower,
Where, by the stars and pale moonlight,
Before we’ve met, on many a night ;

And ready there my bark shall be,
To bear us swiftly o'er the sea
To some bright land afar to dwell—
Till then, sweet maiden, fare thee well."

"Must—must we part?"—the pallid maid
Raised her dark eyes and trembling said,
"Oh! I would rather die to-night,
Than thou should'st leave one hour my sight.
I fear the guilt—I feel the woe,

To love thee 'gainst my father's will;
He bids me swear it to forego—

I swear, and doubly love thee still.
He bids me wrench thee from my heart,
But in that act would life depart.
With thee to live—and love—and die,
Whether beneath our native sky,
Or in some wild, forsaken land—
In cave, or isle, on desert strand,
Is all I wish, is all I hope,
Whate'er the ills with which we cope.
This morn, before the holy Mother,
My sire betrothed me to another,
And if this meeting he divine,—
Loved Leon! I shall ne'er be thine—

He will not sleep till I be wed
To Leonardo—or am dead.
Oh ! must thou go ? Will the dark sea,
Dear LEON ! give thee back to me ?—
I know not why—I fear no more,
LEON, thou’lt see Italia’s shore.”

“ O FLORENCE ! fairest ! speak not thus—
The grave alone can sever us ;
My journey shall be brief, and then
I will not part from thee again,
Nor now in soul : as o’er his track
The Hadji’s spirit stealeth back
To worship still at Mecca’s shrine,
Or faithful Jew’s to Palestine ;
So, wandering o’er the dark blue sea,
My spirit will return to thee.
When thou art singing in the grove,
When thou dost tune thy harp to love,
Then hovering nigh my soul shall be,
To catch the heavenly melody ;
When evening shade the green earth dims,
When slumber sweet enchains thy limbs,
It will be here to guard thy form,
And save thee, loveliest one, from harm.”

He said, and as quick tears did start,
And overrun each silken lid,
He clasped her sobbing to his heart,
While down his cheeks the bright drops slid.
To hearts wrapt in such holy dream,
Ages could but a moment seem ;
So lost to every thing around,
They might not hear the earthquake's sound.
Around his neck her white arms wreathed--
Save that at intervals they breathed,
As sympathy their bosoms heaved,—
One looking on would have believed
Them alabaster figures there,
Sculptor had wrought with strictest care :
Love prompts him ever thus to stay,
Now Danger urges him away ;
And from the hallowed spell he started,
As at the tread of arméd men,—
One long embrace—and then they parted
To meet—but never thus again.

CANTO II.

THE DETECTION—THE PROMISE—THE MURDER.

I.

THERE are some men and women born
With young volcanoes in their hearts,
Which from their craters ne'er are torn,
Nor curbed by ethics, nor by arts.
But, like Vesuvius, for some reason
Inexplicable, have their season,
By Nature's Telegraphic wires,
Of throwing off their lava fires ;—
And of this class, erratic, wild,
Was Ugo's rare and radiant child.

Flung back her long, rich, raven hair,
Pale as a statue of despair—
Her small hands clasped, her lips apart,
The maiden lists her lover dart
Along the silent corridor,
Descend the terrace to the shore,
Leap lightly down into his boat,
Lying beneath the mossy moat,

And dash adown the yellow tide—
“The saints be praised ! he’s safe !” she sighed—
Then reeling upon the divan sunk,
And from the Bacchanalian cup,
Cupid for her had just filled up,
Deeper than Ariadne, drunk :—
But in this world the scenes must shift,—
And bliss is not Heaven’s largest gift,
Nor Love by Truth the oftenest crowned—
As Ariadne—FLORENCE found.

II.

A voice of thunder shakes the Castle—
The mastiffs, chainless, to and fro
Yelping along the Tiber go,
Urged to the scent by slave and vassal.
The maiden’s bosom quakes with fear—
Oh God ! what sounds salute her ear !
A step is in the corridor—
A hand upon the yielding door—
And now with sabre gleaming high,
And lowering brow, and flashing eye,
And heart and pulses leaping wild,
Old Ugo stands before his child.
“Arise ! thou fair dissembler, rise !
Fierce hissing through his teeth, he cries—

“Look not imploringly, nor falter,
But robe thee for the Bridal Altar !
Ere morning fling her portals wide
Thou shalt be LEONARDO's Bride—
Then we shall see if LEON call,
And tread unbid my Castle hall—
If LEONARDO, thy Betrothed,
Be doomed to meet this rival, loathed,
Descending from his Lady's tower
At such unseasonable hour !”
“Oh ! be not angry with me, sire,
I know no law but thy desire,
No happiness apart from thine.
To-morrow, ere Saint Peter's spires
The Day-god gild with golden fires,
To LEONARDO, at the shrine,
This willing hand I will resign.
Then pardon, sire, this luckless greeting,
This last and most unhappy meeting
Between me and GUDONT's son—
We'll meet no more as we have done,
Perchance, no more beneath the sun—
To Sicily he's gone to dwell,
And only came to say, farewell,
Leaving his compliments for thee—
The noblest lord in Italy.”

“Come to my bosom, fairest flower,
That buds and blooms in Tiber’s bower !
Thy loveliness disarms mine ire,
And leaves me only one desire,
Which is to see my FLORENCE blessed !”
Old Ugo said, and closely pressed
His erring daughter to his breast—
“Poor LEONARDO’S ill at rest—
Hear ! hear him pace the corridor,
Thy seeming falsehood grieves him sore—
Bringing, to-night, the minstrel here
With Bridal songs to charm thine ear,
He met Lord LEON on the strand,
And to the heart had stabbed the Viper,
Had not the hoary-bearded Piper
Flung down his harp, and stayed his hand.
Ho ! LEONARDO ! hither come,
Doff—doff for evermore thy gloom ;
From all the lords of Italy,
Fair FLORENCE has selected thee
To lead her to the nuptial shrine,
Which thou wilt do to-morrow at nine—
Again I place her hand in thine—
Again invoke the saints divine—
Now let us leave our lovely Idol
To slumber and to thoughts of early bridal.”

"*Pardon me!*" LEONARDO sighed,
"If I address my blushing Bride—
Of all the lords in Italy,
Young LEON is most fascinating—
Perchance the worthiest to be" ——
"O LEONARDO! cease debating
The question which it is my pride
In thy dear favor to decide ;
There's not another in the land
So worthy of this willing hand,"
Lifting it to his lips, she said—
"One whom I would so proudly wed."

"Beautiful ! beatific blossom !
Come to this reverential bosom !
While through it ebbs one crimson billow
Thy head shall have no other pillow !
But heart to heart, and hand in hand,
As now in blessed embrace we stand,
In Hymen's consecrated bowers,
We'll dream away the rosy hours,
Or down the streams of Beauty rove,
Teaching the Angels how to love,
And lighting all the lonely places
With love-illuminated faces !"

Thus ardently the bridegroom sighed,
Embraced his blooming, blushing Bride,
And then elate with hope, desire,
Departed with her hoary sire.

III.

"The saints be thanked! I am alone!"

She sighed in stifled undertone—

And from her finger flung the ring

As snake whose fangs envenomed tore her,
Touched for her trusty page a spring,

Who, in an instant stood before her.
Thrice up and down the room she flew,
Then from her belt a dagger drew,
And fixed, and fierce, as she-wolf gazed
Into his eyes, with terror glazed—

"Art thou afraid of blood!" she said—

"Thou need'st not speak, thy thoughts I've read—

Muffle thy feet—fly—plunge this dart

Deep into LEONARDO's heart!

Nor leave a witness of the deed,

Or for the act thou too shalt bleed!"

IV.

The page departed—and returned

With crimson spots upon his soul,

That eating down into it burned,
As secret flames into a scroll.

"Hast thou complied with my commands?"

"'Tis done, my Lady, thoroughly!"

"Is there no blood upon thy hands!

To fix the crimson deed on thee?

Where did'st thou leave that friendly dart?"

"Buried in LEONARDO'S heart,

Lady!"

"It is his own stiletto—one

He gave to me—'tis known to none—

Upon this evidence, if there's

No stain upon thee, nor the stairs,

The astute jury will decide

That it is but a suicide,—

Upon the dead will fix the crime,

And send the case to Heaven for trial—

'Tis four o'clock by yonder dial—

Go, tell my maids that it is time

To robe me for the nuptial shrine—

The *Wedding is to be at Nine.*"

V.

Promptly the anxious maids attend,

And o'er their youthful mistress bend.

One braids her showers of raven hair,
Another laves her temples fair,
Another fits the satin shoe,
That for a fairy's foot might do.
Then vest her in a robe of white,
And laces limpid as the light,
With pearls and diamonds twine her brow,
And o'er her drop a veil of snow.

VI.

Aurora, weary of the night,
Has flung apart the gates of light—
And through the drapery askance,
That fairy fingers draw aside,
The Day-god shoots his amorous glance,
Upon the richly jewelled Bride,
Who from her bridesmaids sits apart,
Holding the portal of her heart
Against the knocking of Remorse,
That soon will wrench it ope perforce.

VII.

Aghast and pale the bridesmaids start—
Wild glances on each other dart—
“Ho ! Murder ! murder !” through the Castle
Bursts from the lip of slave and vassal—

"Blood !" rings along the corridor—
Old Ugo staggers through the door,
His white hair bristling like the frost
That clings around the Boreal pole—
"Ho ! FLORENCE ! Bridesmaids ! we are lost !
Say mass for LEONARDO's soul !
All pale, and still, and stark, he lies !
His own stiletto in his heart,
Death's white film drawn across his eyes,
And icy cold in every part !
For reasons none may e'er divine,
For Heaven he's changed the nuptial shrine !
Oh ! Saints ! Oh ! Holy Virgin ! hear !
For LEONARDO's soul my prayer !"

"Oh ! Holy Mary ! I'm undone !"
In faltering tones the Bride begun ;
"Sustain my trembling limbs, my sire !
Give ! give me air, or I expire !
Although I cannot make thee blessed,
Oh ! let me weep upon thy breast !
These tears have given my heart relief !
Methinks—I now can curb my grief—
Lead me where LEONARDO lies—
Once more I'd bend on him mine eyes,

And clasp the hand that death has won :
Alas ! thou ne'er wilt have a son ! ”
“ Take courage, dearest ! ” Ugo sighed ;
“ Bridesmaids ! assist to lead the Bride
To her dead LEONARDO'S side :
Instead of nuptial festival,
This day we have a funeral ! ”

VIII.

Within that Castle's highest tower,
At this serene and roscate hour,
When Beauty walks on heath and hill,
And nuptial guests the temple fill,
Lies LEONARDO stark and still.
So cold, so pale the beams of day
Turn trembling from his icy clay—
Vassals and slaves around him stand,
A ghastly, terror-stricken band,
And, through the solemn portal, glide
The Bridesmaids, Ugo, and the Bride,
Who, kneeling by the bloody bed,
Begins to say her Rosary ;
When up before her stands the dead,
And, bowing to the company,
As only dead Bridegroom could bow,
Wrote “ *murderess* ” in blood upon her brow.

CANTO III.

THE VOYAGE—THE HARPER—THE ACQUAINTANCE—THE WEDDING.

I.

MORN is abroad, the sun is up,
The dew fills high the lily's cup ;
Ten thousand blossoms blushing there
Diffuse their incense through the air,
And smiling hail the morning beam ;
The fawns plunge panting in the stream,
Or through the vale with light foot spring ;
Insect and bird are on the wing,
And all is bright, as when in May
Young Nature holds a holiday.

II.

The rising tide with heavy flow
From sea to shore rolls to and fro,
And wailing, breaks upon the shoal,
Like Sorrow's tempests o'er the soul
Afar upon the restless sea,
Bound to Ætnean Sicily,

Lord LEON's bark with swelling sail
Rushes before the rising gale,
Across the brine, where wildly tost
On rocks Æneas' fleet was lost,¹
On—on she flies, before the wind,
The main ahead, the shore behind,
Receding to a misty speck.
The sailors gather upon the deck,
To bid their native land good-night,
And drop a tear to past delight.
On the lofty poop Lord LEON sits,
His elbow resting on his knee ;
And when the wave no more permits
Him sight of sunny Italy,
Like one whose thoughts are far away,
He murmurs to himself this lay.

SONG.

Thou hast faded from my sight,
Fair Italy ;
But still, thy star shines bright
To me—to me.

Thy sweetest, fairest flower,
My Italy,

I'll soon pluck from its bower
In secrecy ;—

And bear it to some isle
Far o'er the sea,
To feast upon its smile
Unceasingly.

III.

While LEON sang, a minstrel old,
Whose wrinkled brow a story told
Of wonder, woe and want, drew near,
To give his song attentive ear.

IV.

His frame was bowed, his limbs were weak,
Sorrow had furrowed deep his cheek ;
And o'er his thin, dishevelled hair,
That bore no marks of recent care,
And beard that on his bosom hung,
A century her frost had flung.
He may have been descendant of
The wandering tribe of troubadours,
Who sang of war and ladye love,
And knightly feats on Paynim shores.

V.

His harp he loosened from his arm,
And while he eyed young LEON's form,
His flashing features closely scanned,
He touched the strings with trembling hand.

SONG.

In Sicily there lives a maid
Of youth and beauty rare :
With step as light as Elfin fawn's,
With form beyond compare.

Her hair is fair as the fairy floss
Her skin like ivory,
Her cheeks more fresh than freshest rose
Of spicy Araby.

Her sire—he is of noble birth,
His gold and lands are great ;
Young ROSALIE the only heir
Of all his high estate.

And many a lofty knight, and lord,
And baron of the land,
Have sought upon their bended knee
That lovely lady's hand.

But she doth turn away from all,
With a tear in her blue eye,
And vows that she will never wed
But the Lord of Italy.

He is a youthful nobleman
Who follows much the sea,
And often anchors in the bay
Of rocky Sicily.

'Tis said he soon will wed a maid
Fair as his native sky—
If this be so, young ROSALIE
With grief will pine and die.

VI.

The song lit up Lord LEON'S eye,
His pulse beat quick—he knew not why.
He gently waved the harper near,
That he the song might better hear ;
Prayed, if it were not too much pain,
The minstrel would repeat the strain.
The veteran moved his harp along,
Twice o'er again he sang the song ;
And while Lord LEON lauds his skill,
Thoughts dark and deep his bosom thrill.

VII.

“ Where dost thou dwell ? where hast thou been ?

A minstrel so infirm and gray
As thou, before I ne’er have seen
Or heard of, save in harper’s lay
Or legend old ;” the youthful lord
With gentle seeming, asked the bard.

VIII.

“ Stranger ! in sooth this frame is weak,
These trembling limbs great age bespeak ;
Yet oft I dare the stormy deep,
And strive my mournful lyre to sweep.
Save it, my only source of bliss,
I roam the world companionless ;
The minstrel’s fire, his dreams divine,
His heritage of woe are mine.
Stranger ! for years my care hath been,
The heart from love’s despair to win ;
My harp on Hellas’ shore I’ve strung,
Afar in Palestine have sung ;
And where the Hakim’s art hath failed,
My melody hath oft prevailed ;
Me far on land and sea they’ve sought,
Many the mighty cures I’ve wrought,
And timid love to Hymen brought.

IX.

I have been to AUSONIA's shore,
To heal the lovely EMILIE ;
To Sicily am crossing o'er,
To see the Lady ROSALIE.
And when I dissipate her fears,
Relieve her heart, and dry her tears,
By speaking many a cheering word
Of love, and the Italian lord,
I shall return to Italy
To soothe the mournful EMILIE."
"I'd fain, sweet minstrel, thou would'st call,
And sweep thy lyre in Ugo's hall ;
There dwells a lady young and fair,
Who'll give thy song attentive ear."
"'Tis FLORENCE, Ugo's child," he said,
"Whom Leonardo soon will wed.
Beneath her window many a night
I've tuned my harp to her delight—
When thou wert coming from her tower
Last night we stood beneath a bower—
He made at thee a sabre stroke
Which nearly grazed thy sable cloak—
And, seizing him, the blade I broke."

When thou return'st to Italy,
Discourse to her in minstrelsy
Of LEON's love and constancy."
"Thy will, young lord, shall be obeyed,"
The agéd harper calmly said ;
And as the vessel cleaved her way,
To LEON many a tender lay
He sang, of every storied clime,
And chivalry of olden time ;
The beauty of fair ROSALIE;
And her estate beyond the sea.

X.

Arrived at last, the happy crew
Salute the land that glads their view :
When safely anchored in the bay,
With trembling footsteps from the shore,
The hoary minstrel leads the way,
Unto the lady's castle door ;
There tunes his harp, and to its sound
Comes ROSALIE with blithesome bound.
Hope smiling in her soft blue eye,
Her mien all joy—all ecstasy ;
By blushes deep her thoughts confest,
While ushering in her bard and guest.

XI.

The bounties spread before them here,
The flowing bowl, and welcome cheer,
The banquets rich, and festivals
That nightly filled the sumptuous halls,
In honor of the noble guest,
Who, like a monarch, is caressed :
The minstrel's arts, and subtle wiles,
The witchery of the lady's smiles,
The magic of her matchless grace,
Her fatal charms I need not trace :
But all the fickleness of Love,
How very faithless he can prove
To whom he makes his warmest vow,
To what false shrines too oft we bow,
And what the youthful lord befell
For wedding the " Sicilian Belle,"
The sequel of this tale will tell.

CANTO IV.

THE BANK OF THE TIBER.

—— Ah, tu non sai,
Qual guerra di penderi
Agita l'anima mia.

—— METASTASIO.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT—THE PAGE—THE CONFIRMATION

I.

THE waves are smooth, the wind is calm,
Onward the golden stream¹ is gliding,
Amid the myrtle and the palm²
And ilices³ its margin hiding ;
Now sweeps it o'er the jutting shoals
In murmurs, like despairing souls ;
Now deeply, softly flows along,
Like ancient minstrel's warbling song ;
Then slowly, darkly, thoughtfully,
Loses itself in the mighty sea.
The sky is clear, the stars are bright,
The moon reposes on her light ;

On many a budding, fairy blossom,
Are glittering evening's dewy tears,
Like sparkling gems on Beauty's bosom,
When she in festal hall appears.
The summer flowers, in freshest bloom,
Like modest virgins smiling there,
Are breathing all around perfume
Upon the mute enamored air ;
The citron-trees along the strand,
With golden fruitage brightly teem ;
The lilies in the water stand,
Watching their shadows in the stream,
And ring the while their tiny bells,
As round their feet the billow swells.

II.

And there, beneath a cypress tree,
The beautiful young FLORENCE stands,
In silence watching wistfully
The waves that wash the sparkling sands :
Her velvet robe, deep-wrought with gold,
Falling in many a graceful fold ;
Her sable tresses flowing back
Beneath a cap of velvet black ;
A diamond on her high brow gleaming,
A brilliant on her bosom beaming,

Give her so stately, rich a mien,
That she might vie with Egypt's queen,
When sailing on the Cydnus she
Went forth to meet Mark Antony.

III.

The Moon is past her zenith now,
The dew descends on bud and bough,
And ill at ease the lady seems ;
Oft up and down the lawn she paces,
Then sudden starts as one that dreams
Or some unwelcome thought retraces,
And stills her heart, and leans her ear
The long-expected oar to hear ;—
But all is silent as the grave,
Nor boat, nor oar disturbs the wave,
To intimate her lover near,
Or soothe her agonizing fear.
With both white hands she clasps her brow,
As hope were quenched for ever now,
And peace were lost beyond recall—
“ ’Tis so ! ’tis so !—I see it all !—
Oh ! fatal ! Oh ! perfidious spell
Of love that sent my soul to hell !
Poor LEONARDO ! rests he well !

For me's no clemency divine !
False LEON ! retribution's thine !
I had a dream—a troubled dream—
In which I saw thy dark eyes beam
Upon a fair Sicilian maid,
In her white nuptial robes arrayed ;
I saw her at the altar stand—
I saw thee take her lily hand—
And joyous hailed the morning light
Which broke the vision of that night !
Yet oft to me it would return,

And overwhelm my soul in woe ;
But then the vision I would spurn,—

For oh ! I could not deem it so !
But ere the dawning of the morrow
'Twill prove an omen of my sorrow.
My faithful page, come hither, come !
This long delay may seal our doom ;
Mount thee upon the fleetest steed,
And with the wingéd lightning's speed,
To Count GUDONI'S castle go,
And what betideth let me know."—
She said, and in her wildered state,
Unnoticed passed the castle gate,
And by the watchful mastiffs' lairs,
Tripped lightly up the marble stairs,

Flew through the corridor's dim gloom,
And safely reached her distant room.
Upon the silken couch she fell,
And strove her torturing doubts to quell ;
But easier 'tis the waves to still
 That roll amid the stormy ocean,
Than subjugate unto the will
 The troubled bosom's wild commotion ;—
Now up she sprang, in frantic mood,
 Paced rapidly across the floor—
Then stopped—before her mirror stood,
 And while she scanned her beauty o'er,
By dress so richly now displayed,
Revenge and Pride called to her aid.
With hasty step and firm intent,
Unto a secret casket went,
A little packet thence withdrew—
Love's tokens dear while they were true—
Unclasped with trembling hand the lid,
Quickly the snowy scrolls undid ;
Over each missive glanced her eye,
Then for another dashed it by ;
And when she reached the final line
That erst to her had seemed divine,—
Pondered how little such are worth,
She laid them all upon the hearth ;—

Betrothal ring—chains, diamonds, pearls—

A locket with her LEON's curls,

His miniature serenely put

Upon the medley fated pyre ;

Stamped it with her indignant foot

And strength of slighted love's keen ire.

Then to the pile the torch applied,

And round them while the swift flames glide,

Like lightning ere the thunders roll,

Effacing casket, gem, and scroll,

Melting the chains to livid thread ;

With low, unfaltering voice she said—

“ O LEON ! I could see thy soul

Writhe in thy frame, girt round by fire,

Calmly as I behold each scroll,

Beneath that fatal flame expire : ”

Then sank upon the ottoman,

And watched the blaze as on it ran ;

Love's gilded tokens all consuming,

But not his fiery pangs entombing.—

No ! deep within her throbbing heart,

There quivering hangs his poisoned dart,

Too deeply lodged for surgeon's art.

IV.

“ But list !—my page !—be still my heart !—
To feign is now thy only part.—
What do I fear ? Why tremble so ?
Whence this new ague-fit of woe ?
He'll only tell what now I know—
What dreams have taught me long ago,
The songs the minstrel sang to me,
Who late came o'er from Sicily.
I knew not why, but as he sung,
The bridal song of ROSALIE
Seemed in my ear the larum rung
Of some approaching misery.
Prophetic was its every tone,
And mournful as the midnight moan
Of tempest midst the forest lone :—
But all too vain—such pondering !
I'll hear whate'er my page may bring—
No fiercer pangs my heart can feel,
Though death to-night my doom should seal ! ”

V.

The page approached at her command,
And kneeling kissed her snowy hand,
An anxious glance upon her flung,
And thus began with faltering tongue.

VI.

"In Count GUDONI's spacious hall
Rise loud the sounds of festival,
The golden lamps are burning bright—
Lord LEON hath returned to-night,
And like a Peri by his side,
I saw his fair Sicilian bride—
Her brow"—

"Enough, my page, 'tis well,
What further passed thou needst not tell ;—
Peace to Lord LEON and his bride,"
Firmly, yet softly, she replied ;
" My secret, keep—for if one breath
My sire should learn, 'twill cause my death ;—
And that I am unfit to die,
Is known to all the saints on high.
Refrain thy tears—nor weep nor sigh—
Myself am calm :—now to thy bed,
With Heaven's best blessing on thy head."

VII.

The faithful page dropped on his knee,
And said, while tears suffused his eye,
" My life is consecrate to thee,
Whate'er thy future destiny.

Long may thy cheek retain its bloom,
Nor aught but joy thine eyes illumine ;"—
Rose, bowed, and vanished from the room.

VIII.

"Alone !" she cried, but all was o'er,
And cold and prostrate on the floor,
Like one o'erthrown by instant death,
She fell ; nor showed she pulse, or breath,
Or sign of life, till morning bright
Had filled her room with rosy light.
Bewildered then and ashy pale—
As some wan spirit of the vale,—
As one who wakes from sleep elysian,
When hideous images have crossed
Abruptly o'er the mental vision,
And all sweet thoughts in chaos tost ;—
Or rocked upon the stormy streams
That rush along the land of dreams ;
Or, starting from protracted trance,
Flings round a wild and hurried glance—
She woke : blood on her lip, and hair,—
Upon her pallid brow despair ;
Up quickly from the carpet sprung,
Backward her raven tresses flung,

Erased each mark and every speck
That could betray her heart's sad wreck,
Or she her room that night had left,
And of life's all had been bereft ;
Doffed the rich garb that yesterday
 (With yesterday, oh ! had life flown !)
Her charms so lovely did display ;
 Night's white apparel then put on,
Ran mutely o'er her beads of gold,
Till one by one were strictly told ;
A golden cross placed on her breast,
Then laid her weary limbs to rest.
But not her soul by woe oppressed.

IX.

At rising hour she turned her head
And to her maidens gently said—
“ Hie ye away with footsteps light ;
The hideous visions of the night
Have from my eyelids driven rest ; ”—
And then again her pillow pressed.

X.

The morn was past, day on the wane,
When her attendants came again

With invitation to attend
That night in Count GUDONI's hall,
Where LEON and his bride would lend
The charm unto the festival.

XI.

"Could it be so?" She gasped for breath.
Had she received a hest for death,
An irresistible command
To hasten to the exile's land,
Where Hope and Mercy never smiled,
Her heart could not have beat so wild.
Pallid and lost to sense she lies,
The hot tears streaming from her eyes,
Swollen and throbbing with the pain
Of the bewildered, fevered brain.

XII.

Many the high resolves she made,
Many emotions dark allayed
That rose to give her bosom aid :
She would not shed another tear
For him she once had held so dear ;—

Henceforth her cheek should bloom as bright,
Her step be in the dance as light
As when one glance from LEON'S eyes
Turned earth into a paradise ;
Her songs, her smiles should be as gay ;
No sigh her weakness should betray—
Thus she had pondered as she lay.
But ah ! we know not till they're stirred,
 What notes among the heart's strings slumber ;
A reckless touch of one fine chord
 Wakes tones that life's brief years outnumber,
Whose doleful jarring never ceases
Till Death the troubled soul releases.

XIII

When sense and reason had returned,
 Passions again resumed their sway,
And in her bosom feelings burned
 Which vengeance only can allay—
Especially in lava hearts,
When wrong unsheathes in them her darts.
That night in Count GUDONI'S hall
She would attend the festival,
Her beauty deck in richest style,
And teach her lip its sweetest smile ;

To LEON make her cheek and eye
The anguish of her heart belie.
Now up with flashing eye she sprung,
A snowy shawl around her flung,
Summoned her page, and to him gave
The orders which she wished to have
Promptly and strictly all obeyed,
And then dismissed him for her maid ;
The dress and jewels fixed upon,
The arduous toilette they begun.

XIV.

Before her mirror mute she stands,
Twirling the white note in her hands,
Till every fiery word she mars—
Her black eyes gleam like two fixed stars,
That through the tempest of the night
Flash out with white, intenser light--
And all her mien a hell bespeaks
That vent in desperate action seeks.
Slightly they tinge her pallid cheeks,
Diffusing over them a bloom,
Resembling first rose-buds of spring,
Or such as fitful fevers bring
Decaying beauty to illumine ;

Then robe her in a white brocade,
That gems and costly ermine aid--
Entwine her brow with snowy pearls
From which depend her raven curls,
And diamonds that a queen might grace
Upon her beating bosom place.

CANTO V.

Miserable Visu.
ÆNEID.

THE PARTY—THE CALL—THE POISON.

I.

EARLY in Count GUDONI's hall,
She moved amid the festival,
Outshining all the bright and bland—
The loveliest of her lovely land.
She stands beside a marble post,
Upon her breast her small hands crossed,
Her gems and diamonds gleaming bright,
Beneath the golden lamps' full light ;
Around her throng th' enchanted crowd,
The young, the fair, the brave, the proud,
Hanging upon her words divine,
That flow in mellow Florentine.

II.

" There comes Lord LEON with his Bride !"
Aloud a hundred voices cried ;

“ Behold how beautiful, how fair,
She with the white wreath in her hair.”
While thither FLORENCE turned her face
With all a high Sultana’s grace,
Lord LEON brushed her robe aside,
And from her burning glance of pride
Turned his as instantly away,
As from the sun’s meridian ray ;
But she, assuming mildest mien,
Stepped forward with a smile serene,—
A mask his subtlest powers defied,—
 Addressed him softly, gracefully,
And prayed to know his lovely bride—
 “ The beauteous Belle of Sicily.”
All wonted salutations past,
A gracious look upon them cast,
With words and smiles that could but charm ;
Linked in the Bride’s her jewelled arm,
Moved on amid the glittering throng,
Where Beauty led the dance along ;
Exerted all her arts to please,
Till LEON felt himself at ease ;
And ere the festival was ended,
With them amidst the dance she blended ;
Lastly with his joined her fair hand,
Within the bounding Saraband ;’

And while to minstrel's sprightly tune
They tripped along the gay saloon,
With quivering lip, yet air most bland,
A note unseen placed in his hand.

III.

The music's hushed, the dance is done,
The revellers to their homes have gone ;
And sleep enchains each weary limb,
Save her whose eyes with tears are dim.
Once more within her sumptuous room,
Her spirit whelmed in darkest gloom ;
Upon the couch in silence deep,
With none her secret woe to weep,
Or lend her kindly sympathy,—
The sick heart's only remedy ;
Sits that sad child of destiny,
Her head reclining on her hand,
Before her placed an ivory stand ;
Two golden cups upon it, filled
With wine in her own land distilled ;
A vase of freshest, purest flowers,
That day culled from Italian bowers,
Is smiling brightly, sweetly there,
In mockery of her deep despair.

IV.

A step is in the corridor,
A hand rests on the yielding door,
And to her mournful, gentle heath,
 Slowly within Lord LEON came ;
The feelings he would have repress
 Like aspen shook his manly frame.
" Be calm," the lady rising said,
 " There is no cause for agitation ;
The note I gave thee only prayed
 A friendly reconciliation ;
Such as our former intercourse
Upon us both would seem to force.
From childhood up we have been friends,
 And late methought we might be more ;
But lovers' bonds Fate often rends,
 And bids them hallowed dreams give o'er.
The change thou suddenly hast made,
The love I bore thee ill repaid ;
But, in the presence of high Heaven,
LEON, by me thou art forgiven.
Upon the past let neither think ;—
 To seal for aye our friendliness,
Pray, let us now together drink
 The glass of sweet forgetfulness."

And LEON, by her kindness warmed,
And by her beauty doubly charmed,
While keen remorse his bosom rack'd,
And half regretting his rash act,
A moment clasped her hand in his,
Printed on it one fervent kiss,
And o'er departed, hallowed years
Both mingled silently their tears—
Then raised their cups the wine to sip,
And as the goblet pressed his lip,
Breathless she gazed into his face,
As there some secret thought to trace ;
And when its contents he had quaffed,
Loudly and frantically she laughed,
And reckless drained the fatal draught.

V.

And pale and corpse-like there they stood
As held by some unhallowed spell,
Till to their hearts flowed back the blood,—
Then shrieking on the floor they fell.
A moment, cold as lifeless clay,
In strong convulsions writhing lay,
Their spirits groping their dark way,
Unlit by reason's faintest ray ;

Then rose, and met their eyes of fire,
With horrid scream, and visage dire,
Like two fierce demons on their flight
That meet along the realms of night.
With livid cheeks and lips all black,
Each from the other then drew back ;
Each bent on each a hideous gaze,
Till from their frozen, ghastly eyes,
The parting soul withdrew its rays,
To wing its flight to other skies.
And there, when morning's limpid light
Broke through the damask curtains bright,
They sat all cold, and stark, and still,
In every vein death's icy chill—
The frightful wrecks of mutual ill.

VI.

Old Ugo to the spot was led
By many a menial's piercing cry,
And darted on the ghastly dead
The gladiator from his eye.
Th' appalling sight, nor pity, love,
His iron soul had power to move ;
Long dormant feelings now up start
Like stinging serpents in his heart,

Shooting cold tremors through each vein,
And fiery venom to the brain.
He drew his sword half from its sheath,
As if to wreak his ire on death ;
Then thrust it back, and with a sneer
Bade vassals go prepare the bier.

VII

No weeds, no funeral pomp was there ;
No tears, no knell, no holy prayer,
Nor benison besought from heaven ;
But in the silent hour of even,
By menial hands they were conveyed
Slowly along the myrtle shade
To an unconsecrated grave ;
Their constant dirge the moaning wave.

VIII.

And there they lie ! how calm their sleep !
The long unbroken dream of death !
Aloof the trembling woodnymphs keep—
For ever nature holds her breath,
Gliding on tiptoe by the spot,
As timid maid by haunted grot.
Lifeless the leaves around it lie—
The flowers scarce open ere they die—

One pale white rose, upon the tomb,
Is all that struggles through the gloom.
This all behold—the why none tell—
They call it still—“*The Spectre Dell*,”
As by, with guarded tread, they go.
“ Within this sable vale of woe
Two youthful forms, in snowy sheen,
Arm linked in arm, are often seen,
At noon of night, to glide the green ! ”

IX.

There cross nor crypt doth mark the spot,
Nor tell the lonely sleepers' lot ;
The cypress in funereal gloom
Folds its dark arms above the tomb.
Since that sad eve, its sickly sod
No human foot hath ever trod ;
But when night draws her curtain there,
Sits weeping by it mute Despair ;
And Sorrow sends a mournful wail
Along the silent, spectral vale.

X.

Never again that fair-haired bride
Saw her young lord. What did betide
Him on the night he left her side

She never knew.—'Twas mystery all.
A few days in GUDONI's hall
She lingered like the fairy rose
O'er which the sudden simoon blows—
And then, in sable weeds arrayed,
Across the ocean was conveyed
To her own isle. But she was changed—
And through the realms of madness ranged.
There, where she once had reigned the queen
Of Beauty, and in festive hall,
Had moved, in maiden's brightest sheen,
Beneath the rapturous gaze of all,
She wanders with dishevelled hair,
Clutching at phantoms of the air,
Whom she believes her LEON come
To bear her to his happy home ;
And when the image she would clasp,
Eludes her fascinated grasp,
Falling upon the ground, she lies,
Piercing the air with hideous cries ;
And thus noon, night, she raved the same,
Until the spirit doffed the frame,
To moulder in the maniac's grave
Beside the clear Sicilian wave.

XI.

With lightning speed conjectures flew,
From hut to castle, sea, bayou ;—
Where had the Lady FLORENCE gone ?—
Where Count GUDONI'S only son ?
Were questions oft repeated there,
With tearful eyes and anxious care.

XII.

A thorough search for them was made,
Afar o'er mountain, ocean, glade,
By weeping friends,—the faithful crew;
But none their sad tale fully knew,
Save those who saw them on that morn
To their unhallowed burial borne.
Fate spread around their hapless tomb
Her sable pall of deepest gloom

NOTES.

CANTO I.

NOTE 1, p. 8.

"A Tale of the Tiber."

This poem is founded on an Italian tradition, related to me by a native of Florence. The time occupied is two months. The scene commences on the banks of the Tiber, near Rome—shifts thence to Sicily, and thence back to the Tiber.

CANTO III.

NOTE 1, Sect. II., p. 23.

"Across the brine where, wildly tost,
On rocks Æneas' fleet was lost."

"Hæc ubi dicta, cavum canversâ cuspide montem
Impulit in latus; Ac venti, velut agmine facto,
Quà data porta, ruunt, et terras turbine perfiant.
Incubere mari, totumque à sedibus imis
Unâ Eurusque Notusque ruunt, creberque procellis
Africæ, et vastos volvunt ad litora fluctus.
Insequitur clamorque virum, stridorque rudentum.
Eripiunt subito nubes cœlumque, diemque,
Teucrorum ex oculis: ponto nox incubat atra.

Intonnuere poli, et crebris micat ignibus æther:
 Præsentemque viris intentant omnia mortem.
 Extemplò Æneæ solvuntur frigore membra.
 Ingemit, et duplices tendens ad sidera palmas,
 Talia voce refert: O terque quaterque beati,
 Queis ante ora patrum, Trojæ sub mœnibus altis,
 Contigit oppetere! O Danaûm fortissime gentis
 Tydide, mene Iliacis occumbere campis
 Non potuisse? tuasque animam hanc effundere dextrâ?
 Sævus ubi Æacidæ telo jacet Hector, ubi ingens
 Sarpedon; ubi tot simois correpta sub undis
 Scuta virûm, galeasque, et fortia corpora volvit.

" Talia jactanti stridens Aquilone procella
 Velum adversa ferit, fluctusque ad sidera tollit.
 Franguntur remi: tum prora avertit, et undis
 Dat latus: insequitur cumulo præruptus aquæ mons.
 Hi summo in fluctu pendent: his unda dehiscens
 Terram inter fluctus aperit: furit æstus arenis,
 Tres Notus abreptas in saxa latentia torquet:
 Saxa, vocant Itali, mediis quæ in fluctibus aras,
 Dorsum immane mari summo. Tres Eurus ab alto,
 In brevia et syrtes urget, miserabile visu;
 Illiditque vadis, atque aggere cingit arenæ.
 Unam, quæ Lycios fidumque vehebat Orontem,
 Ipsius ante oculos ingens à vertice pontus
 In puppim ferit: excutitur pronusque magister
 Volvitur in caput: ast illam ter fluctus ibidem
 Torquet agens circum, et rapidus vorat æquore vortex.
 Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto:
 Arma virûm, tabulæque et Troia gaze per undas.
 Jam validam Ilionei navem, jam fortis Achatæ,
 Et quæ vectus Abas, et quæ grandævus Alethes,
 Vicit hyems: laxis laterum compagibus omnes
 Accipiunt inimicum imbrem, rimisque fatiscunt."

Æneid, Lib. I., line 82.

TRANSLATION.

When this he said, against the hollow rock
With his broad weapon furiously he struck—
The Winds rush forth, as if for War's array,
And in vast whirlwinds sweep the port and bay;—
Athwart the ocean from their deepest seat,
The raging Eurus and the South Winds meet;
Swift from the West thick storms in fury pour
And roll the mighty waves along the shore—
Then far amid the heaven and yeasty main
Resound the crash of masts and cries of men—
Quickly the clouds snatch from the Trojan's eyes
The blazing sun and all the glowing skies—
Black Night in total darkness veils the sea—
The thunders roar around them fearfully—
Quick lightnings flash along the murky air,
And Death and swift Destruction on them glare.

The ships before the awful breakers reel,
With sudden fear Æneas' limbs congeal—
Cold horror creeps along each curdling vein,
He groans aloud with inward grief and pain,
And supplicating rears his hands to heaven,
And says—"O bless'd! thrice bless'd! to whom 'twas given
In battle on their native shores to fall,
Before their fathers, 'neath proud Ilium's wall:—
Tydides! bravest of the Grecian train!
Why could I not upon the Trojan plain
This wretched life pour forth by thy right hand,
And rest in death among the faithful band,
Where valiant Hector—huge Sarpedon sleep,
Beneath Achilles' sword's relentless sweep;
Where Simois rolls beneath its bloody wave
So many shields, and helms, and slaughtered brave!"

And now a blustering adverse storm descends
Against the sails, the straining canvas rends—
Breaks all their oars—bears far away the spars,
And rolls the mountain billows to the stars—
Averts the lofty prow, and with the tide
The creaking vessel broaches on her side;
Around her now the raging breakers rise,
And dash their liquid summits to the skies;—
Anon the waters yawn till sand appears,
And rocks to fright the trembling mariners.
Three vessels broken by the tempest's blast
Upon the hidden rocks the South Winds cast,
To whose huge backs uplifted from the wave
The name of Altars the Italians gave,
And three the East Winds from the billows urge
Among the frightful shoals and foaming surge,
And wedge them in an eddying bank of sand—
A wretched sight to the bewildered band!

That which the Lycians and Orontes bore
Before Æneas' eyes a wave swept o'er,
And headlong from the poop the pilot hurled;
Three times around the laboring vessel whirled,
Then suddenly with fierce voracious sweep,
Submerged her far beneath the boiling deep.

Her scattered crew now float upon the brine,
With arms of men, and household gods divine,
And Trojan wares, and goods, and treasured store,
Which they had borne from ancient Ilium's shore;
O'er Ilioneus' ship the storm prevails,
Next that in which the brave Achates sails,
O'er Abas' then and old Alethes' rides,
While through their gaping seams and opening sides
With fearful speed the hostile water glides.

CANTO IV.

NOTE 1, Sect. I., p. 31.

"Onward the golden stream is gliding."

"The Tiber, stained to a deep yellow by the fertilizing soil which it has washed away from its banks, glitters like a belt of gold along the plain in the sunshine that irradiates with Italian clearness the sward, the scattered trees, and the shadowy hills.—*Spalding's History of Italy and the Italian Islands*, Vol. I., p. 204.

NOTE 2, Sect. I., p. 31.

"Amid the myrtle and the palm."

The palm is not a native of Italy, but as I find that it was there cultivated, and still continues to ornament many of the groves and gardens at Rome, I have taken the liberty to introduce it here.

"We cross," says Spalding, "the mouth of a canal which discharges into the sea the united waters of Virgil's rivers Ufens and Amasenus. Remains of its harbor may be traced; and considerable ruins, partly Pelasgic, partly Roman, and some belonging to the dark ages, surmount the noble rock which rises from the palm-trees of its hanging garden.

NOTE 3, Sect. I., p. 31.

"And illice its margin hiding."

The majesty of the Laurentine Forest is still represented by noble groves of the pine and the dark-leaved ilax, particularly about the mouth of the Tiber, skirting the sea like a line of gigantic columns, while the laurel, the

myrtle, the arbutus, and wild olive form in many spots impervious thickets with ivy and heath."—*Spalding's History of Italy and the Italian Islands*, Vol. I. p. 241.

CANTO V.

NOTE 1, Sect. II., p. 46.

"Saraband."

A Spanish dance in use in Italy.

ISABELLE;
OR,
THE BROKEN HEART.

A Tale of Hispaniola.

"Ed èra 'l cièlo all' armonia sì 'ntento,
Che nòn al vedèa in ramo mòver foglia;
Tanta dolcèrra avèa pièn l' àere, 'e 'l vento."

PETRARCA.

CANTO I.

I.

FULL many a tale of woe is thine,
Fair Island of the Haytien Sea,
Of vows that should have been divine,
And Woman's speechless agony—
The pangs of Sorrow's ruthless darts—
The hecatombs of trusting Hearts;
Thou hast no mighty names in song—
No famed Recorders of thy wrong—

No Tweed—no storied Helicon—
Colossus—neither Moslem pile,
Nor gilded Temple of the Sun,
To consecrate thy name, bright Isle !—
Thou hast nor classic memories,
Nor border songs of ladies fair,
Nor spirit-stirring chivalries ;
But thou hast records of despair,
And tales of deep, enduring love,
As ever minstrel's fancy wove.

II.

Oh ! what is there like that deep grief,
That finds, nor seeks on earth relief !
That stands from sympathy apart,
Unto its own fond broodings wed,
Feeding upon the writhing heart,
As the Promethean Vulture fed !
'Tis as the Aspic's poisonous stings—
Piercing into the heart's fine strings—
The loathsome death-worm o'er us creeping,
Ere we within the tomb are sleeping.

III.

The zephyrs sleep in NIEVA's vale—
On wave and wold each rougher gale—

While every ear along the grove
Bends down to drink the notes of love,
The weary warblings of despair,
 That on the balmy evening rise,
Like diapasons of soft sighs.
The minstrel is a maiden fair,
With delicately moulded form,
 As ere was wrought by Grecian master—
Dark eyes through which the Soul beams warm—
 A cheek of amber alabaster—
A step, once in her native dells,
Lithe, lighter than the young gazelle's—
A smile with more than HEBE's spell—
A voice soft as the Siren's shell,
Or tones to Houri's harp-strings given,
To welcome warriors brave to Heaven.
She wears the wandering Gipsy's guise,
 She sweeps the wandering Gipsy's lute—
But those who gaze on this disguise—
 Of grief so eloquently mute,
Know they behold no Gipsy maid,
In these habiliments arrayed.
The tiny foot her garb exposes,
And little slipper close encloses—
Her fairy hand and taper fingers—
Her brow, where pensive Beauty lingers—

Her modest mien and movement free,
Betray too well her high degree.

IV.

Beneath the solemn yew all day
She pours some melancholy lay,
Nor raises once her pensive eye
To greet the lingerers passing by ;—
Nor heeds the needful, glittering pelf,
 That at her fairy feet they throw,—
Her thoughts seem never bent on self,
 She only thinks and sings of woe—
Of sighs, and tears, and slighted troth—
 Stern Fate's irrevocable darts,
And woman's worth, and wrong, and wroth—
 Love's faithless vows and broken hearts—
These best befit her mournful lute,
That on all other themes is mute.

V.

Young dark-eyed maidens from the hill
Come down and sit by moonlit rill ;
Hidalgos, from rich domicil,
Linger along the balmy lea,
To list her love-lorn minstrelsy ;

And when on violet bed reposing,
Kind slumber her soft eyelids closing,
They slowly, solemnly draw near,
And pitying view the sleepless tear,
That o'er her cheek unbidden flows
From the perennial fount of woes.

Kind-hearted damsels seek her there,
And bid her to their cots repair—
To flee the noontide's burning ray ;
But with a sigh she turns away,
Serenely weeping—singing—roams,
Where never rude molester comes ;—
'Tis as some halo of blest light,
Encircles her by day and night,
Within which evil dare not come,
Nor aught save guardian Nymph and Gnome ;
The tempest even shuns her form—
God shields the hapless maid from harm !

VI.

Three weary years have rolled away
Since first they heard her pensive lay,
Yet none know from what shore she came,
Nor why, nor what may be her name—

They only gather from her song,
That she hath loved and suffered wrong.
Some deem she came from Spanish lands,
And others from Ausonian strands,
Opine that she hath followed over
The dangerous sea some faithless lover.

Some ween Count GAMBA, to whose gate
At midnight she is seen to go,
And weep, and murmur strains of woe,
Hath some part in the maiden's fate ;
And some frown on this foul suspicion,
And prate about her low condition,
As lofty souls could only be
Found clad in garbs of high degree.—
Some guess she is the spirit pale,
Of maiden murdered in that vale,
By a false lover long ago ;—
They guess, and guess—yet nothing know.

VII.

When vesper bells are tolling loud,
She seeks the temple with the crowd,
And strives to chant the Holy Creed—
To count aright each amber bead,
But rightly never can succeed ;—

Why wander thus her thoughts away,
When to the Virgin she would pray ?
Why steals her eye to GAMBIA'S seat ?
Why hangs it on his lady sweet ?
Why glistens through her lashes jet
 The crystal tear
 When he is near,
Like dew-drops on the violet ?
Then slides along the drooping lid,
And steals adown her cheek unbid,
As if it sought from the dark fount,
 Where it so long had been confined,
Above the troubled brim to mount,
 Some clime of sunnier light to find ?
She's ever at confessional,
Yet lingers—falters in the hall,
And turns away without confessing,
As something on her soul were pressing,
Which she would tell to priest nor Heaven,
Though sure by both to be forgiven.

CANTO II.

I.

'Tis eve—soft lies the Indian sky.
Not as within this northern clime,
E'en in its most congenial time
Of summer melting melody,
But with one golden gush of light,
As Heaven had centred all her smiles
Within those soft aerial isles,
To 'luminate the sultry night,
When languid Beauty wanders forth
To breathe the breezy, balmy air,—
Arouse her ivory limbs from sloth,
And decorate her raven hair
With pearly flowers,
From fairy bowers,
Which ever bud and blossom there,
And smile beneath seraphic care.
Fond Echo sleeps on rock and hill,
The nightingale's sweet voice is still
Beside the silent, silver rill—

No breath awakes the drowsy palm,
And all, save sorrow's breast, is calm ;
Or the wild beating hearts of lovers,
 Who silently along the glades,
Await, beneath the leafy covers,
 The footsteps of responding maids,
To breathe to them a last farewell,
Or plight the vows they'll treasure well
If there are moments in this life

When guardian Angels hover near,
Despite of envy, pain, fear, strife—

And dash the cup of grief with cheer—
When to the longing soul is given
A foretaste of the bliss of Heaven,—
It is when young hearts, pure and high,
Meet under Heaven's approving eye,
Afar in some sequestered grove,
 Or by some soothing waterfall,
And blend thought, fancy, feeling—all—
In the omnipotence of love.

II.

And wan the mournful maiden now
Across the balmy valley flies,
The cold, damp dew upon her brow,
 The hot tears stealing from her eyes—

The last that Fate can ever wring
From her young bosom's troubled spring.
Paling, beneath the myrtle, she
Glides onward o'er the moonlit lea—
By many a mausoleum speeds,
And tomb, amidst the tuneful reeds,
Yet falters not—she feels no dread
When in the presence of the dead—
Alas ! what awe have sepulchres
For hearts that have been dead for years—
Dead unto all external things—
Dead unto Hope's sweet offerings,
While with its lofty pinions furled,
The spirit floats in neither world.
She gains at length the holy fane,
Where death and solemn silence reign—
Hurries along the shadowy aisles,
Up to the altar where blest tapers
Burn dimly, and the Virgin smiles,
Midst rising clouds of incense vapors—
There kneels by the confession chair,
Where waits the friar with fervent prayer,
To soothe the children of despair.

Her hands are clasped—her eyes upraised—
Meek—beautiful—though coldly glazed,

And her pale cheeks are paling faster ;
From under her simple hat of straw,
Over her neck her tresses flow,
Like threads of jet o'er alabaster,—
From which the envious dewes of night
Have stolen half their glossy light.

III.

“Father ! invoke of Heaven the aid
And pardon for a dying maid—
Peace for a soul that finds no rest,
Nor *craves* it now but with the blest.
The light is fading from mine eye,
An icy chill is at my heart,
The time hath come for me to die—
But ere my spirit hence shall fly,
A tale of woe I would impart,
Which I would have thee breathe to none,
But GAMBA'S ear when I am gone.
My home is o'er the deep blue sea,
Where love and beauty are divine—
Our being—breath—eternity,—
I am a hapless Florentine,
Of noble birth and title high—
But mine was a false deity,

Worshipped too early and too well—
It fled, but left its fatal spell—
Alas ! how fatal, these pale cheeks may tell !

“ Mine is no tale of murder dire,
Committed in revengeful ire,
And woman’s fit of frenzy brief,
But one of deep, enduring grief,
That fosters enmity for none—
If so—dark deeds I might have done ;
For I have watched, full many an hour,
GAMBA, reposing in his bower,
And stood beside the couch of her,
Who made this heart a sepulchre ;
And might have shorn her thread of life—
Perchance have been my GAMBA’s wife !
But, in my heart arose no strife—
My sin hath been to love too well—
To cherish hope I could not quell.

“ Words are too weak to tell to thee,
Father ! my young heart’s dream of bliss—
It was a holy fantasy,
Sent down from other worlds to this,
To win my spirit from frail toys—
Encircle it with heavenly joys—

A lovely—blest—eternal ray,
Extinguishing each lesser light,
As the effulgent god of day
Eclipses all the stars of night.
All treachery from my soul was hidden,
And earth lay beautiful as Eden,
That is, if I could ken beyond
The realm of my own loving heart,
Where GAMBIA'S image, dear and fond,
And bright, illumined every part,
And drew my young enraptured thought
From all it ever loved or sought.
I took no pleasure in my lute—
It hung, for aye, unstrung and mute,
Save when it woke for GAMBIA'S ear
The themes that Love delights to hear :
I gazed no more on the blue sky,
Drinking ethereal minstrelsy,
As was my wont in days gone by ;
My Amaranths to ruin run—
My pencil, that renown had won
And high applause, now traced no line,
But GAMBIA'S face and form divine.
I placed his picture on the wall,
Where RAPHAEL'S sainted MARY hung,

And drank the praise, unknown to all,
That through the storied gallery rung :
I lined my walls with likenesses
Of my adored from side to side—
I traced his features on the trees
Along the sunny ARNO's tide—
I peopled with them vale and grove—
Them in my fine embroidery wove—
I worshipped—drank—and fed—and lived on love.

III.

“ Alas ! that vision passed away,
Fleet as the Iris' melting ray,
And left me desolate and lone—
Lone as despair's departing moan ;
Lone as the solitary flower
That blooms and dies in desert bower ;—
Lone as the dead within the tomb,
Where never ray awakes their gloom.

IV.

“ Kind father ! frown not on this tale
Of woman's love and woman's woe,
For love is woman's bane and bale,
And woman's paradise below ;—

Ay ! love is manna sent from Heaven
To feed the weary, famished heart,
That through the desert waste is driven
Of this life's cold and selfish mart ;—
It is the magnet of the mind,
Where turns the compass of the soul,
Which way soever blows the wind,
However high the billows roll—
A bright ray of the Deity,
That over sunless chaos burst,
Lighting all space eternally,
Still blissful, bounteous as at first—
The loadstar of both heaven and earth—
Created ere creation's birth.

v.

“ Allured by high ambition's wiles,
Count GAMBIA sought these Indian Isles
To win a sumptuous home for me—
Some lovelier spot beyond the sea,
Then hither was to hasten back,
And bear me o'er the liquid track,
A wedded bride
Here to abide ;
But he, on whom my heart relied,
Crossed not again the treacherous tide.

Th' appointed nuptial day went by,
Yet GAMBA's vessel drew not nigh,
Neither came missive o'er the sea
To mitigate my misery.—
I cannot tell the pangs I felt—
How oft before the cross I knelt—
Life—light—hope—faded from my sight,
And my sick heart within me died,
Upon that faithless—fatal night
That should have made me GAMBA's bride.
I gladly would have sought the sea,
That severed far my love from me,
And, from some high Leucadian steep,
Have made a second Sapphic leap,
And sought that rest the world denied,
Beneath the deep oblivious tide.

VI.

“ At last the tidings came that he
Had wed a lovely Indian belle,
Of fortune and of high degree,
Forgetful of his ISABELLE,
Who would have bartered Paradise
For but one glance of his bright eyes—
Ay, would have yielded life—Heaven—all,
To be one hour his menial.

Alas ! that woman e'er should give
Her young heart wholly to another,
Who may for her a few days live,
Then love as fondly any other :
While like the dove she mourns her fate,
But never finds another mate.
From dire misfortunes we may rise,
And cleave again the upper skies—
May fly the scenes of fear and dread—
Forget to mourn the hallowed dead—
With calm serenity may learn
The cold world's heartless sneers to spurn ;
But when Love's keen envenomed dart
Enters into the tender heart—
Hope—effort—sunny skies are vain—
Its founts will never clear again ;
'Tis as an Incubus had laid
Its paralyzing finger there—
Suddenly every quick pulse stayed,
And breathed on it the Dead Sea air.

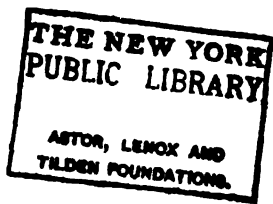
VII.

“ At first delirium seized my brain,
A strange, wild sense of burning pain
Shot through my heart and every vein—

And in the mad-house I was cooped,
Where, like a fettered bird, I drooped :
Yet, 'twas some solace unto me,
 To sit and hear the maniac's cries,
Which through my cell ran constantly,
 And wild as demon harmonies ;
To list the prayer—the moan—the sigh —
Of those who willed, but could not die :—
It was some happiness to know
I was not all alone in woe.

VIII.

“ It passed—and I was free again,
But not from grief's corroding pain ;
I had full liberty to stray
Along the ARNO'S limpid way,
And sit at leisure on its brim—
They humored well my every whim,
But deeper plans absorbed my mind,
Than their philosophy divined ;
I strayed, regardless of my fate,
To Roncesvalles' storied Strait,
There plied the Gipsy's tuneful art,
Then sought the idol of my heart
Beneath this lovely Indian sky,
That I might near him sing and sigh,





Chappel. Pinxt.

Phillibrown Sc.

ISABELLE.

Implore thee to return this ring
To Gamba when I am no more
And tell him all this suffering
That Isabelle for Gamba bore.

Isabelle page 79

That Isabelle for Gamba bore.

Isabelle page 75

Though poor, alone,
And all unknown,
Even to him for whom I die.

IX.

“Thou know’st it all—my tale is done—
My feeble strength and breath are gone,
And I can only offer thee
Thanks for thy prayer and sympathy—
Implore thee to return this ring
To GAMBA when I am no more,
And tell him all this suffering
That ISABELLE for GAMBA bore—
It is the pledge he gave to me
To seal love’s vows of constancy
In our own lovely ITALY—
I pray, too, thou’lt restore to him
This gold, which at my feet he threw,
When lingering on NIEVA’s brim,
To list the lute I swept for him,
And me unrecognized to view.
I have bedewed it with my tears,
Till scarce the hue of gold it wears—
I’ve worn it nearest to my heart,
And now ’tis hard from it to part ;

But I would have him see the token,
And life-drops of the heart he's broken ! ”
She said, and cold, and stark, and pale,
 Rose—vanished from the friar's sight,
Along the aisle and through the vale,
 Like some ethereal form of light,
 And never more,
 Along that shore,
Nor in that blooming Indian glade,
Was seen the mournful Gipsy maid !

CANTO III.

I.

AUROBA'S smile awoke the world,
Backward night's circling vapors curled
Into the raptured ear of day
The lark poured his melodious lay—
And slowly GAMBA strode the dell,
Unmindful of young ISABELLE.
He thought not of his broken troth,
He thought not of that maiden's wroth,
Of all the pangs that she must feel,
Of all the heart cannot reveal,
When left o'er buried hopes to brood,
And sigh itself away in solitude.
He thought not of those burning tears—
The lonely hours that must be hers
Through long and slowly rolling years,—
Oh, God ! what torture's in those hours,
Whose wings hang drooping o'er the soul,
Like dead sails when aerial powers
Refuse the stagnant waves to roll !

'Tis as amid dim nothingness
Eternity did on us press—
Life's sluggish currents all stood still,
And Death had clasped us in his chill !

II.

At last, beneath a myrtle bower,
He paused, the slanting beams to shun.
And bending low to pluck a flower
Just opening to the morning sun,
All lowly laid—in death arrayed,
He there beheld the Gipsy maid—
Her eyelids calmly—meekly closed,
Her limbs becomingly composed
As those who lie in sumptuous hall,
Or temple draped in gorgeous pall.
Transfixed he gazed a moment mute—
Now on her brow—now on her lute,
That mid the violets sighing lay
Deeply and true,
As if it knew
Its master hand had turned to clay.
Then from his bosom burst a sigh—
Tears filled his eye—he knew not why,
And torn by many a painful thought
Of this poor Gipsy maiden's strife,

His home with solemn step he sought,
And sate him down beside his wife,
And told her all that he had seen
Of death upon the dewy green ;
Then sought his solitary room,
In past and present strove to find
The cause of this depressing gloom,
And melancholy of the mind—
Why from the first her lute-tones fell
On his rapt ear like funeral knell.

III.

Young LEILA's cheek turned ashy white,
And rising up she called for aid,
And like a sainted form of light
With solemn mien she sought the maid—
Laved her pale brow from silver cup.
And looped her sable tresses up—
Her form in snowy vesture dressed,
Folded her hands upon her breast
In meekest, and serenest rest—
The rosary said,
And bright tears shed,
As underneath the sod and deep,
They laid her down in her dreamless sleep.

IV.

Meantime, with many a pious thought,
The holy friar GAMBIA sought—
Before him placed the garnered gold—
The ring that all his errand told—
To him the maiden's sorrows broke,
And much of faithless lovers spoke,
Then coldly frowning, turned and left
The paling Count, of reason half bereft.

V.

He raised the ring—he scanned it well,
And read upon it "ISABELLE"—
Then from his trembling hand it fell—
And peace his bosom bade farewell—
Hope never oped her eyes again—
Joy—consolation came in vain.

VI.

There valiant Knight and Beauty throng—
Gay is the dance—and gay the song,
That flows those sumptuous halls along ;
Wine sparkles in the golden bowl—
Joy—mirth from every portal roll—

Each tries the most the fête to grace—
Who most can GAMBIA'S grief efface,
That still defies love's subtlest plea,
And every sound of revelry.

VII.

Few are the words that GAMBIA speaks,
Few are the pleasures that he seeks,
Fewer the moments that he lends
To beauty and attendant friends ;
No longer with convivial lord,
He revels o'er the midnight board,—
No longer courts the festive hall,—
But mutely—coldly shrinks from all ;
In darkest night he strides the dell,
Where sleeps the dust of ISABELLE—
Paces around and round her tomb—
Strews it with flowers of freshest bloom—
While every pulse rebounds with pain,
And madness fires soul, heart, and brain.
'Twas sad to see the blush of youth
Give place to hues of sallow ruth ;
'Twas sad to see his sunken eye—
'Twas sad to hear the hollow sigh
Escaping from his heart perforce—
But such is ever thy sure work, Remorse !

And oh ! 'twas sadder still to view
Young LEILA's cheek assume the hue
Of flowers beneath the autumn dew !

VIII.

It is the mellow twilight hour—
And GAMBIA sits in his cool bower,
His pale cheek resting on his hand—
His thoughts afar in spirit-land,
Lingering in eternal spell
Around the soul of ISABELLE ;
Nor heeds the gentle step of her
Who comes his lonely breast to cheer,
The limpid drops shat trickle down
Her olive cheek and snowy gown,
Till smiling through those sainted tears,
She, kneeling at his feet, appears.

IX.

If ever Angels from their spheres
On mortals gaze with pitying tears,
They now look down and weep to see
This thwarted love and misery ;
Loud waft accordant prayers through Heaven.
That peace may to each breast be given.

X.

“Oh, GAMBIA ! why this inward strife ?”
Weeping, she said, “my light, my life !
Why sternly—coldly shrink from me,
As from a hateful enemy ?
What have I done to grieve thy heart ?
To cause thy thoughts from me to rove ?
Can I no more inspire thy love ?
Flown from me all is beauty’s art ?
Am I less gentle—loving now,
Than when Heaven sealed our nuptial vow ?
Less truthful—trustful unto thee ?
Less happy in thy company ?
I’ve followed thee along the glade,
Where sleeps the Gipsy minstrel maid—
Have watched thee by the brink and stream,
And heard thee murmur in thy dream
‘O ISABELLE !—O ISABELLE !’—
And down before the Virgin fell—
And prayed for power my fears to quell !
Oh ! dost thou still refuse to wake
The inward woes thy mien declares ?
Wilt thou leave this fond heart to break
Beneath this weight of wasting cares ?

I could bear wrong—disgrace and pain—
Life's direst racks of heart and brain—
All other desperate freaks of Fate—
But never, GAMBIA, brook thy hate !
I've knelt at the confession chair,
Nor solace gained from priest nor prayer—
Here kneeling crave to know thy grief—
Oh, break, or give this heart relief !
If this is frenzy—be it so,—
I cannot conquer all this woe—
This holy love, that from the first
Burned with a never-quenching thirst !
Nor will I murmur at my fate—
I may, perchance, deserve thy hate ;
Yes ! if 'tis guilt to win the heart
Of one so dear, by any art—
And still to love, so pure and well—
Then guilt is mine more black than hell,
And this is but just punishment
By righteous Heaven upon me sent ! ”

XI.

“ LEILA, my dear—devoted friend,
Being in whom all virtues blend,
Pardon the pangs thy breast I've given—
For me, Oh ! waft thy prayers to Heaven !

I need them much—the peace—the rest
That never more may seek this breast—
This gnawing grief—this deep distress—
Is not from any act of thine—
Neither because I prize thee less
Than when Heaven linked thy fate to mine—
But Oh ! forgive the guilt I'd smother—
This heart was plighted to another !
For whom I deemed affection flown,
Before I made thee all mine own—
But I have learned by suffering long,
And anguish all for words too strong,
And my sad spirit's ceaseless moan,
That we can love but once—and one—
All other is reflected light—
Such as illumines the queen of night.
The minstrel maid whose melody
Three weary years, entranced this dell,
Was my affianced ISABELLE—
A daughter of the Tuscan sky—
The fairest maid beneath the sun,
Whose hand I early sought and won—
Upon it placed this glittering token
Of vows that I have basely broken ;—
She hither came, poor girl, to sigh
Her heart away—near me to die,

Unknown to all save the old friar,
Who bore this ring to me by her desire—
Tidings that brain—heart—soul did fire !

“ She might have been to kings allied—
But this forbore to be my bride—
She might have been beloved and cherished—
But for my sake, she pined and perished—
A minstrel poor—on INDIA’S shore
Singing for bread from door to door.

“ Whilom along the ARNO’S side,
We wandered oft at eventide,
She gazing on the glowing skies,
And I into her laughing eyes ;
And there, when Angels watched above,
I told to her my burning love.
I have no power—no words to tell
How much I loved young ISABELLE.
She was the Angel of my youth—
The paragon of love and truth—
The child of art and minstrelsy—
All light—all loveliness to me,
And Oh ! that she should dare the surf—
Repose upon the chilling turf—

Three weary years
In pain and tears
For me, who could betray her trust—
O God ! O God ! thy wrath is just !

“ I know not why
Tears filled mine eye,
Whene'er for me she woke her lyre—
Its every tone was fraught with fire,
That made life's sluggish current start,
And boil along my every vein,
Up to the caverns of the brain,
Then left it freezing round my heart.
Ever upon its mournful swell
Came thoughts to me of ISABELLE—
Beauty—and Love—and Italy—
And of my hideous perfidy.
Mine eyes have hung upon her form,
As held by some unearthly charm ;
I've stood beneath the burning sky,
And drank her matchless minstrelsy—
Have lain at noon of night and wept,
While through my lattice lone it swept—
Lone as some fallen spirit's chime—
Sad as the funeral dirge of Time.

Five summers since I sought this land
Despite my ISABELLE's command—
Here yielded to thy wealth and beauty
My plighted heart and sacred duty—
And well hath Heaven avenged my sin ;
 My babes like autumn flowers have faded
And passed from earth—my heart hath been
 By hell's consuming fires invaded—
Peace—pleasure driven from my breast—
And, from my haunted pillow, rest.
The flowers she loved and tended much,
Shrink coldly shivering from my touch ;
The stars look down upbraidingly ;
Even reptiles curse my perfidy—
And all that now, dear LEILA, I can crave
Of thee, is prayer, and pardon, and a grave—
Let no one write my history—
Indite no epitaph for me—
My country, name, or woe to tell—
I only crave to rest by ISABELLE."

XII.

Pale as a marble statue there,
Still LEILA knelt with vacant stare ;
'Twas as some unexpected dart
Had instantly transfixed her heart—

The grave had opened at her feet—
From its cold clasp left no retreat.
She passed her hand before her eyes,
Her soul's emotions to disguise,
And to conceal the tears that slid
In silence from each burning lid—
Then faintly said—"In thy despair
Thou hast my pardon—and my prayer ;
Arouse thee from this lethargy—
What is the world—life—light to me—
Youth, beauty, wealth—unshared by thee !
I had a dream in my sweet youth
Of nuptial bliss untouched by ruth,
Such as our own seemed—but 'tis past—
It was too pure—too heavenly bright to last !"

XIII.

Little can prayer avail on high,
For those who will and crave to die.
Still day and night he strode the dale—
Still day and night became more pale—
More solemn in his mien and mood—
More wed to grief and solitude ;
And ere the leaves of autumn fell,
They laid him down by ISABELLE.

XIV.

LEILA had youth and beauty left,
But sudden grief her heart had cleft ;
Forth from that melancholy hour,
She GAMBIA sought in twilight bower,
And heard his trembling lips recite
The tale that turned her heart to night ;
She never woke to him her pain,
Or craved to know his grief again :
She never told to friend nor foe
Whence came, nor how, this wasting woe—
None knew the death-chill at her heart,
Save he who planted there the dart—
They only heard her constant sighs,
And missed the lustre from her eyes,
And saw her cheek fade, hue by hue,
As flowers beneath the autumn dew ;
Her words to GAMBIA still were kind,
And soothing to his ruined mind—
Even in his latest, dying hour,
They held o'er him a magic power.
But from that mournful eve they laid
Him down beside the Gipsy maid,
They never saw young LEILA more ;—

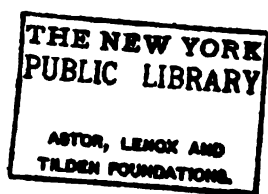
She could not brook their holy rest
While secret sorrow rent her breast—
She could not brook the cold world's sneer—
Pride's heartless taunt—and envy's jeer.

Time—tide, no tidings of her bore,
Though her they sought afar and near,
O'er sea, and land, and mountain drear.
But all who passed those graves at night
Saw, by the pale stars' glimmering light,
A Lady with long raven hair,
And sea-drenched garments, weeping there.

xv.

There mouldering still their Castle stands,
Like some proud wreck of feudal lands,
To greet the eye of all who stray
Along the NIEVA's blooming way,
Where every vassal in the vale
Can tell its melancholy tale.
The winds are sighing through the halls,
The lizard glistens on the walls—
From roof and rafter spiders dangle,
And weave their webs in every angle—
The ivy through the lattice creeps,
The owl from porch to gallery sweeps—

And in the towers for centuries
Goblins have held their revelries.
Who strove to tarry there the night.
Fled ere the morning with affright :
Soon as the tapers they withdrew,
The bolts and bars asunder flew,
And pallid spectres glided in,
Their nightly revellings to begin.
The mournful Gipsy maiden's song
Beneath the casement flowed along,
The solemn warblings of her lute,
While all to catch its notes were mute.
Then rose upon the trembling air
The broken-hearted LEILA's prayer—
The sounds of GAMBRA's feet as he
Paced to and fro the gallery—
And still 'tis shunned by lord and vassal—
And called by all the Haunted Castle.





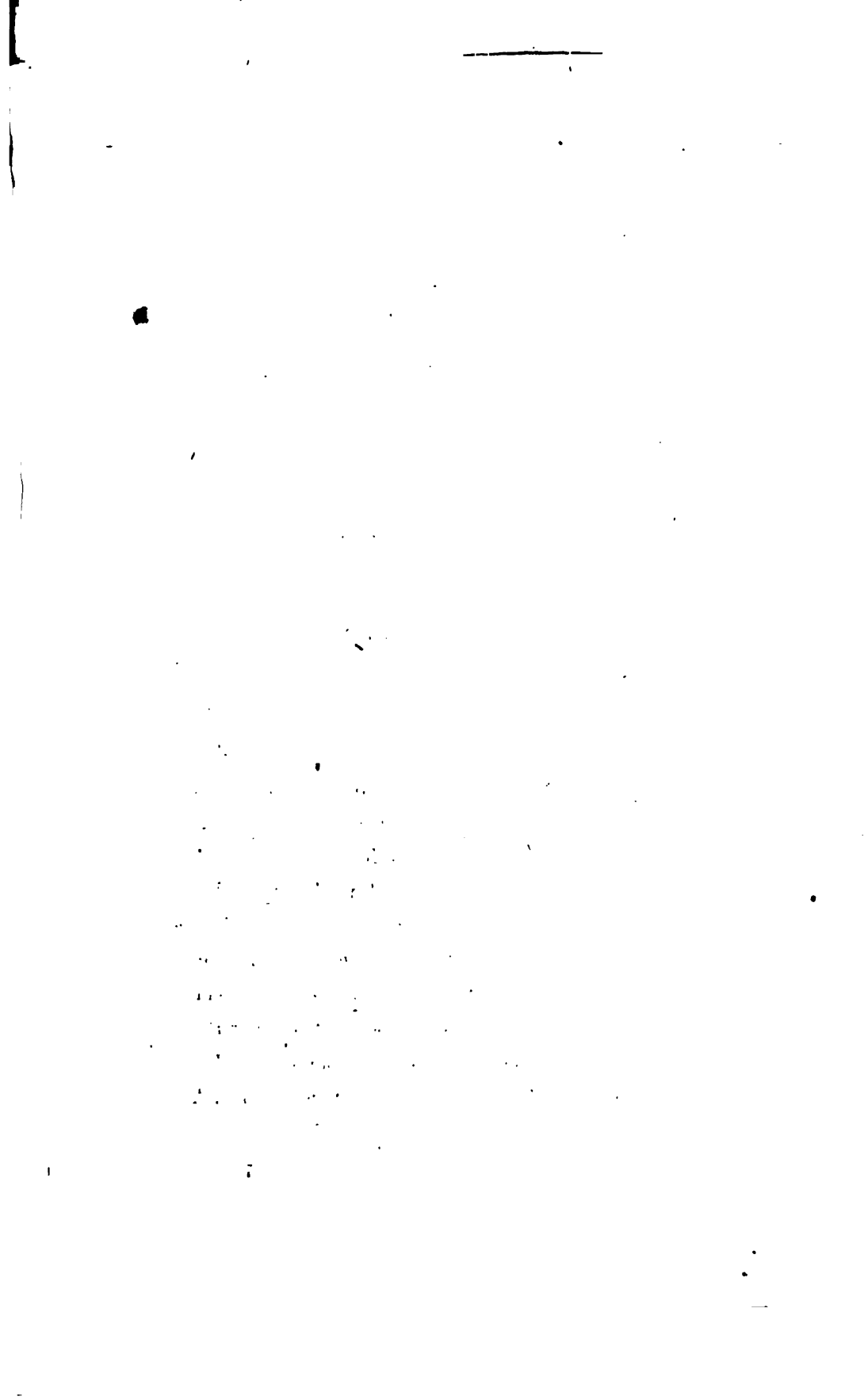
H. E. Brown

F. Halpin

THE FINEST

She was a peasant's daughter lithe and fair
 With cheeks as fresh as the roses of Paradise
 Looks like the sweetest wren, dark languid eyes
 And sunny and beautiful beyond compare

Words P. 177



though like the record, every one
And beyond beautiful beyond compare
Conto P. 27

ZENEL.*

A TALE OF GRANADA.

CANTO I.

I.

SHE was a peasant's daughter blithe and fair,
With cheeks fresh as the rose of Paradise,
Locks like the raven's wing, dark languid eyes,
And young and beautiful beyond compare ;—
An airy flitting bird, aye soft and meek,
Modest and gentle as the timid fawn,
When first it ventures forth upon the lawn—
Sought and beloved was young ZENEL : but like
The radiant sunbeam prisoned in a cloud
Ere it has traversed all its missioned way
From the metropolis of light and day—
A meteor seen, then lost in night's dim shroud—

* Pronounced *Thanail*.

The rainbow's bright but evanescent glow
Was the pure maiden's brief career below.

II.

The summer moon is shining bright
Far o'er the dark Sierra's height,¹
And crag, and peak, and snowy crest,
Where the wild eagle builds her nest ;
The myrtle groves, and palms,² and flowers,
Are smiling through their leafy bowers,
And sloping hills and green-wood aisles
Are gleaming in her quivering smiles ;
Above the azure canopy
Spreads its celestial drapery,
Bespangled with ten thousand stars,
 While by their sheen
 Afar are seen
Angels careering in their cars,
Making the weary spirit long
 To doff its frail mortality,
And join the bright seraphic throng
 That sweeps along the starry sky,
The dew begems the verdant trees,
The air with balmy odor breathes ;
Along the spicy-scented vale
Sings low and sweet the nightingale,³

Where lovers stroll beside the streams,
Lost in their first Elysian dreams,
Or there have stolen an hour to rove
And plight anew the vows of love,
And secretly lament the woe
That bids them happiness forego ;
To tread earth's chequered paths apart,
Weary, and lone, and sick at heart.

Along Alhambra's dreary halls
Full many a hollow footstep falls
Of victim closely prisoned there
To pine out life in lone despair ;
While sounds of wild festivity,
 And royal mirth, and music's swell
 Descend into his dismal cell
In mockery of his misery ;
And on the Vega's ' moonlit green,
 While lingers yet the evening star
Amidst the balmy air serene,
 Trip small feet to the light guitar^s
And the low tinkling castanet,
Which ever glad the Spanish fête ;
And musically wends the rill
Along the olive-shaded hill
To mingle with the bright Xenil,^s

And golden Darro's' gentle tide,
That onward pensively doth glide—
A scene so bright—divinely fair,
That one might deem crime lurked not there,
Nor battle ever shook that plain,
Nor blood from noble Zegri's^s vein
Sprinkled the sod like heavy rain,
Nor helm nor shield had strown it o'er,
And many a brave and ghastly Moor.
But by yon dark and pine-clad hill
Hark ! to the pirate's whistle shrill—
See ! by that rock-embattled shore,
His gliding skiff and muffled oar !

III.

Alas ! there is no land on earth
Where sin and crime have not had birth,
A people who no sorrow know,
A spot which hath no tale of woe :
The bard, from wrecks of empires flown,
The records of the mighty gone,
Weaves his immortal wreath of woes,
And gives to death a calm repose ;
The mermaid chants her song
Of those who far beneath the waves

Are sleeping in her watery caves,
Her coral groves among ;
The corsair prowls along the shore
Where Greece lived once—but lives no more,
Save some sad pile to tell us where
Earth's mightiest, bravest spirits were ;
But slavery binds her servile chain
Where freedom held triumphant reign,
Trampling the ashes of the brave.
Proud Rome is now one general grave :
Decay o'er Egypt spreads her pall—
There death and crime hold festival ;
Her splendors lie in mournful gloom,
And reptiles couch on glory's tomb.
And like those fallen lands afar,
Thine, Spain ! hath been an evil star :
Long war, and blood, and rapine fierce,
Have o'er thee flung their withering curse—
Consumed, alas ! thy vital breath,
And o'er thee spread the pall of death ;
Made thee the puny despot's throne,
The pirate's spoil, the brigand's home.

IV.

Where frowning rocks repel the sea
On old Granada's shore,

And waves are dashing heavily
Against their bases hoar,
Safely concealed from hostile eyes,
The pirate's sable vessel lies.
A Greek from Zante's sea-girt shore—
Their leader first the rock climbed o'er,
And stretched his eyes along the lea
To scan if there were enemy,
Or aught that they would fear to meet,
Or might discover their retreat ;
Then on his whistle softly blew
To bid ascend his ready crew.

v.

His jaundiced eyes were flashing brightly,
And time had plowed his cheek but slightly ;
Still there were marks of inward care
And grief, full many a character ;
A melancholy of the eye
And mien, when there was no one nigh,
That told some treasured, hidden woe
Was gnawing at the heart below,
That vanished as a step drew near,
And gave its place to reckless cheer.
His form was cast in stately mould,
And high his brow, and full, and bold ;

His long locks curly, glistening,
And sable as the raven's wing,
Were flowing from the ebon hood
That decks the Greek of noble blood.
A cloak was o'er his shoulders flung,
And by his side a sabre hung ;
And round his well compacted waist,
Pistols beneath his belt were braced ;
And but that he was deeply tanned,
Some lineaments were on his cheek
That might the darkened soul bespeak,
And from his eye gleamed fierce command,
One well might deem he had been made
For else than ocean's renegade,
The blackest fiend that ever soared
The watery waste, or stained a sword.

VI.

His motley crew around him stand,
Prompt to obey his least command ;
Some he enjoined to fit the ship
To make another speedy trip ;
Fresh water from the mountain spring—
Fruits, bread, whate'er they needed bring ;
And some, the sturdy and the brave,
He bid hie to the secret cave,

To bring on board their hidden goods ;
Then through the dark umbrageous woods,
Along a narrow, winding road,
In thoughtful mood he slowly strode ;
Nor heeded he the tangled way,
That under linden branches lay,
Until he reached a wizard's cell,
That stood within a rocky dell,
O'er which the myrtle branches made
A pendant roof, and verdant shade.

VII.

The old monk sat clad in his hood,
And garments torn, and soiled, and rude,
His hoary beard and matted hair
Strown o'er a visage worn with care,
And brow by want and woe o'ercast,
And deeply tanned by mountain blast.
For many a year his home had been
Within that cell and narrow glen ;
His drink the water of the rill
That laughed along the craggy hill ;
His bed the simple moss, or ground,
His food the fruit that grew around,

Or such as love-lorn maidens brought,
Who from his counsels wisdom sought,
Of magic spells on lovers wrought.

None knew his lineage nor his land,
Nor when he first came to their strand ;
Nor crime nor woe that drove him from
His country, kindred, native home.—
• Tale of himself he never told,
Nor aught to mortal would unfold
Of his mysterious, lonely fate,
Nor why he lived so desolate ;
But always friendly, courteous seemed
To those who him magician deemed,
And trusted fully in his art
To heal the weary, sickened heart.
There was no malady, but he
Could find for it a remedy ;—
The crazed could to their sense restore,
The blind could heal, the maimed could cure,
The lover win back to his maid,—
All plots of crime or virtue aid,—
Tell what had been—what was to be—
Unthread the webs of mystery.

VIII.

Within the cell dark AIZEN went,
 Knelt down beside the wizard's knee,
And gazed up in his face intent,
While inward grief his bosom rent.

 "Father, thou knowest my misery,"
He said, "the wrong, the cruel strife
That drove me to this desperate life ;
Upon revenge I then resolved,

 Nor years consumed in woe and crime
My plans of vengeance have dissolved,
 Nor can the ceaseless lapse of time.
Often before I have been here

 Since first to love I bade farewell,
And entered on my dark career ;

 But found thee not within thy cell,
Nor caught a glimpse of the false fair,
Nor sire who drove me to despair ;
And now we meet—say, in this vale
Lives SELEN and his fair ZENEL ? "

"Yes, yes, brave Greek, yet here they live,
I saw the lady yester eve ;
She hastened here with tearful eye,
To learn her lover's destiny,

Who long had been upon the sea,
Or underneath the waves may be."

"Tis well ! no more I need unfold—
Thou knowest it all—here, take this gold ;—
Let not thine art nor power thee fail
To win to me the young ZENEL ;
It is for this I sought your shore—
It must be done, ere one day more
Into eternity has sped,"
In sullen mood stern AIZEN said.

IX.

The wizard flung aside his hood—
A moment sat in thoughtful mood ;
And having then the plan espied,
In hollow tones he thus replied :—
"It shall be done ; to-morrow eve,
Soon as the sun shall take his leave,
The harvest moon resume her reign,
And softly light the hill and plain ;
With two or three of thy brave men
Hie thee along this gloomy glen ;
And I anon will lead thee where
The lady nightly kneels in prayer."

“ Thank thee, old man ; be true to me,
And boundless gold thy meed shall be ;
To-morrow eve I will be here
With men whose courage knows no fear,”
He said,—rose—bowed, and journeyed back,
O’er winding vale and mountain track,
And rocky pass, and moor, and lea,
Until he reached again the sea,—
And there he stood beside the ocean,
Meet emblem of his breast’s commotion ;
Gazing upon the billows blue
Until his garments dripped with dew ;
Then glided up and down the strand
With clouded brow and clenched hand,—
And more than once he dashed his hood
Upon the ground in sullen mood,
Ere down the rocky steep’s descent
He slowly to his hammock went,
To list the billows’ booming chime
Around his couch—and dream of crime.

CANTO II.

THE CAPTURE.

I.

It is the mellow, melting hour,
When lovers meet to breathe their vows,
Soft Philomela cheers the bower,
And lightly dew-begem the boughs,
When Melancholy bends her head,
And Mirth goes reeling to her bed,
The music of the dawning spheres
Entrances misanthropic ears—
Night with her diadem of stars
Ascends the throne of day on golden bars.

II.

And AIZEN hastes along the glen
Close followed by three sturdy men,
The wizard, who oft whispered low
The safest path that they might go.
At length they reach a little lawn,
Where panting lies the speckled fawn,

And just beyond a cot is seen
Behind the tangled myrtle's screen,—
Why stops he here ? what hath he spied
In such a spot at eventide,
To fix his eye, and kindle now
A smile upon his iron brow ?—
A youthful maid beneath a tree,
In prayer upon her bended knee.

Her brow, entwined in myrtle bands,
Is hid within her tiny hands ;
The white mantilla o'er her head
In neat simplicity is spread,
Her sable tresses pending low
Beneath it veil a robe of snow,
Guarding in ample folds and meet
Her faultless form and fairy feet.
Like frightened fawn she raised her head,
As she had heard a hasty tread,
And gazed around her breathlessly,
In search of friend or enemy ;
But when she saw nor fawn nor form
Of man along the lawn nor plain,
Nor aught a gentle maid would harm,
She bent her o'er her beads again.

Never did artist's pencil trace
A fairer or a lovelier face ;
Never hath Moslem's fancy seen,
 While with misguided piety
He dies amid the battle keen,
 A form of such divinity :—
The full high brow—the large dark eye,
And lashes drooping languidly,
Like violet leaves o'er drops of dew,
Veiling the light that sparkles through ;—
The swan-like neck—the taper waist,
In snow-white bodice neatly laced—
The ivory arm, the lofty mien,
Surpassing haughtiest eastern queen.
Never a sweeter voice had rung
 Along that spicy breathing vale—
Never a lighter foot had sprung
 Over its buds and blossoms pale,
Nor smaller hand touched the guitar ;
She was a brother's guiding star—
A mother's hope—a father's pride—
Young CARLOS' fair affianced bride.

III.

There AIZEN like a statue stood,
In the dark shadow of the wood,

Gazing upon that lovely form,
Whose beauty held for him no charm.
How should he speak, and how draw near,
And not awake the maiden's fear ?
Nor by her shriek bring from the cot
Some bold defender to the spot ?
With troubled throws he clasped his brow—
Bent lower down beneath the bough—
Still farther from the shadows passed—
Sly glances towards the cottage cast ;—
Then to his men the signal made,
Who promptly issued from the shade—
With stealthy step, and lifted blade,
Crept to the bower with noiseless tread,
Snatched rudely back her beauteous head,
Across her lips a bandage bound ;
But as they raised her from the ground,
One stifled shriek broke on the ears
Of the unwary cottagers.

IV.

And forth they leap—the father—son—
Friends—vassals, along the valley run.
They seek the bower where nightly she
Was wont in prayer to bend the knee—

They find her not—oh ! fell despair !
What fiend—what villain hath been there ?
They hear a shriek adown the vale—
Fleet footsteps borne back on the gale—
Then, as the raving tiger leaps,
The panther o'er the mountain sweeps,
The hound pursues the buffalo,
The cottagers fierce chase the foe.

The pirates with the maiden reach
Their comrades waiting on the beach—
The enemy close on their heels,
With hearts of fire and ready steels—
The motley crew—the skiff is there,
And in it they have placed the fair—
The sturdy rowers seize the oar
To guide it quickly from the shore,
Yet ere they go a moment wait
Their chief, who comes at rapid gait ;
But just as AIZEN gains the water,
Places one foot within the boat,
Old SELEN cries, " My child ! my daughter,"
Seizes him firmly by the throat,
Detains him with one sinewy hand,
And with the other grasps the skiff,

Which breaks his clasp and from the land

Like lightning darts around the cliff ;

And to the ship that lies in wait

To take on board its wretched freight.

And now the contests fierce begin—

Now rings the shore with furious din—

Some headlong in the ocean leap,

And with the boat strive pace to keep--

Exhausted sink beneath the deep—

Some fall amid the crimson slaughter—

AIZEN and SELEN hand to hand

Struggle upon the bloody sand—

Now on the shore--now in the water—

Old SELEN lifting high his blade—

A thrust full at the pirate made ;

But AIZEN parried off the blow,

And nearly dispossessed his foe ;

Rose firmly with him from the sand,

Shook from his throat his iron hand,

And on him like a tiger sprung,

His weapon from him quickly wrung ;

Throttled and held him at arm's length,

Swung high his blade with giant strength—

Then, like a snake that lifts its head

From out its coil, low hissing, said—

“Dog—coward—demon—look on me !
Thy murderer—daughter’s lover—see !
Whom from thy door thou once didst scourge,
And unto crime and ruin urge !
Behold ~~you~~ ship ! Thy daughter fair,
To be what thou wouldst spurn, is there—
Look ! ’tis thy last—thy doom I seal !
Die ! die !” and to the hilt his steel
Plunged in the hoary SELEN’s heart,—
The clustering foemen dashed apart,—
Flung his broad limbs upon the wave,—
Bade follow him his sailors brave,—
Who instantly their grasps untwine,
And to the vessel stem the brine.

V.

And now the Pirate spreads her sail,
And swiftly scuds before the gale,
Bound onward for the Grecian isle,
All cheer and glee on board the while,
Save her whom lust and malice hold,
And whose dark fate these lines unfold.

VI.

Senseless upon a couch she lies,
Within that vessel’s gorgeous room,

Around her falling draperies,
The rich brocades of India's loom ;
Pearls, gems, from many a foreign land,
And treasures brought from Persia's strand ;
Jewels, that queens perchance had graced,
In wild profusion round her placed.
Wines, cordials quickly now are brought,
And every remedy is sought
That can bewildered minds restore ;
Fresh fruits a crouching menial bore,
And spread before the maiden there ;
Bathed her pale brow, and smoothed her hair—
Lingering did oft the task renew,
But at the pirate's frown withdrew.

VII.

Sense has returned—she opes her eyes
Upon the orient draperies,
Up from the cushions quickly springs,
Flings round a wild, bewildered glance,
Like one awaking from a trance ;
Her hands in frantic frenzy wrings—
“Ave Maria ! where am I ?”
She shrieks in tones of agony ;—
“AIZEN ! oh Heaven ! where can I be ?—
What ! do I dream ?—a phantom see ?—

'Tis thou !—the Greek ! Oh Mary ! dear !
Is this the sea—are these the waves I hear ?
My father's heart will break with grief—
Ave Maria ! bring relief !
AIZEN ! wilt brand thy soul a thief ?
Let—let thy ship retrace its track,
And to Granada bear me back !”

“ Ha ! bear thee back ! false, haughty fair !
The author of my long despair—
My crime—my woe—my ruin !—Never !
Thou’rt mine, and mine shalt be for ever.
I sought thy hand, and would have given
My all below—my hope of heaven
For thee, a loved, an honored bride ;
But thou didst spurn me from thy side—
Thy cruel father from his door ;
And vengeance ’gainst you both I swore.
And since that time I’ve had but one sole aim—
One thought—one wish—one all-absorbing flame—
To punish him, and link thy life to shame.”

“ O AIZEN, spare a fate so dread !
In mercy spare ! and thee I’ll wed,”
Clasping his knees she sobbing said ;

My home—my heart—my life shall be
Devoted, consecrate to thee.
My father's gold—his lands are thine ;
All, all to thee he shall resign !”

“ Wed me, ZENEL ! 'tis all too late !
My ardent love is turned to hate,
Nor long forbearance need'st expect
From him thy cruel scorn hath wrecked.”

“ Fear'st not—my father and my brother ? ”—

“ Poor, helpless dove ! thy threats restrain ;
They will not strive with me again,
Nor draw their blades against another ;—
Thy brother sleeps beneath the wave ;
Old SELEN found a bloody grave ;
This sabre pierced to-night his breast,
And sent him to his long and dreamless rest.”

Now, as the lightning from the cloud
Dispels the mists that earth enshroud,
Truth flashed across her mental eye,
And showed a fiend of deepest dye.

“ Ave Maria ! avert my doom !”
She cried, and breathless, shuddering,

Her senses faint and wandering,
Pale as the drapery of the tomb,
Cold as a marble pillar, sate
Beneath his lowering frown of hate ;
Her lips compressed, and small hand raised,
With vacant stare full on him gazed,
Till through his arteries shot an icy chill,
And his crime-calloused heart with awe grew still.

“’Tis most ungenerous—most unkind,
Yet to thy will I am resigned ;
But first, one hour to me allow,
That for the dead my tears may flow ;
Then thy dark mandate I abide ;”—
Subduedly at last she sighed.

“’Tis well for thee thus to submit—
One single hour I thee permit,”
He said ; then, darkly frowning, warned
Her of her fate, and from her turned
And sought the deck, to breathe the air,
And give all needful orders there.

VIII.

Down by the silken couch she knelt,
In its soft cushions laid her brow ;

If ever human being felt

The pangs of hell, she felt them now.

Before her rose her childhood's home,

Its innocence, its birds, its bloom ;

The friends that there were left behind

To mourn her whom they ne'er would find ;

Her father bleeding on the lea,

Her brother buried in the sea,

And him whom most on earth she loved—

Oh ! then her heart's deep fountains moved,

And from her brow she tore the bands,

And sobbed aloud and wrung her hands ;

Raised her full streaming eyes to heaven,

Implored that power might thence be given

To aid her in her agony ;

Rose, glanced around her hastily,

Snatched up the light—passed o'er the floor,

Where drapery concealed a door

Whose light bolt yielded easily.

One moment only tarried she,

And then with step resolved and free,

Back to the couch returned to wait

Calmly whate'er might be her fate.

• IX.

What means that bustle on the deck ?

Those hurrying footsteps to and fro ?—

A storm that threatens sudden wreck ?

A rock, that gores the ship below ?

Some deadly foe approaching nigh ?—

Hark ! list ! that wild and maddening cry !

Again ! again ! 'tis louder—nigher !

“Stop ! ho ! fire ! fire ! the ship's on fire !

Bring water ! ho ! bring water quick !

Clew up the sails !”—rings 'long the deck.

The minute guns boom o'er the wave ;

None—none in mercy come to save ;

But, as we in the forest see

The red blaze shooting up the tree—.

From limb to limb it leaping goes,

Until one livid sheet it glows ;—

The flames are coiling up the mast,

And raging in the strengthening blast.

Now shrill and loud arise on high

The strong man's shriek of agony ;

Some reckless by the hatches go,

And some as weak as children grow,

And feel how just th' avenging rod,

Then bend the knee and call on God ;

Some headlong plunging in the sea,
Anticipate their destiny ;
Or, yet to shun a watery grave,
Wrestle with death upon the wave,
In fearful grasp and agony.
Some cling to slender planks and brands,
Till death unclasps their crisping hands—
Some in their deep despair are raving,
Stern AIZEN still his pangs is braving,
When through the flaring smoke and flame,
With frantic bound a light form came,
With livid cheek and ghastly eye,
And brow elate, and hands on high,
Shrieking—" 'Twas I—dark AIZEN—I
That fired thy ship—'twas I—'twas I !

These flames are battling well for me—
Thy deed is black—thy guerdon sure !
And death is mine—but I am pure !”

Then, laughing, leaped into the sea,
Leaving not one to tell the tale
Of those who went that night to sleep
Beneath the unrelenting deep,
The victims of the fair ZENEL.

NOTES.

CANTO I.

NOTE 1, Sect. II. p. 98.

"The summer moon is shining bright
Far o'er the dark Sierra's height."

"Who can do justice to a moonlight night in such a climate, and in such a place! The temperature of an Andalusian midnight in summer is perfectly ethereal. * * *

"At such a time I have ascended to the little pavilion called the Queen's Toilette, to enjoy its varied and extensive prospect. To the right, the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevada would gleam like silver clouds against the darker firmament, and all the outlines of the mountain would be softened, yet delicately defined. My delight, however, would be to lean over the parapet of the tocador, and gaze down upon Granada, spread out like a map below me; all buried in deep repose, and its white palaces and convents sleeping, as it were, in the moonshine."—*Washington Irving's Alhambra.*

NOTE 2, Sect. II. p. 98.

"The myrtle groves, and palmas, and flowers."

"The most singular feature in the gardens of Cordova is the lofty palm, which is seen towering far above trees, walls, and house-tops.

"The palm is, indeed, among the first objects which the traveller discovers as he approaches Cordova, and for a moment he fancies that he is about to enter some African or Asiatic city. It is said that all the palm-trees in Spain—and they are very numerous in Andalusia, Murcia, and Valencia—proceeded from the one planted by the first Abderahman in his favorite garden upon the banks of the Guadalquivir."—*A Year in Spain, by a Young American*, Vol. III. p. 26.

NOTE 3, Sect. II. p. 98.

"Along the spicy-scented vale
Sings low and sweet the nightingale."

"The foliage of the trees was still tender and transparent; the pomegranate had not yet shed its brilliant crimson blossoms; the orchards of the Xenil and the Darro were in full bloom; the rocks were hung with wild flowers, and Granada seemed completely surrounded by a wilderness of roses, among which innumerable nightingales sang, not merely in the night, but all day long."—*Washington Irving's Alhambra*.

"About a mile from the sea, we came to a small river, skirted by silver poplars. These were merry with the music of the nightingale. This bird is always found in Andalusia upon the tops of mountains, and along the banks of rivers."—*A Year in Spain, by a Young American*, Vol. III. p. 26.

NOTE 4, Sect. II., p. 99.

"And on the Vega's moonlit green."

The Vega, the plain surrounding Granada, the scene of many actions between the Moors and Christians.

NOTE 5, Sect. II., p. 99.

"Trip small feet to the light guitar
And the low tinkling castanet."

"Sometimes I would hear the faint sounds of castanets from some party

of dancers lingering in the Alameda;* at other times I have heard the dubious tones of a guitar and the notes of a single voice rising from some solitary street, and pictured to myself some youthful cavalier serenading his lady's window. * * *

"As the sun declines, begins the bustle of enjoyment, when the citizens pour forth to breathe the evening air, and revel away the brief twilight in the walks and gardens of the Darro and the Xenil.

"Now break forth, from court and garden, and street and lane, the tinkling of innumerable guitars, and the clinking of castanets; blending, at this lofty height, in a faint but general concert."—*Washington Irving's Alhambra*.

NOTE 6, Sect. II., p. 99.

"The bright Xenil."

The Xenil, the principal stream that waters the Vega.

NOTE 7, Sect. II., p. 100.

"And golden Darro's gentle tide."

"The Darro is a small stream running through Granada, and is the De Auro or Darra of the Romans, who procured gold from it by washing its sands. Particles of gold are still found in it; and when Philip the Second came to Granada, the city presented him with a crown made from the gold of the Darro."—*Bourgoanne's Travels in Spain*.

NOTE 8, Sect. II., p. 100.

"Nor blood from noble Zegri's vein."

The Zegria, one of the tribes of the Moors of Granada.

* A public walk on the Vega.

THE LAST HOUR OF SAPPHO.



THE PROMONTORY OF LEUCADIA.

"This is the spot;—'tis here, tradition says,
That hopeless love from this high towering rock
Leaped headlong to oblivion, or to death.
Oh, 'tis a giddy height! my dizzy head
Swims at the precipice!—'tis death to fall."

I.

THE sun was sinking from soft Hellas' shore,
Yet lingering still, as if he loved to pour
His beams o'er towers and temples then sublime,
But mouldering now beneath the tooth of Time ;
To kiss the sloping hills, and myrtle boughs,
And flowers, and streams, and Lesbian maidens' brows,
As they were warbling 'long the sultry vale
Like blithesome birds, or lisping some love tale :
Slowly he sank, while far the deep waves rolled
Beneath his fiery track like molten gold ;

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SAPPHO.



The spire, and minaret from the distant dome,
And castle hoar, and fane, and royal home ;
The olive grove, the dark majestic palm,
The cypress saddening in the pensive calm,
And in the liquid distance many an isle
Gleamed in his yellow beams and parting smile ;
And there the lowing herds adown the hill
Meander to their homes by glade and rill ;
The weary peasants by the cabin door,
To Pandean pipes their simple idyls pour ;
Maidens reclining under myrtle trees,
Bathe their dark brows in the melliferous breeze,
Send their wild mirth along the vales afar,
And greet with glowing eyes the evening star—
Oh ! who would deem at such soft twilight time
Sorrow could rear her throne, in that delightful clime.

II.

High on Leucadia's famed and jutting rock,
Whose rugged base returned with scorn the shock
Of ocean, softly veiled in evening shade,
Leant Lesbian SAPPHO all in white arrayed :
Back from her brow her sable tresses flung,
In melancholy showers around her hung,
Down to the rock, and there besprent with dew,
Lay throbbing in the briny breeze that blew

Up from the sea. One small hand held her lute,
The other rested on its strings all mute
As they had never breathed eternal songs
Of fervent Love—and Love's immortal wrongs :—
Her darkly curtained eyes had not yet wept,
Though all her life in one black tissue swept
Before her now—

“ I would sing one song more—
One wild undying strain ere life be o'er ;
I'd breathe my soul away in song sublime,
And leave my tears upon the sands of time :
I'd stir the fountains in the breasts of sages,
And ring my sorrows in the ears of ages—
I'd give a tongue to future centuries,
To talk of SAPPHO's love lorn melodies ;
How through the Lesbian Vales whilom she sung,
And on the smiles of faithless PHAON hung ;
How she, forsaken, sought LEUCADIA's steep,
And from it made the immortal Sapphic leap :
Ay ! I would gather in this latest theme,
Of my lone lute, my heart's benighted dream—
These fierce consuming fires that girt my soul,
So that when PHAON glances o'er the scroll
I leave, my fate may flash upon his heart
Swift as from clouds the long pent lightnings dart ;

Awake, my spirit ! nor within me die !
Strike on the key-note of thine agony ;
Ring out one anthem more !—one sad farewell !
To love and life ! Oh ! breathe in it thy knell !
Thy requiem !—a dagger make each tone,
To pierce false PHAON'S heart when I am gone ! ”
She said ; then swept its straining cords—but fleet
As struck, her lute fell shattered at her feet.
She gazed upon it as it quivering lay,
And said—“ Thus have life, hope, love passed away.”

III.

Upon that melting scene, those glowing skies,
She cast around her sad and swimming eyes,
And to them breathed a silent, long farewell ;
For in her earlier years they held a spell
Upon her lute, and she had of them sung
Ere wrong, with ruthless hand her heart had wrung.
Then turning, gazed afar across the sea,
To where young PHAON dwelt,—bright Sicily ;
Then her heart swelled—to every woe awake,
And beat the narrow cage it could not break—

“ Yes,—yes,—inconstant PHAON ! thou art there
Heedless of SAPPHO'S love and lone despair.

I see thee in the grove—thy noble form
Move on,—a maiden hanging on thine arm,
And drinking thy sweet words erst breathed to me—
Forsake me, reason—thought—and memory !—
I see thee in the gay Sicilian dance,
Bending upon the fair thy tender glance ;
Where diamonds gleam, and dazzling beauty glows ;
The song swells high, the sparkling goblet flows ;
Joy, laughing, sits enthroned on many a brow ;
I see thee by a beauteous maiden now—
Love's fickle vows—thy witching flatteries hear,
As thou dost breathe them in her willing ear.
O misery ! why am I thus awake ?
Sad heart of mine, oh ! wilt thou never break ?
There's but one remedy for such deep woe ;
A fearful antidote—but be it so !
And must I go ?—from thee no farewell sigh ;
No word to soothe my last sharp agony ;
No smile to cheer me in the hour of death ?—
Oh ! for some power swift as the lightning's breath,
To catch my dying shriek as I depart,
And ring it as a death-knell in thy heart.

“ And yet I would not chide thee, PHAON !—No !
But I would wake thee to a sense of woe,
And all the misery that thou hast wrought,
And why a home beneath the waves I sought :

When thou wert far away. May peace be thine !
The gods preserve thee from a fate like mine !
The quick and fevered pulse, the tears that blind,
The heart's dark void, the canker of the mind ;
And if to 'parted spirits power be given,
To leave the high abode they hold in heaven,
Oh, I will guide thy footsteps from all woe,
Thy guardian angel be while lingering here below.

IV.

" PHAON, thou wert the fond reality
Of my youth's cherished dream,—the phantasy
That hath beguiled me from my earliest days,
Luring me on—the theme of all my lays,
The pole-star of my heart on love's soft sea,
The dayspring of my life—my Deity !
That I might win thy heart, and make thee mine—
A dream too pure, too heavenly, too divine
For earth !—I've toiled through long and weary years,
In hours I stole from slumber—life's dull cares,
And earned a laurel for my fading brow,
That will not wither like thy fragile vow ;—
Yes, I have swept my lyre through Lesbian isles,
Till it has won from kings their softest smiles ;
And royal dames have worshipped where I trod,
As there had been enshrined their favorite god ;

The proud have sought my hand,—the high of birth
Have knelt to me, as I were not of earth :
But these are nothing, since they fail to move
Thy heart, and gain for me thy constant love.
This was the die on which I staked my all,
And I, alas ! have lost, and perish in thy thrall.

v.

“ And now, to thee, thou wild and mighty Sea !
Terrific emblem of futurity !
That in thy restless might dost round me roll,
And chafe thyself like my own troubled soul ;
Upon whose fickle bosom none can trace,
The pathways of the dead unto their place
Of endless rest ; from chilling storms of life,
From my own heart’s corroding fires and strife,—
From pangs that have no antidote but death,
I come to seek for peace, thy waves beneath.
Ope now thy breast, and hide for ever there
My fading form—my fondness and despair ! ”
She said, then drew her snowy vesture close,
And calmly as reclining to repose
At eventide, from that LEUCADIAN height,
Headlong descended to eternal night,
On sea-weed beds to rest in slumbers sweet,
The boundless main her tomb, the waves her winding sheet.

THE FORSAKEN.

It hath been said—for all who die
 There is a tear ;
Some pining, bleeding heart to sigh
 O'er every bier :—
But in that hour of pain and dread,
 Who will draw near
Around my humble couch and shed
 One farewell tear ?

Who watch life's last departing ray
 In deep despair,
And soothe my spirit on its way
 With holy prayer ?
What mourner round my bier will come
 In weeds of woe,
And follow me to my long home—
 Solemn and slow ?

When lying on my clayey bed,
In icy sleep,
Who there by pure affection led
Will come and weep ;
By the pale moon implant the rose
Upon my breast,
And bid it cheer my dark repose,
My lowly rest ?

Could I but know when I am sleeping
Low in the ground,
One faithful heart would there be keeping
Watch all night round,
As if some gem lay shrined beneath
That sod's cold gloom,
'Twould mitigate the pangs of death,
And light the tomb.

Yes, in that hour if I could feel,
From halls of glee
And Beauty's presence one would steal
In secrecy,
And come and sit and weep by me
In night's deep noon—
Oh ! I would ask of memory
No other boon.

But ah ! a lonelier fate is mine,
A deeper woe ;
From all I love in youth's sweet time
I soon must go ;
Drawn round me my pale robes of white,
In a dark spot
To sleep through death's long, dreamless night,
Lone and forgot.

EMILIE.

A FLORENTINE'S STORY.

It was a summer eve in Italy,
Starlight, and the full moon, and soft blue sky,
So tranquil, and so pensively serene,
That one might smile or weep 'mid such a scene.
Calmly the Arno lay—the lighted tent
Along its banks gleamed out where myrtles blent
With citrons in a thick luxuriant screen—
Gay groups were seated on the moonlit green,
And music's deep, soul-stirring sounds, and song
Arose, and laughter ringing from the throng,
Where Florence had sent forth her bright array
“Of youthful, gallant, beautiful, and gay.”

And there moved one amidst that festival,
Fairer and gentler—lovelier far than all,

With queenly step, a soft and blushing cheek,
And beaming eyes the buoyant heart that speak.

Midst those gay scenes she walked, and danced, and smiled,
Joined in the song as blithesome as a child ;
Yet in her joyance was an under tone
Of sadness, and of grief—the stifled moan—
Untimely answers, oft a vacant stare,
Telling full well that thought was absent there.

They heeded not the tear that filled her eye,
The tremor of her lip, nor frequent sigh ;
Too much each one was lost in revelry,
The timid tears of secret love to see.

At last, with beating heart and watchful glance,
She left the brilliant crowd and dizzy dance,
And hastened down a dim-lit avenue,
Where citrons tall and tangled myrtle grew,
Until she reached a spot where in the wood,
Muffled in cloak, a lofty figure stood,
Who glided forward, took her trembling hand,
And led her gently to the breezy strand—
It was the gay and gallant ANTHONY :
Upon his arm she leant—how trustingly !

Listing those vows of constancy and love
That gentle woman's bane so often prove :
With sweetest flatteries he strove to cheer
The timid maid.—His chariot was near—
Around her slender waist he twined his arm,
And to it bore her light and lithesome form.

And she was happy in her distant home,
Loved with that ardent flame that must consume
Itself :—Alas ! 'twas but a little while—
A gush of sunlight—April's passing smile
Upon the flowers, to give them life and light,
Then leave them to the frost's untimely blight.

Time passed—where was he now—proud ANTHONY ?
Her young heart's dream—her soul's idolatry !—
For whom she had forsaken kindred—fame ;—
That priceless gem—a pure, unsullied name ?—
Alas ! he worshipped one beyond the sea,
Regardless of his weeping EMILIE.

One eve she donned a cloak and silken veil,
And hastened forth along the fading dale,
Nor cared how far, or whitherward she went,
So deep the inward woe her bosom rent.

Weary at last, she stopped beside a stream,
That lay before her calm as childhood's dream ;
Upon its flowery brink a moment stood,
And on the water gazed in thoughtful mood,
Placed one foot o'er the edge—then on the sod
Shrank back, and called for mercy on her God.—

And there, beneath the autumn sky, she sate,
Alone, and homeless, friendless, desolate,
Among the leaves—alas ! how like to them,
Withered and severed from the parent stem,
In silence from the earth to pass away,
Midst wintry storms, and blasts, and slow decay.
Repentance shook her bosom's inmost core,
Remorse with ruthless pangs her heartstrings tore,
And on the turf she sank in wild despair,
Around her streaming her long sable hair,
Like a rich veil. Her sad thoughts wandered back
To innocence and childhood's faded track,
Parental love, and home ;—and there beamed yet
One glimmering star of hope that had not set.

She would return !—perhaps there still might be
Forgiveness for the erring EMILIE !—
Her wrongs, her sufferings yet perchance might melt
Her father's heart,—wake kindness he had felt

Ere from the path of duty she had strayed,
And into secret wedlock been betrayed.

It was the full moon's time and soft starlight,
When her loved home once more broke on her sight—
There were the castle, the gay walks, and bowers
Where she had dwelt in innocence' sweet hours,
And by her father's or her lover's side,
Had moved in youthful bloom and beauty's pride.
Her utter wretchedness they seemed to mock ;—
How could she live—how bear the pending shock !—
She clung unto a myrtle tree for aid,
On her wild-beating heart her small hand laid,
And gasped for breath.—There gleamed but one faint light
Through that old castle's gorgeous curtains bright.
She raised her eyes, and prayed for strength to bear
Her shame, and bring her trembling footsteps near ;—
She reached the door—there sat her hoary sire,
And her fair sister singing to the lyre
Whose chords beneath her touch so oft had thrilled,—
With softest melody that hall had filled.
The song was one that she had often sung
For him in happier days—the sad words rung
Through her torn bleeding heart like a wild knell.
His tears streamed fast—for her she knew they fell,

And leaned against a post for strength to greet
Her sire—then forward sprung, and at his feet
Shrieked out—"Forgive !"

He raised her in his arms,
Gazed on her face bereft of former charms,
And recognized his child ! Back drooped her head—
He kissed the parted lips—but she was dead.

LAONE.

THE STUDENT'S STORY.

I.

WHERE a green valley winds its blooming way,
Dividing the umbrageous, sloping woods,
Hemmed in by mountains shadowy and tall,
And hills, where graze the lowing herds all day,
Or pant beneath the breezy spreading boughs,
Lonely and dim the village churchyard lies.

The tuneful birds of day and closing eve
Have sought their balmy rest—the flocks are penned—
The stars look from their silvery thrones on high,
The full moon smiles upon the lonely graves,
Placid as youthful mother watching o'er
The silent couches of her slumbering babes.

O'er some the mournful willow folds its arms,
And roses drench their cheeks with dewy tears ;
While others, thick o'ergrown by tangled weeds,
Tombless, unepitaphed, neglected lie.
Along the outer walks dark poplars stand—
Sad sentinels around the crowded yard ;
And where their shadows fall along the ground
And thrifty grass, rises the little church.

II.

Within this spot are gathered to their homes
The rich man, and the beggar, and the sage,
And the poor idiot who never sipped
At learning's fount. Here babes and tender mothers,
Husbands and wives, tried friends, and youthful lovers,
Lie side by side together, yet apart
How far ! No greetings kind they interchange ,
No social converse with each other hold ;
No fierce disputes, nor tears, nor sighs, nor moans,
Nor quickening pulses, through these chambers rise
To break the solemn stillness of the tomb ;
But each in his pale drapery slumbereth on
In silence deep, and equally alone,
Save one, who holds a new and humble grave.

III.

Beside this tomb a fair-haired maiden knelt,
Who had not parted with her fifteenth summer ;
Around her slender form a white robe fell,
In soft enamored folds—upon her neck,
Blue-veined, and arching like a graceful swan's—
Her weeping tresses hung.

By her side
A little basket of fresh blossoms sate ;
With taper fingers thence she drew a rose,
Watered it with her tears, and planted it
Upon the humble grave, and bade it bloom
Above the dead—then clasped her tiny hands,
Raised her pale brow and streaming eyes to heaven,
And said, in tones so plaintive, yet so sweet,
That one might deem it were an Angel spoke—
“Forgive me, O my God ! I knew not what
I did ! Relieve this anguish-stricken heart—
This load of guilt—this agony remove :—
IANTHUS ! sorrowful hath been my days,
Since here they laid thee down—woful my nights,
And horrible the shapes that haunt my dreams.—
I knew not thou wert dear, till thou wert gone ;
I felt not that I was alone till then—
An orphan—friendless—helpless, and that thou

Only on earth didst love and care for me ;—
When thou wert here, all things to me were bright—

Kind friends smiled on me ever as they passed,
With tender looks of approbation sweet ;
Now thou art gone, there is no smile for me—
No love ;—cold every gaze that meets mine eye.—
The sun and moon have gone behind the clouds—
The stars bereaved, have dropped their sable veils,
And left me groping vales of total darkness.
My troubled father from his grave comes back,
Upbraiding, follows me along the groves—
My mother's ghost frowns on me in my dreams ;—
The flowers, the birds, the streams, all—all do chide,
Reproach, and curse me for thy mournful fate.—
Oh ! I am desolate—alone on earth—
Forsaken—a wanderer—LANTHUS, oh !
I would lay down this life to bring thee back,
To hear from thy dear lips one pardoning word ;—
But woe is me !” she cried, and threw herself
Upon the sod, and with her snowy arms
The cold turf clasped.——

IV.

It is a mournful tale—

LAONE's grief, the beautiful, the young :
She was an orphan. Circumstance her fate

Strangely and sadly shaped. In her tenth year,
Her aged father from his dying bed
His white locks slowly raised—low beat his pulse,
And shook his frame, as shake the quivering chords
Of rudely-stricken lute. Upon his brow,
Furrowed and high, Death had his signet set,
And on his cheeks the tears like ice-drops hung :
Beside him stood a youth, whose slender frame,
Parched up with the slow fever of his thought,
And pale and deep-lined brow, told he had burned
The midnight oil, and drunk of Hippocrene.
Long in low voice with him the old man spake ;
Then clasped in his the student's bony hand,
And gazed upon his face, as he would drink
His inmost thoughts, and leave upon his heart
Impress of this his last imploring look ;
Then called the little girl, who wept aside,
And placed her hand within the youth's, and said—
“ IANTHUS, she is thine ! Poor helpless child !
She is the scion of her race—the last
Of all my family whom dire disease
Hath left to me.—

Her mother—heavenly saint !—
Ten years ago this day—the hour this child
First saw the light—died in these arms, and then,
By a contagious fever that cut down

Its thousands here, two lovely daughters fell ;—
The angry sea closed o'er my only son,
And she is all that cruel death did spare
For my old stricken heart to cling around.—
I've watched her infancy—her tender years,
IANTHUS ! hung around her helpless cradle,
Day, night, as she had been a priceless gem ;
Have seen her grow, her youthful mind expand,
And heard the first sweet lisplings of her tongue :—
'Twould not be hard to die, at this old age,
But for my child !—Look on a dying man—
IANTHUS, look !—in presence of thy God—
While on the margin of eternity
I stand—hear this my last behest ! be kind,
Be faithful to my child !—'tis a cold world ! ”
And then the old man's tears gushed forth anew,—
“ Guard well her helplessness ! ”—he faintly cried,
And upward turned his glazed eyes to heaven,
Kind blessings asked upon the youthful pair—
His icy lips pressed on their clasped hands,
Then calmly sank into the arms of death.

V.

IANTHUS with strange feelings took the girl,
With the scant pittance which her father left,

Unto his widowed mother's home, that stood
Concealed within a little oaken grove,
Bordering upon a pleasant vale, retired
And neat. Thenceforward all else lost
Their wonted influence—for aught but her
He had no thought, no wish, no hope, no smile,—
Light was but where she dwelt—life where she moved.
Music and poetry—all that adorns,
Raises, or purifies the youthful mind,
He taught that girl—ah ! happy task to him,
For well his fondest labors were repaid
By the improvement of his lovely charge.
Beneath his care, he saw the mental bud
Unfold its golden petals day by day,
And beauty opening like the early rose.

* * * * *

VI.

At length her fifteenth year arrived—the day—
The hour, that was to make him ever blessed,
When he should to his bosom take the flower,
That his own hand so tenderly had reared
Into full bloom, was fixed ;—bright beamed his eye !—
High beat his noble heart with love and hope !—
Beautiful before him lay life's onward road—
No lowering cloud—no shadow hovered there,

To intercept its golden-tinted light—
Joy beaming on his brow, her bower he sought,
Where with her books she spent the primal hour,
To spread before her all his happy plans,
And meet sweet approbation in her smile.
Not her own grave fresh opened could have brought
Unto her heart so keen and quick a pang—
So instant stricken from her cheek its rose—
Such thought had never cross'd her artless mind.
Hers was that kind and ever-trusting love
A sister bears a brother, who hath lent
A willing hand to guard her helpless state ;—
No other felt—no other could suspect :
'Twas poison dashed upon the cup of bliss.
Speechless awhile upon the turf she sate
Abashed—her languid eyes cast to the ground—
Then on his bosom firm refusal wept.

As from a snake—as from some reptile vile,
Or fiend, that man may fear, and shun, and hate,
The venom'd arrow rankling in his heart,
Congealing the warm current of his veins,
LANTHUS from the sobbing girl recoiled.
Then cold at heart, and pale, and stern, he rose,
Folded his arms, and on her at one glance
The depths of his soul's disappointment hurled,

And strode away, with firm and hasty step :
No more himself IANTHUS—the kind friend,
The watchful guardian—doting lover fond ;
No more he called to lead her on their walks,
When nightingales had tuned their evening harps,
And filled the valleys with soft melody ;
No more he heard as erst the wonted task—
Never again his pale lips breathed her name ;
Never again a genial ray of love
Beamed from his eye to cheer her lonely lot ;
The air he breathed—the flowers along his way,
Did even of his mournfulness partake.
All day beside the streams, or mountain brink,
Or in some little nook along the vale,
His arms crossed on his breast, and matted hair
Strewn o'er his pale and haggard brow, he strode ;
Or in some long-frequented path went on,
Torn by that woe and silent agony
That eats into the soul. Oft she would seek
To meet him in his walks, and audience gain ;
Oft in his lonely wanderings follow near,
With some kind pledge of love to bid him take.
But he would pass her eye unnoticed by—
Never again he raised his vacant eyes
To hers to greet her smile, or take the flowers

Selected from the vales to deck his room,
But onward kept his silent, brooding way.

VII.

A few days thus he wrestled with his grief,
Then from his iron-barred window came the cry,—
The piteous moan—the yell—the frantic shriek,
That doth bespeak the chambers of the soul
Peopled with dark and fearful shapes.—

VIII.

'Tis past !—

Silence and tears are in the widow's home—
Death hath been there.—On through the little grove,
Toward the church, a small procession winds—
They reach the open grave—around it stand,
And lay, with tears and solemn orisons,
The maniac down to long and peaceful dreams.

IX.

And there, as stars look from their placid noon,
In the calm stillness of the midnight hour,
Her locks bedewed, beside the dead she sits.
Ah ! what of fear wrecks she !—her thoughts dwell not
On earthly things—a holier flight they soar :
Morn, noon, and evening found her hovering there ;

And as she passed, matrons, and maidens fair,
Who knew her story—and had loved her long,
Looked on her young and fading form, and wept,
And said, “ Poor thing ! she looks not like herself—
Ah ! soon beside IANTHUS she will lie ! ”

X.

Time passed—anon the village bell was tolled—
Young maidens came and decked her for the tomb ;
And by him laid her down to peaceful dreams.

MELPOMENE.

A MONODY ON THE DEATH OF L. E. L.

I.

THOU wert not made for happiness on earth,
Thy spirit nature had too finely strung
With feelings that were of ethereal birth,
To brook the woes that fate around thee flung ;
Falsehood and scorn too bitterly had stung
Thy tender heart in its first vernal bloom ;
The mists of sorrow like a mildew clung
Around thy soul, o'ershadowing it in gloom,
And sad its moans as sighs that whisper from the tomb.

II.

High-gifted Poet ! gloomy, mournful thing !
Brief was thy voyage upon life's stormy sea,
And rough, and dark, and fraught with suffering ;
Station and wealth were not awarded thee,

To save thee from the withering calumny
And cavil of those gossips who care naught
How pure the heart, or great the merit be
Of helpless victims whose fair names they blot :
Of Genius, thine was but, alas, the common lot.

III.

Thy youth, thy innocence, dependent state,
Thy high aspiring mind, unbounded praise,
Did point thee out a fitting mark for hate
And envy's poisoned arrows : she who lays
Her course in life's high walks, and tries to raise
Herself in being's scale, must bear the sting
And scoff of those who plod in narrow ways—
They are the brood doomed near the earth to cling,
And in despite would clip the soaring eagle's wing.

IV.

Sorrow appeareth in full many a shape,¹
And none are skilled to tell the whence or why
Such tears are shed—such moans the heart escape ;
They may arise alone from sympathy—
Some secret, sudden blow of cruelty,
Or wrong, or guilt it may be doth compel
Her wailing victim from his home to fly,

And strive amid the camp, or ocean's swell,
Or in the sparkling bowl his miseries to quell.

V.

Some seek from grief in tears a partial rest,
In songs, in sighs to give the heart repose ;
While others hide the viper in their breast,
In silence bear the bosom's rankling throes.
The lofty soul once stung will shun its foes,
Recoil within its cell—on its own breath
There feed, and brood above its hoarded woes,
Till, like the fire-girt scorpion in its scath,
Writhing it fiercely turns and stings itself to death.

VI.

Thou wert one of that pining race who seem
Doomèd to drink immeasurable woe ;
Whose lot is here to toil, and sing, and dream,
Scourged by the lash of wrong, and many a foe,
That should, alas ! their better being know ;
Whose food is wormwood, and whose tears are gall,
Along whose paths doth deadly nightshade grow ;
Who find no peace till death in mercy call,
And the grave frees the spirit from its bitter thrall.

VII.

Poor unprotected wanderers they come
Upon the earth, and raise their plaintive cries,
Their wail, their yearnings for a purer home,
E'en as a bird caged from its native skies ;
Men view their haggard brows, their agonies,
And deem them mad, or wrecks of infamy,
And lend their breath to swell vile calumnies,
To stab the writhing soul whose fame shall be
A glory and a song throughout eternity.

VIII.

Ah ! hard the fate that life on such bestows,
Their wrongs an angel's tongue would fail to tell ;
Some have gone mad, and fled their earthly foes,
And sought a home afar in desert dell ;
Some breathed out life within a prison's cell,
Some, too, have cut it short in its full prime—
Death the sole stroke their agonies could quell ;
And some through tears have lit with thought sublime
Their own funereal pyre to gild the night of time.

IX.

Brave Ghibelline ! * thou of the sword and lyre !
Whose noble deeds proud Florence did repay

With wrong, and scorn, and unrelenting ire ;
Compelled thee her stern mandates to obey,
But could not chain thy spirit to its clay,
Or quell its fire, which dissipates the gloom
Of slander, hate, and envy, and decay,
The long oblivion of the cold, dark tomb,
And twines thy brow with wreaths of an immortal bloom.

X.

Thou next unrivalled son of Italy !³
The world's third epic bard—the scholar—sage,—
The Iris of thy own land's poesy,
The cloud-encircled day-star of thine age,
Whose splendors rolling centuries engage ;—
The true refiner of thy country's tongue,
Though buffeted, and goaded into rage
By the stern tyrant whose harsh treatment wrung
Unto the core thy heart—thy soul to madness stung ;

XI.

Who midst oppression dire, and agony,
And tears, didst pour thy soul o'er Zion's fate,
And wove a wreath of immortality
While pent behind a dungeon's gloomy grate.⁴
Albion's sad son !⁵ who fled'st her shores in hate,

And Sappho, Petrarch, Alfieri, Young !
Can ye not tell the sufferings that await
The children of the Lyre ; the scorn—the wrong—
The woe—that move the spirit's fretted strings too strong ?

XII.

Look back along the misty vale of time,
And scan the woes, the chequered history
Of those whose earthly lot has been to rhyme ;
In cells, in garrets, and in dungeons, see
Them cooped by want, or cruel tyranny ;
Or writhing, withering 'neath aspersions base,
The pining toys of pampered royalty,
Breathe forth their souls in songs of simple grace,
To feed the sluggish minds of many a haughty race.

XIII.

Survey the tribe that up Parnassus soar,
From Judah's royal Bard of Psalmody,
To Homer, Virgil, and the Troubadour,
And downward thence, the mournful destiny
Of all the mighty sons of minstrelsy ;
Among them see the poor, the maimed, the blind,
Who sing for daily bread, yet are to be
Within the heart of future worlds enshrined,
And stand on Fame's proud height the wonder of mankind.

XIV.

Shelley and White and all the tuneful race—
Behold their death-bed, their untimely doom !
In India three have found a resting-place,⁶
From Missolonghi one went to his tomb
How sad ! Two hapless sons repose in Rome,⁷
Torquato fell by Este's cruel hand,
Dark Sappho sleeps beneath th' Ionian foam,
The immortal Dante in the exile's land,
And thou, fair Albion's child, midst Afric's burning sand.

XV.

Genius upon thy brow had shed his beams,
And lit within thy breast his quenchless fire ;
Thy young heart filled with fancy's brightest dreams,
Whatever hope, and faith, and truth inspire.
But Fate, before whose breath must all expire,
To ruin hurled thy high expectancy,
The laurel tore from thy impassioned lyre,
Extinguished love, thy soul's divinity,
And wrung thy bleeding heart till it was bliss to die.

XVI.

Thousands have listened to thy plaintive lute,
And owned the power of thy song's witchery ;

Thousands have worshipped reverently and mute,
Rapt in its melancholy mystery ;
Thousands have shed their silent tears for thee,
And mourned that death so soon thy lyre unstrung,
O sovereign mistress of Love's minstrelsy !
And though thy harp is on the willow hung,
Lasting as time, thy songs, like SAPPHO'S, shall be sung.

XVII.

For since the burning Lesbian swept her lyre,
Gave love a language—built the Sapphic rhyme, '
And listening nations owned its magic fire,
Young Phaon's heart e'en softened for a time,
Alone by its imperishable chime,
Though sad and fatal proved its witchery ;
Wove the soft themes young maidens joy to hymn,
And stamped on Lesbos immortality :
Love has no votary pure—no fervent priest like thee.

XVIII.

In youth thy fancy feigned for thee a home '
In sunny climes beyond the dark blue sea,
A spot where thou in future years mightst roam
Through bright and flowery fields of poesy ;
Where sorrow, envious tongues, or misery

Would reach thee not, to break the hallowed spell :
Such is, alas ! the pining fantasy
Of minds too much oppressed, and thoughts that dwell
Too closely pent within the spirit's sickly cell.

XIX.

Thus grief may pale the cheek, the bright eye dim,
Woe shroud in night the young heart's dearest dream ;
Life's fount with gall may bubble to the brim,
Yet hope upon its dark and troubled stream
Will ever fling some fond and flickering beam,—
Catch from the Iris an ethereal ray,
And light the future with a cheering gleam,
Point to some goal where grief will end for aye,
And lure us to the grave with fleeting visions gay.

XX.

And thither thou didst go, to that far land
For whose bland airs thy youthful heart did sigh ;
Around thee there the sapphire seas expand
In wild majestic sweep ; light birds flit by,
Filling the breezes with their melody ;
The clear cerulean heavens above thee bend,
So bright that one might deem naught there could die ;
Soft streams in low sweet diapasons wend,
And thou alone wert dark where all these beauties blend.

XXI.

Strange contrast ! mockery of thy visions high !
How sadly were thy cherished dreams reversed !
Those gorgeous scenes attracted not thine eye,
Nor kindled up thy spirit's fire as erst
Thou deem'dst, nor from thy lute in numbers burst,
To charm the world ! Oh ! couldst thou not control
Thy scorn—"the green-eyed monster" most accurst ?
And fix thy steadfast eye upon the goal,
The promised, glorious home of the immortal soul ?

XXII.

It was not so ! Where roams the dusky Moor,
Where mountains upward through the soft clouds spring,
Where ocean breaks in loud unheeded roar,
Thou sat'st, like wounded bird with drooping wing,
To whom such scenes no healing balm could bring ;
The poisoned arrow left its rankling smart
Within thy unsuspecting breast—a sting
To which nor tears, nor sighs could aid impart—
A wound without an antidote in woman's heart

XXIII.

Oh ! couldst thou bear no more of pain and strife ?
A little longer life's rough tempest brave ?

Thou who hadst known to bear—whose years were rife
With suffering—could not fame immortal save
Thee from so dark a fate—so lone a grave ?
Did that one pang exceed all other woe
So far ? To turn aside the blow, did ye not have
The power, O Spirits of the lute ! Ah, no !
It crushed love's sweetest lyre, and laid its mistress low.

XXIV.

What was it ? what—that stole away her breath
In the lone midnight hour ? Some shadowy foe,
Or demon of the clime ? What—what—O Death ?
Not thou, unsought.—Her malady we know ;
It is a common one—a common blow,
But fell, alas ! on an uncommon heart,
In which its fatal work is ne'er so slow
As in one that is fortified by art ;
Hers wore no shield, love bared it well to such a dart.

XXV.

And wilt thou wake no more ? Oh ! ne'er again
Wilt thou return to touch the lute's soft strings ?
For ever hushed is that enchanting strain,
Breathing of love unutterable things ;
Thy spirit soars upon its radiant wings,

The tie that bound thee to our earth is riven,
And thou hast gone where time no sorrow brings,
To dwell with Angels and the holy Seven,
And in thy Master's praise to sweep the harps of Heaven.

XXVI.

Thy place is vacant by thine own loved hearth,
And where are met the gay and festal throng,
Thy sweet voice rises not with the loud mirth,
Speeding the soft and bright-winged hours along ;
Nor floats thy form the sprightly dance among,
As it was wont in happy days gone by,
Ere thy young heart had felt the chill of wrong ;
For thy sad doom tears flow from many an eye,
And the world breathes for thee one universal sigh.

XXVII.

On Afric's shore there is a lonely tomb,
Where sable maidens silent sit and weep,
And o'er it sprinkle flowers of rare perfume,
Where cypresses their shadowy vigil keep,
And mermaids chant their requiem from the deep.
A shattered lyre hangs by, unceasingly
A viewless hand its slackened strings doth sweep,
And Zephyr holds her breath, and bird, and bee,
To catch the lingering spirit's mournful minstrelsy.

XXVIII.

Yes, there beneath the castle wall she lies,¹⁰
Calmly reposing in her sea-girt home,
And gleaming white her monument doth rise,
Greeting the traveller's eye.¹¹ Oh ! ye who roam
Where nations share one general catacomb,
And love o'er consecrated ground to rove,
Go there, and kneel beside that lonely tomb,
And let your spirits drink the streams of love
And mingled sanctity pervading worlds above.

THE DEAD WARRIOR.

He sleeps upon his sable bier
How calm and still !
No battle-cries his pulses stir—
No war-notes shrill.

An hour ago, that lofty brow
Was flushed with life,
And from those eyes fierce flashed the glow
Of noble strife.

Each vein thrilled with the dancing blood
Of courage strong,
Whose faintest signs with fire imbued
His soldier throng.

That stout arm swung the sabre keen
On the red field—
That dauntless heart to armies then
Disdained to yield.

But now he lies so moveless here,
So helplessly,
An infant in the hour of fear
More strong than he.

I gaze intently on this brow—
This lifeless whole,
And ask where is the spirit now—
The mighty soul,

That gave unto this mouldering dust
A giant's sway,
Then, as a weed upon life's drift,
Flung it away.

LOVE'S SPELL.

STRANGE I should have loved thee ever,
Faithless, fickle as thou art ;
Stranger still, false one, that never
Can I wrench thee from my heart.
Scorn, like shaft shot from its quiver
Which is dipped in fatal bane,
And doth send death's icy shiver
Through the heart and every vein ;
Lone neglect, the stern decision—
That thy presence bids me flee ;
Wrong, and hate, and cold derision—
These I all have borne from thee,
Till my brow in youth's fresh hour
Is by clouds of grief o'ercast,

And I'm with'ring like the flower
O'er which sweeps the simoon's blast.

Yet, with every kind emotion
That can move the gentle breast,
With all woman's deep devotion,
Still my heart (that can be blest
But while incense o'er thee breathing,
Whence it only solace finds),
As the oak the ivy wreathing,
Every tendril round thee twines.
Every thing thy impress beareth
Hath the hallowed spell of thee ;
Look or smile of thine endeareth
Meanest, vilest things to me :
Yet I loathe my soul that clingeth
Round the worthless thing thou art,
Curse the memory that bringeth
Image of thee to my heart.

Oft I've sworn to dash the chalice
From my eager thirsting lips,
Where my soul will seek its solace,
Though it only wormwood sips :

I have tried to cease this pining,
Rouse my withering pride,—but vain,
By some skilful, deep designing,
Turn my love to cold disdain ;
But such efforts make thee dearer
To her whom love's spell hath bound,
Draw the fatal chord still nearer
Round the heart thy falsehoods wound.

THE LOVERS.

THEY met, and looked into each other's eyes ;
In hers, as in a mirror clear, he saw
A paradise, and she in his beheld
A bright and sunny world, where her pure soul
Could only light, and life, and joyance find ;
But th' serpent came between them ; then,
Like thunder-riven rocks, apart they dwelt,
Silent, and cold, and withering, until
Their hearts were dead, and they went to the grave,
Their misery to each other unrevealed.

TO ERNEST.

Yes, they have said the fatal word
That bids us tread this earth apart,
Crushed every hope that life endeared,
But have not struck thee from my heart.

They bid me on another smile,
They bid me breathe another's name,
But oh ! they know not that the while
'Tis fuel added to the flame.

To thee I'll ever constant prove,
All sorrows suffer for thy sake—
The tie that binds our hearts in love
Is not for mortal hands to break.

For ever they may part us here,
Between us place the boundless sea,
It will but render thee more dear—
They cannot tear my heart from thee !

With roses they may wreath my brow,
And lead me to the holy shrine,
And wring from me the nuptial vow,
Believe my heart I there resign :

But when a few brief days are past,
And they to greet me hither come,
And find my brow with grief o'ercast,
And shadows dwelling in my home—

Ah ! then they'll watch my silent woe,
My waning cheek, and wasting form,
And glittering pomp around me throw,
But find it hath for me no charm ;

And speak kind words—but speak in vain,
And try with smiles, and mirth, and song
To bring back cheerfulness again,
And mitigate their cruel wrong.

But hot tears stealing from mine eye,
The hectic deep'ning on my cheek,
The mournful moan, and stifled sigh,
Their fatal work too late will speak.

TO ERNEST.

I KNOW it is a vain wild dream,
The love for thee I've cherished ;
I would, as die the tender leaves,
That it with hope had perished ;

But oh ! love dieth not with hope,
It lights her funeral pyre,
That smoulders in the ruined heart,
A slow consuming fire.

I do not ask thee e'er to take
This stricken heart of mine ;
I only tell thee of its flame,
And that it all is thine :

I do not ask thee to forego
The charms that I have not,
Proud wealth, and beauty's witchery,
To share my lonely lot.

I have no hope in loving thee—

But oh ! I ask to love,
And be the gentle guardian
To lead thy thoughts above.

Thy form is ever in my sleep,

Thy voice I ever hear—
Thine is the name I breathe to Heaven
When bent in silent prayer.

MY LOVE FOR THEE.

My love for thee was not of earth,
'Twas fraught with that celestial zeal,
That ne'er in coarser souls hath birth,
That none but heavenward spirits feel ;
It flung around my soul a spell
That ne'er can die with earth's farewell.

It filled my mind with purer themes,
It taught me language erst unknown,
Gave loftier flight to fancy's dreams,
My lute inspired with sweeter tone ;
And flung around my soul a spell
That ne'er can die with earth's farewell.

It shed below a holier light
Than ever sun or star hath given,
It rent the films that veiled my sight,
For ever linked my thoughts with heaven ;
And flung around my soul a spell
That ne'er can die with earth's farewell.

I'LL STILL LOVE THEE.

By day, by night, in weal or woe,
Where'er on earth my lot may be ;
In crimson climes or polar snow,
I'll still love thee.

If it be mine to dwell afar
In distant lands beyond the sea,
Where savages untutored are,
I'll still love thee.

Or in my home near thee to dwell,
A simple child of minstrelsy,
And win the world with song's sweet spell,
I'll still love thee.

When floating down the dizzy dance
'Mid song and sounds of revelry,
I'll turn from every rapturous glance,
And still love thee.

When sudden seas of sorrow roll
Around me wild, tempestuously,
And breakers break upon my soul,
I'll still love thee.

And when upon the couch of death,
And time is closing unto me,
My latest prayer—my latest breath
I'll breathe for thee.

IMPROMPTU,

ON BEING ASKED "WHY THIS GLOOM?"

Ask not, alas ! whence is this gloom,
This dark cloud on my brow,
Why fadeth thus my cheek's fresh bloom,
Or why so pensive now.

Ask not, dear friend, why steal the tears
In silence from mine eye,
Why anguish in my look appears,
Or why so oft I sigh ;—

For there are woes too deep for speech,
Feelings too finely strung
For human sympathy to reach,
Sorrows that have no tongue.

THE SPOT I LOVE BEST.

THERE is one only spot on earth,
That holds my heart beyond all other—
It is the place that gave me birth—
Where lonely dwells my gentle mother :

And where the pensive willow weeps,
The streamlet calmly ever flows
Beside the sod where sweetly sleeps
My father in his last repose.

THE REQUEST.

I have seen the world, and I know
 That there is a life beyond this one,
 I have seen the world, and I know
 That there is a life beyond this one,
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 That there is a life beyond this one,
 I have seen the world, and I know
 That there is a life beyond this one,

Where my father's ashes lie,
Where the guardian seraphs sigh,
And above the early dead
Angels' dewy tears are shed,
Lay me in my silent sleep—
There warm hearts will come and weep.

IMPROMPTU,

ON BEING UNABLE TO FIND THE GRAVE OF MARGARET M.
DAVIDSON, IN THE BURYING-GROUND AT SARATOGA SPRINGS.

SHADE of Poesy, arise !
Tell me—tell me where she lies !
Tell me if that fragile flower,
Blasted in its primal hour ;
If the clay that wrapped the soul,
Whose sweet music o'er us stole
But an hour, then died away
Like a passing angel's lay,
Thus, neglected and alone,
Sleepeth here, without a stone
To tell us where that lovely form
Entertains the hungry worm.
Yonder is a gorgeous tomb,
Where the white rose is in bloom ;
Here a marble column stands,
Reared and decked by kindred hands,
But among them hers is not—
Genius !—oh, how sad thy lot !

DREAMS OF ITALY.

"E tanto crebbe con lo studio questa disposizione che talvolta mi si accendeva nel petto lo strano e tormentoso desiderio di vedere, e ragionare con alcuna larva degli antichi, evocandola dagli abissi della morte."—*LE NOTTE ROMANE*.

I.

WHY do my sad thoughts rove to thee,
And linger aye, fair Italy?—
Thy winding vales, and green-wood dells,
Of flowers the fragrant citadels;
Thy balmy groves, thy cloudless sky,
Thy mouldering tombs, and ancient halls,
Where Art has hung the storied walls
With works of immortality,
I have not seen, and yet thou art
The land that haunts my dreaming heart:
In hours of wild imagining,
I turn to thee—O mournful land!—
The home of all that's sad or bland!
As to a beauty sorrowing,

Bereft of all that life endears,
Yet smiling through her sunny tears ;
The spot where death has reared his shrine
Among the things that were divine ;
And oft above thy dusky bier,
In dreams, I pour a mourner's tear.
E'en as I sit and write of thee,
Though 'tween us flows the fearful sea,
I feel thy soft airs fan my brow,
And hear the breezes sighing low
Through many a blooming myrtle tree,
And citron bower beside the lea ;
I hear thy limpid fountains gush,
The streamlets down the mountains rush,
The blithesome birds upon the wing,
The Improvisatrices sing,
And small feet on the moonlit strand
Tripping the graceful saraband.

II.

Yes, thou dost seem like that blest spot
To me—O hallowed Italy !
Which none have ever quite forgot—
The haunts of blooming infancy,—
Where Childhood laughed away its hours,
And left its smile upon the flowers.

III.

The least memento borne from thee,
The page that tells thy history ;
Thy wild romance, thy thrilling story,
Thy bloody feuds, and faded glory ;
The birth, the fame, the lasting wrong,
And wailing of thy sons of song ;
Thy language, that is softer still
Than the low music of the rill
That wends along some fairy lea,—
All have a mystic charm for me.

IV.

When slumbers sweet my senses chain
In the mysterious spell of dreams,
I walk along thy flowing streams,
Or by the blue expanding main,
Where aloes rear their blooming heads,
And crystal streamlets onward leap
O'er golden vines and violet beds,
Soon wedding with the rolling deep ;
Where blossoms smile, the birds sing free,
The sun shines ever cloudlessly,
Until I reach decaying Rome ;
Reclining there upon a tomb,

I raise the misty veil of time
And view her in meridian prime,
Before her era of decline,
Or she had known a CATILINE :
Her marble founts, her splendid domes,
Her monuments and gorgeous homes,
And Lupercals ; her pageantry,
Her ranks of prancing cavalry ;
And then behold these scenes sublime
Go drifting down the tide of time ;
Unpeopled temples round me lying,
Proud statues from their bases thrown,
Midst palaces the rude winds sighing
The solemn dirge of ages flown ;
Or give an ear to the sad moan
Of those who from the spirit-land
Have come to weep o'er glories gone—
All that was mighty, holy, grand.

v.

With folded arms, and furrowed brow,
Stern MARIUS moves before me slow ;
Then pensively among the tombs,
Wrapped in his toga, CATO comes,
Along the aisles serenely walks,
And of Rome's former splendor talks,

Deplores her altered, ruined state,
And weeps above his country's fate.

VI.

I see her traitors by me glide,
The blood gush from great CÆSAR's side,
And when his lofty form they felled,
His bleeding vesture upward held ;
And hear the tones of ANTONY
Moving the crowd to mutiny ;
And coming from the forum near,
The voice of TULLY soft and clear,
 Pleading her cause
 With loud applause ;
The sprightly HORACE read his ode
To suit his audience' changing mood,—
When VIRGIL's deep and flowing lyre
Awakes my spirit's latent fire,
And leads me to Lavinia's shore,
 Where cities thick in ruin lie,¹
Strewing the wide Campagna o'er
 With many a classic memory ;
There dwell upon the sacred ground,
Where genius peopled vale and mound²
With heroes bold and deeds of strife,
And gave to dust eternal life :

Survey where *PLINY*'s villa stood,³
Along the green *Laurentine* wood ;
Where *CICERO*, *LUCRETIA* dwelt,⁴
Her breast the self-aimed poniard felt ;
The *Saracens* o'er meadows damp,
In many a savage glittering rank,
Beleaguering the *Alban* camp ;
Mountains of dead all cold and dank ;
The conquered army fast receding ;
Stern warriors on the red field bleeding ;
Proud cities now in queenly pride,
Then floating down oblivion's tide,
Where empires wrapped in dust are hid
Review again the *Æneid*.

VII.

Thence to *TORQUATO*'s cell I go,
And hear his mournful tale of woe,
Of *ESTE*'s rage—*ALPHONSO*'s ire,
That he presumptuous should aspire
So high as *LEONORA*'s hand,
Or dare resist his high command.
Next *DANTE* in the exile's land,
His snowy locks by zephyrs fanned,
Weeping along the desert wold,
All pale and haggard, I behold ;

Or on the rock he often sought,^s
Near the old castle Tulmino,
Or midst the hills of Gubbio,
Moulding imperishable thought ;
And linger long in PETRARCH'S grove
To hear him sing immortal love,
His sorrows to the breezes pour,
And chant his LAURA'S beauty o'er.

VIII.

Why my sad thoughts do rove to thee—
O bright, enchanting Italy !
Enamored thus, I cannot say,—
But oft, methinks, when sleep controls
The sense, the spirit steals away
To mingle with congenial souls,
Who down from some more hallowed sphere
Descending, come to linger near
The cherished spot which gave them birth,
And guard the pure and loved on earth.

THE RUINS OF PALENQUE.¹

AMIDST this dense and wavy wood,
These wild birds' melody,
Death rears, in regal solitude,
A throne in mystery ;
And fanes and temples prostrate lie,
Beneath decay's dark pall,
Proclaiming—ah ! too mournfully,
A nation's rise and fall.

Here mould-clad lies the royal hearth,
The monarch's gorgeous home ;
The shrine where knelt the proud of earth,
And many a fallen dome—
A sepulchre—a buried crown,
Where Death doth vigil keep,
By those who calmly have lain down
To their eternal sleep ;

The sculptured urn, the breathing bust,
By burning Genius wrought,
Arise amidst the mouldering dust—
Stern chronicles of thought ;
And through the dim veil of decay
Departed splendors shine,
And relics of a brighter day
Survive the wreck of time.

As if in mockery of decay,
A rose smiles on yon tomb,
And cypresses, in dark array,
Hang round their shadowy gloom ;
Deep tones come on the swelling breeze,
Of nature's minstrelsy ;
Wild anthems warble from the trees,
But bring no tale of thee.—

Wake ! oh, ye slumbering ruins wake !
Arise, ye desolate ;
And from oblivion's tomb, oh, break
The mystery of thy fate !
Send forth upon the echo's breath,
Ye long deserted halls
The tale of woe, and blood, and death,
Of thy beleaguered walls !

Rise ! thou dark spirit of decay,
Burst from thy gloomy cell,
Tell by what hand, or in what way
A mighty city fell !—
Tell me if shepherds once dwelt here,
Or warriors fierce and bold,
A desert race, or Turk, or Seer,
Or Israel's tribes of old ?

Oh ! say, if here the holy fire
Was o'er these altars shed ;
If Priest or Prophet struck the lyre,
Or hallowed victim bled ;
Around this consecrated shrine
If thousands gathering tread,
And upward swelled the song divine,
And bent the knee to God ?

No history chronicles thy tale,
No minstrel in his song,
Thy battles fierce, or shout, or wail,
Or chivalry hath sung ;
But moat, and tower, and sculptured pier,
And battlement, speak loud
That glory's footsteps lingered here,
The mighty and the proud :

But o'er thy wrongs, and doleful tale,
 Whate'er was thy renown,
Fate long hath drawn her mystic veil,—
 Thy glory hath gone down ;
And all that human eye can scan
 Of thee—O Pile ! of yore,
Is, once were here the haunts of man,
 Thou wert, and art no more.

TO UNA.

THERE is but little on this earth
To fill the soul of lofty birth—
At best it much must feel the dearth
Of genial showers.

It binds nepenthe to its lips,
And at life's sparkling goblet sips,
While in the waters fennel dips
Its bitter flowers.

But UNA, round thy heart's blest shrine,
No bitter fennel-blossoms twine—
By odor-breathing flowers divine,
It is embalmed.

Sere lies my heart—and sere its world—
Since thou wert from its altars hurled—
My spirit's pinions have been furled,
Like sails becalmed.

Love on my heart thy form did stamp,
Thy beauty, like a vestal lamp,
Within my soul's cell, dark and damp,
For ever burns.

And unto thee, as to its goal,
Gazes athirst the stranded soul,
As points the magnet to the pole,
My sick heart turns.

THE UNMASKED.

THE struggle is over—my pulses once more
Leap free as the waves on the surf-beaten shore—
And my Spirit looks up to the world of all bliss—
And heaves not a sigh for the faithless in this.

'Twas the nightfall of woe, when the sky was all dark,
And the tempest encompassed my rudderless bark,
That arose mid the darkness thy radiant form,
Like the rainbow illuming the death-guided storm.

An angel thou seem'dst, that had come to the earth,
To guide me—to nourish my heart in its dearth—
And blindly as Paynim kneels down to his God,
I have loved thee—have worshipped the earth thou hast
trod.

But this waste of affection—this prodigal part
Is over—the mask has been torn from thy heart—
And back with affright and amazement I shrink—
At a fount so unholy my soul cannot drink.

THE BELEAGUERED HEART.

I AM looking down into my heart—
 Into its deep—deep stream,
Where, choking up its current, lie
 The ashes of love's dream.

Along the brightly blooming banks
 With a solemn step and slow,
And visage drear—and gleaming spear,
 Stride the sentinels of woe.

While from the troubled waters flow
 Into my mental ear,
Like those sounds, that oft when half asleep
 And half awake, we hear—

The softest—saddest music that
 O'er mortal ear e'er stole
Up from the hearth-stone of the heart,
 Or the altars of the soul.

Voices whose tones have long been hushed
Mid the rushing waves of life—
All false, and fadeless vows of love—
All jarring notes of strife.—

I hear the mournful moans of joy—
Hope, sobbing while she cheers—
Like dew, descending from the leaf,
The dropping of Love's tears.

The heavy sighings of Despair,
As she folds her dusky wings—
The wild, impetuous gushings of
A thousand secret springs.

I am looking down into my heart—
Into its deep—deep stream,
Where, choking up its current, lie
The ashes of love's dream.

TO ONE AFAR.

THIS lovely morn—this lovely morn,
Ah ! whither are thy footsteps straying ;
Beneath what bowers of blooming thorn,
Art thou, in pensive mood, delaying ?

THIS lovely morn—this lovely morn,
Ah ! whither do thy bright thoughts wander—
What absent loved-one dost thou mourn ?
On what blessed image dost thou ponder ?

THIS lovely morn, when all is fair,
And beautiful as Eden's bowers,
Why have I not thy tender care—
Thy smiles to cheer the weary hours ?

Why have I not thy kisses warm ?
Why am I not beside thee walking,

And leaning on thy doting arm,
While all the woods of love are talking ?

But here, alone, I sit and kiss
Thine image with the tears upstarting,
And watch afar my dream of bliss,
Like the mirage of the waste departing.

TO A WHIP-POOR-WILL,

SINGING IN A GRAVEYARD

WHY, melancholy singer,
Dost thou hover here at eve,
Like one who loves to linger
Around the dead and grieve ?
Why, in the night-time only
Do we hear thy pensive lay ?
Why art thou ever lonely ?
Why shunn'st the garish day ?

Art thou minstrel lorn from heaven,
Who comest to our earth,
At the silent hour of even,
To mock the voice of mirth ;
And to soothe the sad and weary
Who steal away to weep,
In the churchyard lone and dreary,
Or by the mountain steep ?

Art thou spirit of a maiden
That restless roam'st the air,
With sorrow heavy-laden,
And breathing thy despair ?
Or one loved, but long departed,
That nightly dost draw near,
To soothe the broken-hearted,
Who are weeping, pining here ?

I know not, solemn singer,
What thy deep grief may be,
Nor why thou here dost linger,
But oft thou seem'st like me—
A lonely one each morrow,
Apart from all the throng,
Whose deep and hidden sorrow
Bursts forth in plaintive song.

THE ORPHAN'S HYMN.

HERE's the tomb of my father—how mournful the thought !

That he went to the grave ere my infantile mind
One smile of parental affection had caught,
Or his lineaments dear in my heart were enshrined !
Yes, my sire ! by thy dust I am kneeling in prayer,
Where in days of my childhood so oft I have wept,
Imploring thy spirit to soothe my despair,
And at evening and morning sweet vigils have kept.

Ere my young mind could grasp them, they told me thy
woes,

Of the virtues that bind thee for ever to me ;
Of the love of thy friends, of the hate of thy foes ;
That in features and mind I was like unto thee ;
And with dawning of thought is thy memory wove,
The grief and the pining that prey on my breast ;
The longing to soar to thy dwelling above,
And repose in thy arms in the land of the blest.

I have never seen parents their children caress,
Or soothe into quiet their heart-breathing sighs,
When the storms of misfortune around them did press,
But the tears of affection arose to mine eyes :
I have ne'er met a maid by the side of her sire,
Or beheld in the festal a father who kept
Watch over his daughter and seemed to admire
His lovely and beautiful charge, but I've wept.

My mother lies by him—blessed saint of the skies !
Remembrance returns thee—how gentle and meek !
I behold thee when youth filled with radiance thine eyes,
And beauty and health were illuming thy cheek ;
When thy delicate form was elastic as air,
When thy bosom was white as the Parian's glow,
When thy beautiful ringlets of long, flowing hair,
In sable threads sprinkled thy forehead of snow.

How solemn, dear Mother ! it seems, that the clay,
Relentless and cold, now encumbers the breast,
Where, all helpless, so oft I in infancy lay,
And, soothed by thy lullaby, sobbed me to rest ;
That on earth I shall never behold thee again,
Never more feel thy rosy lips pressing my brow,
Or thy fairy hand smoothing my pillow of pain,
Thy affection and love must for ever forego.

My sister sleeps next—lovely blossom of heaven !

Ah ! why wast thou summoned so early away ?

Why so soon was the bond of our sisterhood riven,

And I left alone on the cold earth to stay ?

Why wast thou not spared to delight and to cheer

My desolate heart mid depression and gloom ;

With thy love-breathing counsels to gladden my ear ;

With thy songs and thy smiles to enliven my home ?

Sleep on, ye beloved ! it is better to rest

In the halls of the dead, than to linger in life,

Where the brain and the bosom with pain are oppressed,

And the soul is beleaguered by sorrow and strife.

Sleep on ! though no blossoms your homes are perfuming,

There are calmness and freedom from discord and care,

The lovely and beautiful daily are coming—

And in my pale vesture I soon shall be there.

THE BARD.

WHY should my anxious heart repine
That wealth and power can ne'er be mine.

And love has flown—

That friendship changes as the breeze ?
Mine is a joy unknown to these ;

In song's bright zone,

To sit on Helicon serene

And hear the waves of Hippocrene .

Lave Phœbus' throne.

Here deathless lyres the strains prolong,
That gush from living founts of song

Without a cross ;

Here spirits never feel the weight
Of wrong, nor envy, nor of hate,

Nor earthly loss ;

The pomp of pelf, the pride of birth,
The gilded trappings of this earth

Return to dross

Oh ! ye who would forget the ills
Of earth, and all the bosom fills
 With agony !
Come, dwell with me in fancy's dream,
Beside this lovely—fabled stream
 Of minstrelsy ;
And let its draughts celestial roll
Into the deep wells of thy soul
 Eternally.

God always rears along the way
Of weary Souls some beacon-ray
 Of light divine ;
And only when my spirit's wings
Are weary in the quest of springs
 Of song I pine ;
If I could always heavenward fly,
And never earthward turn mine eye,
 Bliss would be mine !

THE DEAD.

THE dead—the dead, ah, where are they ?
What distant planet do they tread ?
What stars illumine their blissful way ?
What suns their light around them shed ?

Do they look through the mystic veil,
That hides them from our mortal eyes ?
And catch the mourner's plaintive wail,
That o'er their sepulchres doth rise ?

Do they the bitter pinings know
Of friends that hold their memory dear,
The many sighs—the tears that flow
Because they dwell no longer here ?—

Oh, if they do ! 'tis meet enough
For all the tears that we must shed—
The chains of woe we cannot doff,
Till we are numbered with the dead !

THE ANGELS.

AN IMPROMPTU.

STAR of the Hesperian heaven !
Sentry at the gates of even !
On thy crescent bright I gaze,
Till amid the silvery rays,
Clothed in light, methinks I see
Spirits of the dear to me—
Hear the swelling of their lyres,
As they sweep the mystic wires.
There one with long golden tresses,
Folds her hands as me she blesses—
One with calm, meek, bended eyes,
Becks me to those soul-lit skies.—
Oh ! it is a blissful thought,
When the war of life is fought,
Valiant souls begirt by love,
Find a resting-place above.

WE SAT DOWN BY THE WATERS AND WEPT.

We sat down by the waters and wept,
And thought on the days of our pride,
Ere the spoiler o'er Salem had swept,
Or freedom to her was denied ;
We pondered, O Zion ! the time,
When thy glory undimmed we beheld,
And loud through the portals sublime
The tide of our minstrelsy swelled.

We suspended our harps on the willow,
That was waving o'er Babel's cool tide,
And we bathed our hot feet in the billow—
To the God of the Hebrew we cried ;
We recounted our sufferings o'er,
Our moaning we sent on the gale,
Till valley, and mountain, and shore,
Resounded with Israel's wail.

In the midst of our weary behests
To be ransomed from bondage and wrong,
While we smote our disconsolate breasts,
Of us they demanded a song ;
But in bonds may we ever be led—
Tenfold be the weight of our woe,
May our right hands fall withered and dead
Ere our songs for the Tyrant shall flow !

LAMENT OF LA VEGA.¹

"O patria amada! á ti suspira y llora
Está en su carcel alma peregrina,
Llevada errando, en otro instante."

I.

I AM a captive on a hostile shore,
Caged, like the falcon from his native skies,
And doomed my agonizing grief to pour
In futile lamentations, tears, and sighs,
And feed the gaze of fools whom I despise.
Daily they taunt my heart with bitter sneers—
They prate of liberty—deeds great and wise,
And fill the air with patriotic cheers,
While human shackles clank around their listless ears.

II.

Hark! hear ye not, mid those triumphal cries,
The clanking of the Ethiopian's chains?
His smothered curses from the rice-fields rise?

The loud indignant beating of his veins,
Stirred by the lava hell that in him reigns ?
Hear'st him not writhe against the dark decree
That gyves the soul—for it brute-rank maintains ?
The impetuous rushings of his heart when he
Watches the eagle soar into the heavens all free ?

III.

My soul, appalled, shrinks from hypocrisy,
And whatsoever bears deception's name—
Under thy banner—heaven-born Liberty !
The fiends of war, inflated with acclaim,
Revel in crime and virtue put to shame—
They slaughter babes and wives without a cause,
And holding up their reeking blades, exclaim—
“ A victory ! ” Demolish homes, rights, laws,
And o'er the wreck send up to Heaven their proud hurrahs.

IV.

I am a captive while my Country bleeds ;
For retribution loudly cries to Heaven,
And for the presence of her warriors pleads
Till from her far the ruthless foe is driven—
Oh God ! oh God ! hast thou my country given
To direful fate ? Must I lie cooped up here ;
While she by desecrating hands is riven ;

The sobs of Age, and Beauty's shrieks of fear,
Like funeral knells afar are tolling in my ear ?

V.

And thou, ethereal One ! my spirit's bride,
—My star, my sun, my never-fading beam
That lit my youthful feet mid ways untried ;
Within me woke each high ambitious scheme—
And here dost hover o'er me in my dream,
Pressing thy lips to mine until I feel
Our quick hearts ebbing into one soft stream
Of holy love—ah ! who will guard thy weal,
And from thy breast avert the dark marauder's steel ?

VI.

Oh, my distracted Country ! child of pain
And anarchy !—thee shall I see no more
Till thou art struggling in the tyrant's chain,
Oppressed by insult and by sorrow sore,
And steeping in thy children's sacred gore ?
Must thy dim star of glory set for aye ?
Must thou become the poet's MECCA ? Lore
For antiquaries ? Temple of decay ?
Wilt thou survive no more, my beautiful MONTEREY ?

VII.

Spirit of CORTEZ ! MONTEZUMA ! rise !
Let not the foe your cherished land enslave,
Let her not fall a bloody sacrifice,
And thou, eternal CID ! who from the grave
Didst wake to lead to victory the brave !
Heroes who fell in RONCESVALLES' vale !
And ye who fought by DARRO's golden wave,
From the red VEGA drove the Moslem pale,
Hear, in the spirit-land, my country's doleful wail !

THE PRISONER OF PEROTE.¹

IN the prison of Perote
 Silently the warrior sate,
With his eye bent sadly downward,
 Like one stricken sore by Fate ;
Broken visions of his glory
 Quick before his spirit passed,
Like clouds athwart the sunny heaven,
 Hurtled by the blast.
The sullen booming of the cannon,
 And the clash of blade and spear—
Death, death unto the tyrant !
 Still were ringing in his ear.
Much he sorrowed for the people,
 For whose weal he fain would die—
On the tablets of the future,
 Sadly fell his eye.

There he saw his weeping Country
Close beleagured by the foe,
Saw her chained, and faint, and bleeding,
Heard her shrieks of woe ;
From the eastward and the westward,
He beheld the pilgrims come
To muse upon her wild ruins,
As now they flock to Rome.
Then in thought afar he wandered
Unto Andalusia's⁴ shore,
To the cities of Abdallah,
And the valiant Campeador ;
To the dark land of the Paynim,
Mecca's consecrated shrine,
To Palmyra of the desert,
And to Palestine.
Well he weighed the fate of nations,
Well their glory and their shame,
Well the fleetness of all power,
Well the emptiness of fame ;
Well the wasting wrecks of empires,
Choking time's impatient stream,
Till Beauty with her gentle whispers
Woke him from his dream.

“Arouse thee, gallant soldier !”

In a heavenly voice, she cried,

“Though forsaken by all others,

I am hovering by thy side ;

Though thine own heroic valor

Turned against thy breast the dart,

As the feather of the eagle

Guides the arrow to his heart ;

Though the tempest wildly rages,

Though the sky is dread and dark,

Steadfast keep thine eye on Heaven,

And God will guide thy bark.

Sorrow not ! attendant angels

Thee to fate will ne’er resign,

Soon the storm will all pass over,

Soon the sun will shine—

Sorrow not ! the proud and lofty,

Sun and sky I’ve left for thee,

E’en a dungeon in thy presence

Is a throne to me.

Every gleam of thy affection,

Every glance of thy dark eyes

Deep into my aching bosom

Pours a paradise ;

And for ever, as the flower,
Far away from pleasure's sight,
Close beside some stately ruin,
Sheds its holy light :
As the faithful ivy twineth
Still around the fallen tree,
So, to cheer thy desolation
Will I cling to thee.

THE MEXICAN EXPRESS.

DURING THE LATE WAR.

HUSHED is the cannon's deafening roar
On Palo Alto's plain ;
The raven flaps his dark wing o'er
The mountains of the slain—
"Huzza ! huzza ! a victory !"
Ten thousand tongues are crying,
And through the sulphurous canopy
The stars and stripes are flying.
Northward the waves of joyance roll,
Setting the world in motion,
As, when toward the boreal pole,
Fierce Auster rolls the ocean.
Triumph fills high her golden chalice,
Bonfires greet Glory's car,
As the aurora borealis
Welcomes some new-born star.

Prattlers their little voices strain
To swell the jubilee ;
The Ethiop forgets his chain,
And shouts—" *a victory !* "
But hark ! hear ye no notes of woe
Upswelling through this glee,
Like those sad undertones that flow
From out the frothing sea ?
Hear ye no hollow wails of strife—
No gentle heart-strings breaking—
Ah ! hear ye not the waves of life
Soul-freighted barks forsaking ?

Look on this altar of the heart,
By Susquehanna's River,
Where swift th' Express hath sped a dart
From out his teeming quiver ;
And smote the breast of age with grief,
The pulse of childhood bound,
And beauty, like an autumn leaf,
Hurled lifeless on the ground.
The shouts of " Victory ! " rend the sky,
As on the herald speeds—
O God ! O God ! what mockery
To souls in funeral weeds !

The sun no more will shine for them,
No beacon lure o'er land or flood,
Love's flowers lie withered on their stem,
Their star hath set in blood ;
For far upon yon Mexic plain,
Where hungry vultures hover,
Reposes mid the uncoffin'd slain,
The patriot—husband—lover.

And this is what the world calls glory,
A nation's chivalry ;
The deeds that are to live in story,
Fame's immortality !

THE FIRST SHIP TO AMERICA.

LIKE a dream of eld the forest lay
All in its beautiful wild array :
Their groves were clad in their summer sheen,
The wood-nymphs danced upon the green,
And rill and stream with blithe emotion,
Went singing, leaping to the ocean.
The sinking sun on the deep sea gazed
Till his red eye with mist was dazed ;
The youthful moon her spyglass raised
The strange, mysterious craft to view,
That o'er the Indian waters flew ;
The savage left his wigwam door,
And stood amazed upon the shore—
“ What may it be ? ” the red man cried,
“ That flaps its white wings o'er the tide ?
What may it be ! a huge canoe,
Sent by the great Chemanitou ?

Are those the souls of Indian races
Returning with white lily faces ?
They are ! they are ! ” and to the strand
He flew with a brother’s outstretched hand—
But ah ! no brother’s hand he pressed—
He clasped the serpent to his breast.

DEATH OF OSCEOLA.

UPON his couch the dying sachem lay,
Like one that hath reclined to take his rest,
After the weary toils of day are done.
His eyes were closed, and thro' the dungeon came
The evening wind, and lifted with light fingers,
His raven hair, and laid it off his brow,
And roused him from the clammy sleep of death,
That fast was stealing on his heavy lids.

Slowly he rose, and sate upon his couch
Upright, and laid his arms across his breast,
Like one about to speak from out his heart,
And to his warriors standing round him, said—
“Bring ye my moccasins, the belt of war,
Quiver and scalping-knife, and tomahawk,
That decked me on triumphal battle-days :
For the Great Spirit calls me to the land

Of LOGAN and of PHILIP ; and I would
Appear before them as becomes a chief
Of the brave Seminoles—one who has bled
T' avenge the murder of their wives and babes.

“ The red man's lamp is almost spent—its beams
Will flicker but a little while, and then
His name will live but in the jests of men,
Or sickly poet's oft-repeated tales ;
But by brave deeds procrastinate the hour.
When ye behold your chief no more on earth,
Bend not your necks beneath the tyrant's yoke,
But bear you as becomes your lofty tribe—
Warriors and chiefs that OSCEOLA led.”

Now from his brow he wiped the icy dew,
And to his feet uprose, and by the aid
Of her he loved, bedecked him for the tomb.
The moccasins, and turban of gay plumes,
And leggings, which were made of human scalps,
And belt, that held his glittering knife, put on ;
Before the mirror, which they brought him, laid
The achiote on his face with artist's care ;
And when the solemn toilette he had made,

His hand in silence to the chiefs he gave,
His little one's embraced with trembling lip,
Like one about to leave his friends awhile
Upon some dangerous journey fate impels ;
Then leant upon his couch, and laid his head
Upon his NUA's breast, and fell asleep.

WRECK OF THE CUTTER.

IN NIEVA'S Bay the winds are high,
The yeasty waters lash the shoals,
The lightnings flash athwart the sky,
Around the rattling thunder rolls ;
And to and fro beneath its shocks
The green earth like a cradle rocks.

The startled eagle seeks his nest,
The trembling flocks troop to their fold ;
For some serener place of rest,
The fawn forsakes the dangerous wold ;
And echo sighs on the moaning air—
“ God save the helpless mariner ! ”

The reaper rises from his work,
And upward casts a doleful look







The Doctor and the Nurse
And the Nurse and the Doctor

And the Nurse and the Doctor

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**ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.**

Upon the heavens all grim and mirk ;
The shepherd leans upon his crook,
And from his heart ascends the prayer,
“ God save the helpless mariner ! ”

The hoary sailor looks aloft,
And for his brethren heaves a sigh ;
The maiden turns her blue eye soft
Up to the storm-enshrouded sky,
And from her heart goes up the prayer—
“ God save the helpless mariner ! ”

They start at the boom of the minute-gun—
They see by the livid lightning's flash,
The cutter leap the billow dun,
Like a fiery steed beneath the lash—
Her pale crew clinging to the mast,
Like spirits driven before the blast.

All night they hear the signal peal—
All night, by the cannon's blazing breath,
They see that bark, like a drunkard reel
Above the yawning gulf of death ;
And shudd'ring, only breathe the prayer—
“ God save the helpless mariner ! ”

At dawn lies NIEVA's deep blue wave,
Unruffled as an infant's sleep—
Not a ripple marks the cutter's grave ;
But where they watch beside the deep,
Drifts a maiden fair—with long black hair,
In the death-clasp of the mariner.

NOTES TO MELPOMENE.

NOTE 1, Stanza IV., p. 154.

"Sorrow appeareth in full many a shape,
And none are skilled to tell the whence or why
Such tears are shed—such means the heart escape."

It has been the fate of most authors of fiction, to be identified with their heroes and heroines, or, in other words, to be charged with pouring forth the feelings of their own hearts through such proxies. This was peculiarly the case with poor L. E. L. "She sang of the sorrows of the beguiled, the disappointed, and the broken-hearted maiden; love foredoomed, love linked to woe, and fated to death; the hopelessness of hope, the reality of pain, the mockery of life; and consequently was considered by the prejudging mass to be the poor, disappointed, broken-hearted, forlorn damsel which she painted," and was subjected to the illiberal cavil of self-constituted critics and envious competitors. No liberal and candid mind can doubt, for a moment, that the tender melancholy, and pensive breathings of L. E. L.'s writings arose entirely from sympathy, and a large capacity to enter into the miseries of others.

NOTE 2, Stanza IX., p. 156.

"Brave Ghibelline!"

Dante.

"It is said, that during his exile he wrote, or completed, in one hundred

cantos, his immortal poem, the 'Divina Commedia.'—*Lives of the Eminent Men of Italy.*

NOTE 3, Stanza X., p. 157.

"Thou next unrivalled son of Italy."

Tasso.

NOTE 4, Stanza XI., p. 157.

"And wove a wreath of immortality
While pent behind a dungeon's gloomy grate!"

Tasso wrote his great poem, or a part of it, "Gierusalemme Liberata," in the dungeons of Ferrara, while confined there as a lunatic by his oppressor Alfonso.

NOTE 5, Stanza XI., p. 157.

"Albion's sad son! who fledst her shores in hate."

Byron.

NOTE 6, Stanza XIV., p. 159.

"In India three have found a resting-place."

Bishop Heber, Falconer,* and Miss Jewsbury.

NOTE 7, Stanza XIV., p. 159.

"Two hapless sons repose in Rome."

Shelley and Keats.

* Falconer was lost with the Aurora frigate, on, or not far from, the coast of India.

NOTE 8, Stanza XVII. p. 160.

"For since the burning Lesbian swept her lyre,
Gave love a language—built the Sapphic rhyme."

The Sapphic verse, so named from the poetess Sappho, who was the originator of it, consists of five feet; the first a trochee, the second a spondee, the third a dactyl, and the fourth and fifth trochees. Sappho accompanied every three of these verses with an Adonic (a measure used in lamenting the fate of Adonis), which consists of a dactyl and a spondee; and in this she has been imitated by Horace, Catullus, and others.

NOTE 9, Stanza XXVII., p. 164.

"On Afric's shore there is a lonely tomb."

At Cape Coast, in Western Africa.

NOTE 10, Stanza XXVIII., p. 165.

"Yea, there beneath the castle wall she lies."

"She sleeps in the barren sands of Africa, and the mournful music of the billows to which she listened in her solitary sea-girt dwelling, is now the dirge that resounds over her distant grave. She had herself predicted her own fate, though speaking in the character of another:—

"Where my fathers' bones are lying,
There my bones will never lie.
* * * * *
Mine shall be a lonelier ending,
Mine shall be a wilder grave,
Where the shout and shriek are blending,
Where the tempests meet the wave;
Or perhaps a fate more lonely
In some drear and distant ward,
Where my weary eyes meet only
Hired nurse and sullen guard."

Fraser's Magazine for January, 1840.

NOTE 11, Stanza XXVIII. p. 165.

"And gleaming white her monument doth rise,
Greeting the traveller's eye."

"A handsome marble tablet is now, it appears, on its way to Cape Coast."—*Blanchard*.

NOTES TO DREAMS OF ITALY.

NOTE 1, Sect. VI., p. 189.

"Where cities thick in ruin lie."

"Between Terracina and Visterna on the road to Rome, a distance of thirty miles, once stood, it is said, twenty-three Volscian cities.

"Invasions of the Saracens, in the middle ages, aided the progress of destruction; and we have now to seek, amid unpeopled woods, noxious swamps, and pastures on which graze buffaloes, for the cities of Latinus, Turnus, and Æneas."—*Spalding's History of Italy and the Italian Islands*.

NOTE 2, Sect. VI., p. 189.

"Where genius peopled vale and mound."

"There is no district in Latium," says Spalding, "more interesting than the region about the mouth of the Tiber, the scene of the last half of the Æneid. In the magic mirror of poetry, we behold here the glade of the Laurentine Forest, and tread with solemn pleasure those solitary woods and meadows, which the power of genius has peopled with heroic beauty. Here was the site of the classical Ostia, and Laurentum, the city of Father Latinus."

NOTE 3, Sect. VI., p. 190.

"Survey where PLINY's villa stood."

Castle Fusano, an old turreted mansion, situated on the Campagna, in a clump of tall pines, a little to the south of the swamp, has been fixed upon by most antiquaries as Pliny's villa.

NOTE 4, Sect. VI., p. 190.

"Where CICERO, LUCRETIA dwelt."

"Near the southern frontier of Latium, the columns and fragments of Cicero's paternal mansion lie scattered in the cloisters and kitchen-gardens of the little church and monastery of San Domenico Abate.

"The bank is still green, though less shady than when his pleasure-ground covered it; the seats on which he sat, with his brother and Atticus, have crumbled away; but 'the lofty poplars' may yet be found."

"Eleven miles from the modern gate, we should look for Collatia, the dwelling of Lucretia."—*Spalding's History of Italy, &c.*

NOTE 5, Sect. VII., p. 191.

"Or on the rock he often sought,
Near the old castle Tulumino,
Or midst the hills of Gubbio,
Moulding imperishable thought."

"In the district of Gubbio, according to the Latin inscription under a marble bust of him against a wall in one of the chambers, Dante is recorded to have written a considerable portion of the 'Divina Commedia.' Near the castle of Tulumino, a rock has been pointed out as a favorite resort of the inspired poet, while engaged in that marvellous and melancholy composition.

"'There, nobly pensive, Dante sat and thought.'"

"Marinus, banished from his country, and resting upon the ruins of Carthage, may have appeared a more august and mournful object; but Dante, in exile, want, and degradation, on a lonely crag, meditating thoughts, combining images, and creating a language for both in which they should for ever speak, presents a far more sublime and touching spectacle of fallen grandeur renovating itself under decay.

"Marinus, having 'mowed his mighty youth,' flew back to Rome like the eagle to his quarry, surfeited himself with vengeance, and died in a debauch of blood; leaving a name to be execrated through all generations. Dante did not return to Florence; living or dead, he did not return: but his name, cast out and abhorred as it had been, stands the earliest and the greatest of a long line of Tuscan poets, rivalling the most illustrious of their country, not excepting those of even Rome and Ferrara."—*Lives of the Eminent Men of Italy.*

NOTE TO THE RUINS OF PALENQUE.

Page 192.

"We considered the oratorio or altar the most interesting portion of the ruins of Palenque. * * * We could not but regard it as a holy place, dedicated to the gods, and consecrated by the religious observances of a past and unknown people. Comparatively the hand of ruin has spared it, and the great tablet, surviving the wreck of elements, stands perfect and entire. Lonely, deserted, and without any worshippers at its shrine, the figures and characters are distinct as when the people who reared it went up to pay their adorations before it. To us it was all a mystery; silent, defying the most scrutinizing gaze and reach of intellect. * * *

"What we had before our eyes was grand, curious, and remarkable enough. Here were the remains of a cultivated, polished, and peculiar people, who had passed through all the stages incident to the rise and fall of nations, reached their golden age, and perished, entirely unknown. The links which connected them with the human family were severed and lost, and these were the only memorials of their footsteps upon earth. We lived in the ruined

palace of their kings; we went up to their desolate temples and fallen altars; and wherever we moved we saw the evidences of their taste, their skill in arts, their wealth and power. In the midst of desolation and ruin we looked back to the past, cleared away the gloomy forest, and fancied every building perfect, with its terraces and pyramids, its sculptured and painted ornaments, grand, lofty, and imposing, and overlooking an immense inhabited plain; we called back into life the strange people who gazed at us in sadness from the walls; pictured them, in fanciful costumes and adorned with plumes of feathers, ascending the terraces of the palace and the steps leading to the temples: and often we imagined a scene of unique and gorgeous beauty and magnificence, realizing the creations of oriental poets, the very spot which fancy would have selected for the "Happy Valley" of Rasselas. In the romance of the world's history nothing ever impressed me more forcibly than the spectacle of this once great and lovely city, overturned, desolate, and lost; discovered by accident, overgrown with trees for miles around, and without even a name to distinguish it. Apart from every thing else, it was a mourning witness to the world's mutations.

' Nations melt
From power's high pinnacles, when they have felt
The sunshine for a while, and downward go.' "

Stephens's Travels in Central America.

NOTE TO LA VEGA.

Page 214.

La Vega was one of the Generals taken captive and brought to America during our late war with Mexico.

NOTE TO THE PRISONER OF PEROTE.

[TRANSLATED FROM A SPANISH PAPER.]

Page 218.

"The only person that shared the captivity of Santa Anna in the cold and gloomy prison of Perote, was his young and beautiful wife; who, by a thousand little acts of kindness and affection, soothed his sorrows, and rendered less irksome the horrors of his prison-house. The troops of parasites who had fattened upon his bounty, and been loud in their 'vivas' to his honor in the noon and tide of his power, forgot their benefactor in the night of his adversity, and cried, '*Death to the tyrant!*' But the affectionate wife clung closer to his bosom, the more the darkness gathered around him, and by her presence and her smiles lit up the gloom of his dreary abode."

Child of the Sea.

TO

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, ESQ.,

This Volume is Inscribed

WITH TRUE RESPECT FOR HIS GENIUS,

AND THE PURITY OF HIS PUBLIC AND PRIVATE

CHARACTER.

CHILD OF THE SEA.



CANTO I.



Pascomi di dolor.—PETRARCH.



ST. MORA—THE ARRIVAL—THE LOVE—THE DISCOVERY—
THE FLIGHT.

I.

WHERE blooms the myrtle, and the olive flings
Its aromatic breath upon the air ;
Where the sad bird of night for ever sings
Meet anthems for the children of despair,
Who silently, with wild dishevelled hair,
Stray through those valleys of perpetual bloom ;
Where hideous War and Murder from their lair,
Stalk forth in awful and terrific gloom ;
Rapine and Vice disport on glory's gilded tomb :

II.

My fancy pensive pictures youthful love,
Ill-starred, yet trustful, truthful, and sublime,
As ever Angels chronicled above—
The sorrowings of Beauty in her prime—
Virtue's reward—the punishment of crime—
The dark inscrutable decrees of Fate—
Despair, untold before in prose or rhyme ;
The wrong, the agony, the sleepless hate,
That mad the soul and make the bosom desolate.

III.

Reluctantly the summer sun declines,
Fond lingering over ANDALUSIA'S¹ shrines,
As he would gladly there awake, erewhile,
The pulse of Beauty with his parting smile,
And bid good night to her array of yore—
The glory of the gallant CAMPEADOR.
But low behind the snows of CINTRA'S steep,
Ungreeted, pensive, he must sink to sleep.
To rise and set, and rise till end of time,
To mourn o'er thee, degenerating clime !
Fresh blows the breeze on TARICK'S² burnished bay,
The silent sea-mews bend them through the spray,
The beauty-freighted barges bound afar
To the soft music of the gay guitar ;

And many a bark and gallant vessel sweep
Remorseless o'er the mournful Moslem's sleep ;³
And Nelson's spirit hovers o'er the wave,⁴
Where bled the mighty and repose the brave.
The sentry peal salutes the setting sun,
The haven's hum and busy din are done,
And weary sailors roam along the strand,
Or stretch their brawny limbs upon the sand,
Feast—revel—game—engage in sage dispute—
Unthread the story—sound the tuneful lute ;
Or humming some rude air that stirs the heart,
Clue up the sails, or spread them to depart.

V.

And there, between two cliffs that shield the horde
From hostile eyes, the pirate's bark is moored.
Along her deck recline the Spaniard hoar,
The turbaned Turk, the Greek, and dusky Moor ;
The olive children of the Indian sea,
And the still fiercer sons of ARABY.
Some on the downy wings of slumber roam
To the sweet haunts and blissful bowers of home,—
Implore forgiveness on a mother's breast,
And in the sacred vales of childhood rest ;
Some wander back to Scio's palmy isle,
Some to the distant regions of the NILE,

To bask anew in Beauty's light divine,
And seek forgetfulness at Cupid's shrine :
Some sing—some weep—some tell dark tales of blood—
Recount the deeds and dangers of the flood—
Some broken curses with their mutterings blend—
Some shrinking back, with ghastly foes contend—
And some, whose spirits crime no more can steep,
Lie hushed in the oblivious world of sleep,
That rayless realm, where fancy never beams—
That nothingness beyond the land of dreams.
Oh ! who could look upon those sons of Sin,
Who hear their moans when Conscience speaks within,
Who gaze upon each woe-distorted face,
While the dark soul reviews its guilty race,
Whate'er the degradation it reveal,
And for their fate no pain, no pity feel !
Shouldst thou behold, with cold averted eye,
Such wretchedness, meek, gentle Piety ?
Should glittering pelf, and pride, and lofty birth,
Alone thy holy cognizance be worth ?
Shouldst thou pass by the humble house of grief,
And enter not to minister relief ?
Shouldst thou pause smiling at the rich man's door,
And coldly glance the shivering beggar o'er ?
Shouldst thou not soothing balm to him impart,
And be a surgeon to the broken heart,

Bleeding and crushed by Sorrow's bitter stripes ?
Oh CHRIST ! have mercy on thy modern types !
'Tis not the favorite ones of fortune here,
And hope, and love, and mirth, that claim thy tear,
Thy sympathy, thy smile, thy care, ah no !
But those pale victims of relentless woe,
And want, and wrong, whom pride hath doomed to flee,
And herd with guilt, or hug their misery,
In silent grief, till death shall set them free.
Their woes, their crimes, perchance, are not their own—
Few seek, at first, the downward path alone—
Alas ! how many children^s of this earth,
Look back and curse the authors of their birth—
Those who first lured their steps to ruin's brink,
Then left them there, alone—dismayed—aghast to sink !

V.

Where is their Leader ? On the rock-built height,
Standing, he feeds on vacancy his sight.
On his high brow and glossy locks of jet,
The cap that decks the noble Greek is set ;
Folded his arms across his sable vest,
As if to keep the heart within his breast.
Lone are the Thoughts that crowd upon his mind,
And vainly strive in speech a vent to find ;

They writhe, they chafe, against restraint rebel,
Then powerless shrink within their silent cell.
His bosom pines for what it never knew—
Some soft fair being to its beating true—
A loveliness round which the soul may cling,
When o'er it life's fierce storms are battering.
Oh ! who shall tell what loneliness the heart
Feels, when stern fate hath rent all ties apart,
That draw or bind it to its fellow kind,
Save sympathy, which it may never find ?
'Tis as a ship with cable rent in twain,
And floating, drifting on the merciless main,
Of every veering wind and wave, the sport,
And clinging to fleet phantoms for support.
To man he never wakes his inward grief,
Nor asks, of human sympathy, relief :
Along the liquid path he dwells alone,
On land he seeks companionship with none,
His orders given, he lingers by the streams,
Pondering on incommunicable themes ;
Or, climbs the mountain to its utmost height,
To feed on Nature's charms his raptured sight.

VI.

He is not what he seems ; the guilty breast—
The dismal dream—the murderer's unrest,

Are not his. Born to rank and high estate ;
Bereft of titles, helpless, desolate—
Within its clay-built prison mewed his soul,
That pants and pines for love and glory's goal ;
No country, kin,—no hand but Heaven's to guide
His pensive steps along life's dangerous tide ;
A wanderer in every land and clime—
Doomed to companionship of blackest Crime—
Marvel, ye gay ones, that he loves, apart
From all, to hold communion with his heart ;
That in his desolate breast he nurses hate,
And heaps foul curses on relentless fate ?
Had he the smiles of fickle fortune won,
He might have been fame's proudest, brightest son ;
For he was Genius' child, by sorrow nursed—
And by irrevocable fate accursed.

VII.

As fades from earth the last soft smile of day,
He turns his melancholy steps away ;
With eyes bent down, across the VEGA strides,
Nor notes the fawn that tamely by him glides,
The Violets lifting up their azure eyes,
Like timid virgins when Love's steps surprise ;
His heavy heart forebodes some danger near,
And throbs alternately with joy and fear :

Perchance 'tis love—many have felt the flame,
At the mere mention of a lovely name.
That Spanish maid, of whom GONZALO spoke
On HELLAS' seas, his bosom's fires awoke.
Her beauty ever on his fancy teems,
Her fairy image fills his nightly dreams,
Making the world of sleep so pure, so bright,
He loathes the morn that puts the spell to flight.
At last beside Saint MORA's gate he stands,
Admittance with a trembling heart demands.
Thence comes the tinkling of a soft guitar,
A low sweet voice the breezes waft afar.
Again he knocks—again—and now appears
A bowing slave, and dissipates his fears ;
Leads him along a spacious hall, and soon
Conducts him to a large antique saloon ;
Points to a seat ; and with obsequious air,
Hastens to call unconscious Beauty there.

VIII.

Now smiling, gentle, timid as the dove ;
Fair, fresh as flower just culled from vernal grove ;
Her long, loose, sable tresses flowing back
Over her marble neck and bodice black ;
Crossed on her softly throbbing breast her hands,
Before the youth GONZALO's daughter stands.

Oh Beauty ! who can paint thy magic charm
Upon the heart that glows all fresh and warm ?
Man may resign the pen, and well eschew
What angels never would attempt to do.
Thy smile is light from Heaven's bright censer sent,
To clothe the forms for those blest regions meant—
Thy sway, in either world, omnipotent !
“ Lady, a message from thy sire I bear ;
This golden casket and this jewel fair,
He bade me, should I ever reach this land,
To place in his beloved MYNERA'S hand ;
To tell her, ere the summer blossoms fall,
He will rejoin her in St. MORA'S hall.
We met, it matters little when or where,
That he bestowed on me a father's care—
Attentions which the lonely heart engage—
The counsels wayward youth requires of age ;
And, when we parted on the Grecian strand,
He for the NILE, and I to guide his band
And gallant cruiser to the Spanish land,
He bade me seek this hospitable dome—
And here await his coming o'er the foam ! ”

“ I joy to hear this news so long denied,
Most welcome here, young stranger,” she replied ;

" Rest thee, until the menials hither bring,
Fruits, wines, and viands for thy banqueting."
The feast is o'er—and radiant as a star,
The smiling maiden sweeps the gay guitar,
And trills the song, till music's heavenly power
Enchants the guest, and charms the listening hour ;
The while he cheerful converse strives to hold
Of PAYNIM legends, fairy tales of old,
Battles and feats upon the wave and wold ;
But well the maid discerns his restlessness,
And bids him, ere 'tis late, the pillow press.

IX.

Sleep⁴ chains the earth : the bright stars glide on high,
Filling with one effulgent smile the sky ;
And all is hushed so still, so silent there,
That one might hear an Angel wing the air.
And where is ZAMEN ? are his slumbers sweet,
Calm, renovating, in this fair retreat ?
Have Beauty's smile and tranquillizing light,
Mute, moaning melancholy put to flight,
And changed his bosom from a murky hell,
To an abode where love and peace may dwell ?
Ah, no ! it only shows the ruin there,
Like sunshine falling on a sepulchre !

There is a resurrection of the heart,
When from its vivifying ashes start
Its consecrated Dead—hope, love, joy, dole,
Grief-laden, circumambiate the soul ;—
An hour, when time's dim veil aside is cast,
And we relieve the silent, solemn past.
'Tis such with ZAMEN ; on his couch he rolls,
Wrings his thin hands, but louder grief controls ;
Until his heart heaves like the surging sea,—
Then to his feet he springs bewilderdly—
Snatches his blade—with soft step steals below,
To midnight phantoms to proclaim his woe ;
Paces adown the lawn and dewy grove,
Dwelling on beauty, innocence, and love—
Reaches the beach—peers o'er the precipice,
Where sleeps his vessel on the dark abyss ;
Then turns away, as from a pest whose breath
Is fatal poison, and whose touch is death.
Upon a rock that juts above the sea,
Pale, chilled, reclines in gloomy reverie.
'Twere hard to fathom all his bosom feels—
The breast thus lacerated never heals.
He dwells on what he might be—all he seems—
The blasted mind—the pangs of thwarted schemes—
The wrongs that leave the spirit desolate,
Then raises his clenched hands, and curses fate.

His eye perambulates from star to star—
Follows the comet's silent course afar—
Oh ! that his Spirit might as swift and free,
Wing its still flight into eternity ;
And thus elude the woe, and want, and dearth,
That aye await the lonely child of earth !
Oh ! that it now could break its bonds of clay,
With one fair seraph heavenward flee away !
 " Thou beauteous Spirit ! blissful, guardian power !
That smilest on me in this dreary hour !
My fair ILLUMA ! heavenly guiding ray !
To my lone steps along life's desert way,
Oh ! with eternal powers of peace and love,
Plead for my speedy flight to realms above !
Beauty angelical ! MYNERA fair !
Thy smile hath lit the depth of my despair,
As morn illumines the night—I'd call thee mine,
Yet feel this bosom an unholy shrine,
For the sweet worship of thy vestal heart ;
I'd gladly fly, but have no power to part ;
I can but bare this breast to Fate's relentless dart ! "
Thus silent converse with himself he holds,
Till morn her golden drapery unfolds,
Then pale, and dripping with the briny spray,
Slowly along the vale he wends his way—

Reaches the castle gate—regains the tower—
Ascends, and courts repose at dawning hour.

X.

Days speed apace : still ZAMEN lingers there,
At times well nigh forgetting his despair
In Beauty's smile, that hourly beams more bright,
And sheds upon his heart a holier light.
With her he wanders in pursuit of flowers,
O'er blooming meads, through vales, and spicy bowers,
Beneath the smiling moon, and vesper star,
Listens to her soft love-attuned guitar ;
Or charmed, amid the woodland warbling roves,
By murmuring streams, or through low whispering
groves,
Drinking her feeblest word, her faintest sigh,
As softest notes of heavenly harmony.
Oh Love ! eternal, omnipresent power !
Supreme in lowly hut, or royal bower !
Thou art Life's polar star—a holy ray,
Sent here to lure the soul from sin away—
The MECCA of the heart, where all must kneel,
And their bright dreams and burning thoughts reveal—
The cynosure of hope—ambition's goal—
A never dying halo circling round the soul !

Aye, what below can equal that sweet hour
In man's existence, when thy magic power
First takes its full possession of his heart,
When every other wish, hope, thought, depart,
Leaving him in the universe alone,
To think, to dote, to gaze on only one,
Whose being with his being is entwined
Into one lovely tissue, heaven enshrined !
Such joy on earth he only once can know,
Once only can Love's fire so purely glow ;
If dimmed, by all the wizard's subtle art,
And all that his enchanted drugs impart,
He may essay to vivify the flame,
But it will never—never burn the same !

XI.

SOL from the earth withdraws his latest ray,
Pale DIAN pensive glides her starry way,
Adown the groves and dewy vales afar
Tinkles the serenader's soft guitar :
And by the lattice stand that youthful pair,
ZAMEN depressed, MYNERA bland and fair,
And gazing in his face, as she would smile
Away the clouds that gather there the while.
She dries the tears that trickle down his cheek,
And strives to cheer with counsels mild and meek ;

Lastly, to soothe his mental agony,
Leads him into an ancient library,
Where ponderous pictures stare from the old walls,
Hoar statues totter on their pedestals,
Gems, diamonds, coral from the Indian sea,
Topaz and pearls, glitter promiscuously ;
Jewels, that kingly halls, perchance, had decked,
Old rusty armor Time had nearly wrecked,
Strange shapen shells, worm-eaten books in rows,
Upon the dusty architraves repose.
O'er these he glances with a vacant eye,
Nor cares he much to learn their history,
Farther than courtesy compels a view
Of such of them as Beauty points him to ;
But round on all, with neither blame nor praise,
Directs his listless, melancholy gaze.
From niche to niche, from shelf to shelf she glides,
Explaining whatsoever there abides ;
Blades, helmets, shields ; from what fair island they
Were brought ; who wielded them in happier day ;
Raises at length a drapery of lace,
Veiling beneath its folds a sainted face—
Aghast he starts—he stares—he scans it o'er—
Faint, shuddering, staggering, falls insensate to the
floor.

She shrieks—she flies—she bends above his form—
Raises his head upon her slender arm—
Chafes his cold pallid brow—essays in vain
To woo his gentle spirit back again.
The startled menials haste to her relief—
Some bear him to a couch—some soothe her grief—
For water some—for cordials others fly—
Submissively her every wish supply.

XII.

At last his pulses throb, faint life returns,
But in his brain delirium fiercely burns :
He heeds not that fair maid, her tender cares,
Her solemn sighs, her silent streaming tears,
Her more than woman's soft solicitude,
To soothe his spirit in its frantic mood ;
But through the thoughtless realms of chaos raves ;
Some phantom shallop guides amid the waves,—
For father—mother—water—wildly shrieks—
Of some dark deed—and sleepless vengeance speaks.

XIII.

At last the clouds roll back—a bright beam breaks
Upon his soul—reason again awakes—
And full upon that maid his large eyes beam ;
But not as they had shone in love's wild dream

Of fervent hope, ah ! no ! far different now,
He gazes on that pensive, pallid brow !
Long, earnestly he peers in that young face,
As there some secret hidden deep to trace :
“ Oh Heaven ! oh fate ! oh unpropitious stroke !
That my distracted mind to sense awoke !
Oh God ! MYNERA ! loveliest to my view !
Bright angel of my heart ! and art thou too
The offspring of a fiend ? accursed below !
The child of sin ! th’ inheritor of woe !
My cloak—my sabre—quick—away—away—
From pangs of hell I fly——”

“ Oh ZAMEN, stay !

My cries—my prayers—my supplications hear—
In thy affliction much thou need’st my care—
My smile—my song—to cheer thy weary hours—
My hand to cull for thee the morning flowers—
I cannot longer live if thou depart—
My friend—life of my life—light of my heart—
Oh ! bid me not, thus suddenly, farewell !”
Sobbing—half swooning, on his breast she fell.

“ Ye powers ! that rule the destinies of men,
By some swift blow obliterate my pain !
My brain is maddened by revengeful ire,
My heart encompassed by the scorpion’s fire.

Angel of Beauty ! Virtue deified
On earth ! yet not to earthly things allied !
Thou art too beautiful for mortal touch—
For this vile orb Heaven ne'er created such !
Thou art the fair redeemer of my heart,
All sinful thoughts thy presence bade depart—
Heaven cannot fathom all my love for thee—
'Tis pure—'tis boundless as eternity !
How can I wrench thee from this bosom now !
How live, and gaze the last on thy pale brow !
How bear the stroke that rends our destiny !
Oh ! that it might be all unknown to thee !
That thou might'st never wake to this adieu !
But no ! thy young heart must be broken too !
MYNERA ! fairest, dearest maid, awake !
Summon thy courage for thy brother's sake !
'Twas my fair mother's face that made me mad—
Thy smile is all that now can soothe or glad !"
Saying, her form he to the cushion bore—
Pressed her pale lips—then sought the stormy shore.

XIV.

O'er the hills, and steeps, and blooming meads,
Beneath the myrtle and the yew he speeds ;
Now by the crags, then by each pendant bough,
Steadies his steps adown the mountain brow ;

Nor casts one look behind upon that dome,
That crowns the hill and overlooks the foam,
Where all he loves on earth, or yearns for, dwells,
But whence stern fate now every thought repels.
Ah, no ! of her 'twere madness, death to think !
On, on he flies, now pauses on the brink,
But, oh ! how changed ! in mien, and mind, and mood,
Since first on that wild precipice he stood !
A thousand years of agony and grief
Have been collected in that period brief.
Once he had felt prepared to meet the shock,
Firm and unshaken as the mountain rock ;
But little do we know how we may bend
Beneath the storm till on us it descend :
Sudden he starts—glides down the craggy steep,
Along a secret path that meets the deep—
Reaches the verge—leaps down upon the bark,
That noiseless sleeps among the shadows dark—
With hasty, soundless step his cabin seeks ;
Nor to the slumbering outlaws nods, nor speaks,
Sinks on his crimson couch, so long unsought,
And floats along the phantom-stream of thought.

xv.

Oh ! what is there in all this cheerless life !
What pang, in her dark catalogue of strife !

Like that we feel, when in we turn our eyes
Upon the heart that paralytic lies,
So cold, so dead, all antidotes seem vain
To rouse it into feeling warm again !
What like that dizzy sickness of the soul,
Becalmed on Life's dead wave without a goal—
No drop to cool its thirstings of despair—
No breath to stir the pestilential air—
No fanning breeze its stagnant bark to move—
No haven below—no beacon star above.

XVI.

Frail as a leaf rude winds to earth have blown—
Pale as a statue from its base o'erthrown—
Cold as the corse in its sepulchral clay—
Stretched on that long-deserted couch he lay.
“'Tis o'er ! I stagger on the verge of Fate !
I would not be a murderer ! yet hate,
Injustice, wrong, demand a murderer's blood :
I shrink from him I've sought on land and flood,
From the Antarctic to the Boreal plains ;
Love hath drunk up the courage of my veins—
A parricide ! no, no, I must retreat—
My soul such adversary shrinks to meet ;—
MYNERA is my sister,—I will fly,
And seek another fate—another sky—

From madness—and from gnawing sorrow flee—
And scourge the souls of men—as they've scourged me !
But what invisible power enchains me here ?
Some soft upbraiding voice falls on my ear ;
'Tis not these outlaws' accents that I hear !
They sleep ! how heavily they breathe, sob, sigh—
They were not made for such a destiny !
I've heard, with tears, each tell his tale, his deeds—
Upon Life's sea, they were the cast-off reeds !
Ill-fated men ! sleep yields to them no rest—
They feel the tortures of the guilty breast !
I led them here to please their leader's mood—
But who again shall guide them o'er the flood !
GONZALO they may never see again—
I never more may sail the genial main ! ”
Thus inwardly he conned his sorrows o'er,
Arose, and strode along the cabin floor,
A narrow casket from the drapery drew—
Burst from the cabin—sought the shore anew.

XVII.

Slowly and sad along the beach he goes ;
Ah ! where below for him is now repose !
The past all dark, the future all unknown,
Hope, love, protection, reason, courage flown ;

By all the miseries of the accursed, oppressed,
Where shall he lay his weary head to rest !
Where find forgetfulness, a friend, a home !
How meet GONZALO—how his coming doom !
Thus holding converse with himself, he hies
Onward, with pallid brow and downcast eyes,
Exhausted, sinks at last upon a rock,
Nor seeks to shun the rattling thunder's shock—
Ah, no ! for there are times when the sick soul
Lies calm amid the storms that round it roll,
Indifferent to fate, or to what haven
By the terrific tempest it is driven.

CANTO II.

—
*Lasciato, morte ! senza Sòl il mondo,
 Oscuro e frèddo, amor cieco ed inerme.*

—
PETRARCH, Sonnet XCI.

THE ARRIVAL—THE MEETING—THE COMBAT—THE
 DEATH.

I.

OH, Sorrow ! where on earth hast thou not sped
 Thy fatal arrows ! on what lovely head
 Hast thou not poured, alas ! thy bitter phial,
 And cast some shadow on the spirit's dial !
 Why, why hast thou selected woman's heart
 To be the mark for thy unerring dart ?
 It is too sweet, too lovely, pure a thing,
 To feel the smart of thy envenomed sting—
 But Eve first drained thy cup in Paradise—
 And well her daughters pay th' irrevocable price !

II.

'Tis sad to see the tempest's withering breath
Leave on the rose the first wan hues of death ;
'Tis sad to see the glowing rainbow die,
A paling star expiring in the sky ;
But sadder far, alas ! to see depart,
The light and life of lovely woman's heart !
Cold as the chill that wraps the slumbering dead—
Pale as the hues their features overspread ;
Still on that couch the swooning maiden lies,
The hot tears oozing from her swollen eyes,
And standing on her cheeks, as on white flowers,
The clear drops linger after vernal showers ;
The Dahlias leaning from the golden vase,
Peer pensively upon her pallid face,
While the sweet Songster o'er the oaken door
Looks through his grate, and warbles, " weep no more,
Maiden, awake ! thy lover seeks the shore ! "

III.

She wakes, she rises—round th' apartment dim
Gazes in wild bewilderment for him—
Flings from her forehead her long raven hair—
Draws the white vesture o'er her bosom fair—

Flies to the lattice—on the valley gazes,
Just as Aurora her soft curtain raises.
“ZAMEN, dear ZAMEN !” tenderly, she cries,
But only the hoarse Thunder’s voice replies ;
Then pressing her full heart, too full for speech,
She turns, descends, and seeks the stormy beach ;
Paces the strand amidst the dashing wave,
Wan, wet, as Naiad risen from her cave.
No coming or departing bark she spies,
No distant sail salutes her eager eyes ;
Upon the sand the breakers heave perforce,
Splinters and cordage, and a ghastly corse.
She shrieks—she starts—upon her lover calls--
Amid the salt surf sinking, senseless falls.
But Beauty hath the power to charm the waves,
And send them harmless backward to their caves ;
They only softly lave her forehead fair,
Lightly besprinkle her long raven hair,
And then receding with a howling hiss,
Submerge themselves into the dark abyss.

IV.

She rises, gazes through the mist in vain,
For him who sleeps again beneath the main,
Stands pallid, breathless, hopeless of relief,
Like NIOBE, struck dumb by sudden grief.

Then sobbing, as if every heart-string broke,
Slowly returns beneath the pitying Oak,
By craggy brink, through weeping vale and grove,
Humming these melancholy notes of Love.

MYNERA'S SONG.

I.

He is gone, he is gone—beneath the sea,
Afar, far down he is sleeping ;
Beside him mermaids heedlessly
Their watery watch are keeping.

II.

He is gone, he is gone to spirit spheres,
His mystery unspoken—
Oh ! I can never stanch these tears—
My heart—my heart is broken !

III.

Upon this lonely breast will dawn
Never a bright to-morrow—
Sure Heaven hath sent a spirit down
To whelm my soul in sorrow.

IV.

He is gone, he is gone—oh, misery !
The chill waves howl about him—
There's nothing now to smile on me—
I cannot live without him !

V.

No, I will go, and sleep beneath
The billow o'er him swelling—
I'd rather be with him in death,
Than on the lone earth dwelling.

Thus sad as lute o'er which Despair hath flung
A sudden spell, the maiden sobbing sung—
Regained the castle—on the cushions leant—
Exhausted, pale, with hopeless sorrow faint,
And, as disconsolately there she slept,
From th' unhushed fountains of her heart, she wept.

V.

Oh ! who could look upon that maiden's grief,
And feel no yearning for her swift relief !
Who, that has felt and suffered, does not know
There is no perfect antidote for woe !

We lock up sorrow in the bosom's core—
Hug it, and smile as brightly as before ;
So earth o'er her volcanic fire recloses—
Calmness again upon her breast reposes,
While scoriac streams from every artery dart—
And one red boiling hell consumes her heart.
Who, who could look on those long locks unbound,
Flowing in sable masses to the ground ;
Survey that ashy cheek, so lately bright,
And fresh as vernal rose at morning light ;
The tear that upward swells from lava tides,
And down her burning temples slowly glides ;
Who, hear the throbbings of that heavy heart,
Through those pale lips unconsciously apart ;
And feel not that a dangerous thing is love,
And beauty's but a sunbeam from above,
Sent down to lume earth's purest, fairest forms,
And disappear amid her chilling storms !

•

With him, in dream, she walks the sunny vale,
With him she gathers flowers from hill and dale,
With him she listens to the tuneful birds,
With him she drinks the Wizard's magic words,
With him she gazes on the vesper star,
Touches the harp, or sings to the guitar.

Again she hears his melancholy sigh—
His sob—his long wild shriek of agony ;
Again she strives his frenzy to allay—
Smooths his pale brow, and wipes the tears away,
That through his long dark lashes oozing stray.

VI.

There is a sail—"It is the pirate's ship—
GONZALO!"—bursts from many a sailor's lip ;
"Our birds must feel the talons of the hawk—
Blood now be spilt on TARICK's hoary rock ;
Of all the renegades of land or main,
None strike such terror to the heart of Spain.
'Tis said, his daughter in ST. MORA smiles,
And lures him homeward from the Grecian isles."
The bark draws nigh—her white wings flutter free,
And waft her like a falcon o'er the sea.
At last, they glide beneath the sheltering cliff—
The anchor drop—and lower the thirsty skiff—
With flashing oars their chief convey to land,
Who pausing, gives to them some brief command,
Then bends his steps where gleams MYNERA's tower—
Inviting him to rest in Beauty's bower—
"Oh ! is she there ?" he thought ; "Is her eye bright—
Her bosom artless—and her spirit light,

As when two summers gone, I pressed her cheek,
Then crossed the wave to scourge the haughty Greek ?”
He knows not why, but as he cons the past,
His heart forebodes this hour will be his last,
That Fate has lured him from the Grecian sky,
And Pirate’s Isle, in MORA’s halls to die.
Never before he scanned so deep or long
His guilty breast, or dwelt so much on wrong :
He groaned aloud, and started at the sound
Of his own hollow voice, and glanced around ;
Then kept his way, fixed, gazing on the ground.
He passed the gate—a dim light in the tower
Was all that cheered the lonely twilight hour :
No gay guitar, as erst, was tinkling there,
No soft sweet voice flowed out on the still air,
No smiling maiden came to clasp his hand,
And welcome him to the Hesperian land.
He gained the portal—stood within the hall—
Slowly the menials hearken to his call—
Little his will, or need, they seek to know—
Short are their answers—and their movements slow ;
At last they gather round and tell in brief,
Weeping the while, MYNERA’s hopeless grief ;
The love and madness of the truant Youth—
And add their sorrow to this mournful truth.

He spake no words—he passed the corridor—
Reached the apartment—lightly tapped the door—
Entered—approached—and stood with folded arms,
Surveying Beauty's soft, dishevelled charms.
To her his bosom's holiest feeling's clung :
Her loveliness o'er him a spell had flung ;
And in the mirror of her purity,
He first had seen his Soul's dark perfidy.
However foul or fell the spirit be,
It still clings to some guiding Deity ;—
And he, shut out from Heaven, had clung to her,
As, to his idol, clings the PAYNIM worshipper.
To her alone in danger's hour he prayed—
She calmed the tempest, and the storm allayed—
Guided him safe—oh, lovely Innocence !
Thy power outweighs a throne's omnipotence—
All laws of earth—"MYNERA ! my fair child !—
MYNERA !" last he said, in accents mild—
She dreams—what voice upon her rapt ear rings !—
She starts—she flies—she to his bosom springs—
Buries her face upon his heaving breast,
Like frightened dove by falcon closely pressed.
It was a sight to melt the sternest heart,
And from it bid all lingering hate depart ;
Tears that his eyes had never wept before,
Adown his furrowed features fast did pour ;

He raised his trembling hand to Heaven in prayer,
Then dropped it, as if Mercy dwelt not there,
And he had been forbid that boon to ask,
At that blest shrine his bosom to unmask.—
Oh ! who can paint the pangs the guilty feel,
When Heaven and Earth withdraw from them all weal,
And leave them on the sea of life to drift,
Into Perdition's dark oblivious rift !

“ Restrain thy tears, my child, dry, dry thine eyes ;
Such grief becomes not Beauty,” last he sighs ;
“ Sad things the vassals tell me of this youth ;
Of thy affection, and thy bitter ruth,
Which pain me much—I had not thought to find,
Submerged in grief, thy heart and gentle mind.
ZAMEN, I found be-wrecked ; him snatched from death,
With five, who yielded soon their feeble breath ;
And as we o'er the genial waters flew,
And he in strength and vigorous manhood grew,
His melancholy mien my pity won,—
And soon, I loved him as a cherished son.
To him I praised the beauties of thy face,
Thy purity, thy loveliness, thy grace,
Until thou didst become his Deity—
The star on which he gazed eternally ;

I ne'er divined that love could fill a heart
So wholly, and before he did depart,
Hither my Spanish cruiser to command,
I pledged to him thy heart and fairy hand,
And bade him bring thee STAMBOUL's brightest pearls,
To seal this vow, and bind thy raven curls ;
Methought to find thy heart all cheerfulness,
On thy sweet lips the sunny smile of bliss,
Shortly to see my bosom's treasured pride,
ST. MORA's beautiful, bright, blooming bride—
Oh ! smile again, my dearest, take new cheer—
By Heaven ! this freak shall cost thy lover dear ! ”
Grasping his blade, he said, in tones severe.

“ Oh, hear his fate ! oh, save him from the deep !
Or in its cold embrace I too will sleep !
The Youth was mad—he saw ILLUMA's face—
And then—I have not heart the tale to trace !
What do I see ? Oh, GOD ! he lives ! oh, yes !
He comes ! Oh, ZAMEN—ZAMEN—all is bliss ! ”
She shrieked—she flew—with more than mortal charms,
Sank, sobbing, swooning, in his trembling arms.
He spoke not—paused not—turned not his fierce eye
Upon GONZALO, frowning, shivering nigh ;
Until he bore away the fainting maid,
And her attendants summoned to her aid.

VII.

Still stands GONZALO, breathless, speechless, wan ;
The conduct of his guest with awe doth scan,
Yet, not without some bodings of the truth
Whence comes this woe ; and who may be this youth :
The horrid secret rushes on his soul,
And shakes his feeble frame beyond control,
More deadly pangs than follow barbéd dart,
Sends; scathing, searing through his shivering heart.
Again he sees his boy of tender years ;
Again he sees his cheek bedewed with tears ;
Again he meets his fierce upbraiding eye,
Flashing with hate and just malignity ;
Again he hears ILLUMA's frantic prayer—
Her long, wild shriek of madness and despair ;
Again he leads them to the vessel's side ;
Again he thrusts them on the merciless tide—
Hears their wild cries above the billows sound.
The Spectres of his victims gather round,
Hissing, like startled serpents in his ear ;
Cold through his heart's core creeps the chill of fear—
Oh ! that some never-weary wing were given,
That he might flee th' eternal wrath of Heaven !
Oh ! for oblivion ! for some soundless deep,
Where guilt might never haunt his dreamless sleep !

VIII.

Once earth could yield to him no sacred joy—
Pelf was his God—and human life his toy.
His dark unbridled passions knew no pause,
But trampled down, alike, love, kindred, laws,
Till, like that Monarch of the orient clime,
He mourned for some unconquered field of crime ;
But keen remorse, and that stern chastener, age,
Have modified his courage and his rage,
And rather than to meet this ruthless foe,
Whom he had never deemed to greet below,
His blade within his breast he would have hid,
But ZAMEN's swift returning steps forbid,
And warn him, though already doubly cursed,
He now must stand his ground and know the worst.
Oh, Crime ! thou may'st escape the laws of earth ;
May'st trample on the hearts of Love and Worth ;
Imbrue thy hideous hands in human blood ;
Remorselessly, as in the limpid flood ;
The priceless mines of Ophir may'st unfold,
And clothe thy ghastly form in glowing gold—
The brightest gems from coral caves upcast,—
But Heaven's avenging hand will seek thee out at last !

IX.

Now face to face they stand—eye bent on eye—
In deep, defying, searching scrutiny,
As stand two tigers in their silent rage,
Before that they in deadly strife engage.
The pent breath hisses through their clenched teeth ;
High, flashing, leaps each sabre from its sheath—
“Ungrateful Youth !” at last GONZALO said,
“Rash miscreant ! put up thy harmless blade !
I can o’erlook this insolence most black,
Since it is offered by a maniac !
Your bearing, sir, is fraught with mystery,
That ill repays my hospitality—
The cordial courtesy extended thee.”

“There is no mystery now !” replied the Youth ;
“Thy hideous gaze reveals the frightful truth—
I see it all—it is no fancied dream—
I’ve met before thine eye’s relentless gleam ;
Thy blade is thirsty, and no doubt would drain
These scanty drops of life, that still remain ;
Yet, outlaw ! fearlessly, I utter here,
Thou art a coward—villain—murderer !”
ZAMEN rejoined, stepped back, and firmly stood,
Prepared to meet his fierce opponent’s mood.

Forward they spring—their gleaming blades are crossed—
No words are spoken—and no moments lost.
Strained every nerve—steel clashing loud on steel,
Around and round in deadly strife they wheel—
Now falls to earth the veteran's bloodless blade—
Who backward shrinks—disarmed—aghast—dismayed.

“Behold thy weapon!” said the breathless Youth—
“Restrain thy rage—prepare to hear the truth—
However foul—false—fiendful be thy heart—
Soulless thy bosom—lawless—do not start!
Although thy crimes have baffled Hell to damn—
Bone of thy bone—flesh of thy flesh I am!”

“Thou art a subtle serpent, that hast wound,
For basest purposes, thy folds around
My heart—a wanderer—that com'st to claim
The rights of birth, for shelter and a name!”

“Thou fain wouldst thus appease thy soul begirt
By scorpions, and impending wrath avert;
But, if one contrite drop is in thy heart,
I'll wring it out, ere there I plunge my dart.
Forth from that hour thou gav'st me to the wave—
ILLUMA to the maniac's lonely grave—

Forth from that hour, suspended sense returned,
Quenchless revenge hath in my bosom burned ;
And I have sought thee over sea and land,
From the NEW HEBRIDES to EGYPT'S strand—
O'er MECCA'S plains—where HELLAS' mountains drip,
A curse, like serpent, slumbering on my lip—
Death in my heart.—Survey this picture—these
Bright eyes.—How canst thou now their rage appease !
Look at this beauteous brow—this smile divine,
That lit this fairy face ere she was thine !
Behold that casket ! Villain, view it well !
Her dust is there—it threatens thee with hell !
Oh, God ! thou mad'st of me a cannibal !
And I will kill thee—pierce thy heartless breast—
Nay, that were kindness—giving thee quick rest—
I'll let thee live—to stalk the earth like CAIN—
Thy festering heart torn by Promethean pain.
Now, now, I joy to see thy white locks shake—
Thy blood congeal—thy frail limbs quivering, quake
With fear—thy breath grow hard—Oh, Heaven is just !
And in that justice, aye, I've put my trust !
Avaunt ! may howling fiends thy footsteps bay !
May hissing serpents twine thy lonely way !
The streams run dry, when thou wouldst quench thy
thirst !
The fruits fall withered from thy lips accursed !”

He said, stepped back, and fixed his withering eye
Upon his foe in stern malignity.

x.

Pale as the corse within its winding-sheet—
Cold as the stone beneath his clayey feet—
His lips apart—his eyes upturned, and glazed—
His rigid features set—his thin hands raised,
GONZALO stood, nor once surveyed his foe,
Nor spake, nor aught around him seemed to know ;
A lone tear coursed adown his pallid cheek,
His dying pangs and penitence to speak,
And tell, however deep their crime and shame,
The worst are not all lost to Virtue's claim.
Death touched his heart, and every pulse grew still—
Immovable, and stark, and coldly chill,
As ice that clings around the Boreal Pole ;
The last warm spark that played around his soul
Was quenched—vitality for ever flown—
And like a frigid monument of stone,
Prostrate he fell, a senseless, lifeless clod—
Unwept on earth—an outcast from his God—
A foe to Virtue—to mankind a curse—
A slave to Crime—the victim of Remorse.

XI.

Long ZAMEN gazed on that extended corse,
While sighs and sobs escaped his heart perforce.
He touched the brow—'twas wet with death's cold
dew—
He raised the icy hand—'twas lifeless too—
"Inscrutable thy ways, great GOD!" he thought,
And turning, mournfully, MYNERA sought.

CANTO III

ZAMEN'S HISTORY.

I.

It is the eve ; that pensive hour serene,
When heaven and earth assume a holier mien ;
And calmer thoughts pervade the troubled breast ;
And weeping sorrow upward looks for rest ;
Along their peaceful paths the planets roll,
Inviting thitherward the longing soul ;
When Philomela charms the listening rill,
And shepherds tune their pipes upon the hill ;
The gentle mother lulls her babe to rest,
That, like a blossom, smiles upon her breast ;
The weary father greets his prattler's mirth,
Friends, true and tried, assemble round the hearth ;
And loving heart responsive beats to heart ;
And fond ones steal from vulgar eyes apart ;

And Curiosity's imbittering sneer,
To breathe those thoughts that Heaven alone should
hear—
The hour, Recording Angels write above,
The prayers of children, and the vows of love.

II.

And there within that lonely chamber, late
The scene of dark contention, death, and hate,
In silence sit that melancholy pair,
She, pale with grief, and he with long despair.
"MYNERA!" ZAMEN said, "subdue thy woe,
My hapless fate and fortune thou must know.
Our lots are equal; sad, and reft, and lone;
We have no hand to guide us but our own;
No one to chide, or cheer, or counsel give—
For Heaven and for each other let us live!
My heart was chained by unrelenting Fate,
And doomed to feed on sorrow, wrong, and hate,
Till thou smil'dst on me—when its fires awoke,
As sparks from steel beneath the hammer's stroke—
Ay, e'en the mention of thy lovely name,
In distant lands, awoke the deathless flame;
And when I first beheld thy fairy form—
Thy smile—thine eyes—a holy mystic charm

Stole o'er my heart, like incense of sweet dew,
And one brief moment I was happy—knew
More loveliness—more purity—more bliss—
Than earth contains, or Saint e'er tasted—yes !
I loved thee—worshipped thee—thought—dwelt on
thee—

Until thou didst become a part of me—
Soul of my soul—my guiding Fantasy—
My glory—but 'tis madness thus to prate—
The dream hath sped—and I am desolate !
Thy solitary, wretched brother.”—“ How ! ”——
“ Start not, MYNERA, I will tell thee, now !

III.

“ GONZALO was my sire, alas ! the same,
Though, in the ÆGEAN, MEDON was his name,
Whom, yesternight, we laid within the tomb—
The wretched victim of a righteous doom.
He was the terror of the orient seas ;
A scourge among the blooming CYCLADES ;
And, when too hotly pressed, he sped away,
And furled his blood-red flag in CORON'S bay,
Where, like a flower, EUDORI'S daughter smiled—
The pride of Beauty and Affection's child ;
Whom, under base pretence, alas ! he wed ;
With her and half her father's riches fled ;

Although, the raging veteran followed near
Upon his steps, with thirsty blade and spear—
Vassals and Lords, who would have drained his heart.
Rather than from the cherished maiden part :
But he escaped, despite their frantic cries,
And efforts to regain the lovely prize.—
What happened thence—or to what shores they f.
Upon what seas they sailed—I never knew ;
I only know that of this union wild,
I was the pledge—an ill-starred OCEAN-CHILD !

IV.

“ This much, when in full sight of HELLAS’ wold,
My mother, in my seventh summer, told.
We sat upon the deck—my hand in hers
Lay closely folded, and bedewed with tears—
The sad libations of her broken heart—
The life-drops drawn by sorrow’s burning dart.
‘ Behold yon vale ! ’ amidst her sobs she cried—
‘ Yon castle-spire by CORON’S dark blue tide—
There dwells my father—there, a happy child,
I once disported in the breezes mild ;
There, loving and beloved, hung on his arm—
But disobedience broke affection’s charm—
Oh ! ALLAH ! ALLAH ! pardon the rash deed,
That crushed his heart, and made mine own to bleed !

One eve, I stood upon yon rocky bank,
Watching the waves—and dizzy downward sank—
And knew no more till dripping with salt spray,
On shore in MEDON's arms, I helpless lay,
With only strength enough to tell him where,
My sinking form with hasty steps to bear.
Him, at the door, my pallid father met,
Folded me to his bosom weak and wet ;
Listed the story of the grizzly man,
And bade him share with him his rich divan.
His generous action won EUDORI's heart ;
And there, at will he came, and did depart,
Enchaining me in Love's infernal spell,
Until with him I sought the Friar's cell :
ALLAH ! forgive my youth's unguarded act—
From stern EUDORI's heart revenge extract !'
She sobbed, as MEDON haughtily drew near,
And bade her, with a cold and withering sneer,
That froze her heart, escape with me below ;
And let him hear no further complaints of woe.

V.

“ Although a child, I ne'er forgot that hour—
I felt within my veins a giant's power,
And had her sacred tears not curbed my ire,
I then had sought the life-blood of my sire :

Although, the raging veteran
 Upon his steps, with thirsty lip
 Vassals and Lords, who would
 Rather than from the cherished
 But he escaped, despite their
 And efforts to regain the lovely
 What happened thence—or to
 Upon what seas they sailed—I
 I only know that of this union
 I was the pledge—an ill-star

IV.

“This much, when in full sail
 My mother, in my seventh
 We sat upon the deck—my
 Lay closely folded, and her
 The sad libations of her
 The life-drops drawn by
 ‘Behold yon vale!’ and
 ‘Yon castle-spire by Gorn
 There dwells my father
 I once disported in the
 loving and
 obedience

aid of grace,
 foul embrace—
 dead breath
 killing death—
 its hold,
 every fold.

prisoners in that room,
 doom ;
 seaman's cry—
 and sky ;
 atros,
 dart across
 midst a floating sail,
 us to hail ;
 ecian coast arise,
 our longing eyes.
 calm my mother's heart—
 on to impart—
 neither found a tongue—
 each other clung—
 we could, our fears allayed—
 looked to Heaven alone for aid.

IX.

“ At last our Tyrant came to set us free,
And doom us to a darker destiny.
‘ Follow me to the deck ! ’ he sneering said ;
And quickly to the forward gangway led ;
Nor other syllable to us he spoke,
But from his eye, the fire of vengeance broke ;—
Already waited there the hardy crew—
Prepared for whatsoe’er he bade them do ;
Though some with sullen gaze their distance kept—
Some sighed—and some as little children wept ;
Yet knew full well they must not interfere ;
Some mingled laughter with our shrieks of fear.
‘ Get out the boat ! ’ he cried—and it was done—
Beside the bark the fatal steps let down—
Our road to death—we shrieked—we clasped his
knees—
Sobbed—prayed—but he was deaf to all our pleas,
And frowning coldly placed us in that boat—
Thrust it upon the treacherous main afloat,
With bread nor water to prolong our breath—
Naught—naught to save us from a lingering death !

X.

“ We strained our eyes along that vessel’s track,
As if our shrieks and cries could bring her back—
We plied the slender oar—but all in vain—
We never reached that cruel bark again—
Never again she paused our shrieks to hear—
And when we caught the last faint glimpse of her,
My mother turned her vacant eyes on me,
With a loud laugh of wild insanity !
And then her listless words—her heavy sighs—
Her maniac shrieks—her sobs—her piteous cries—
Oh God ! oh God ! across the vale of years,
Still, like a knell, they break upon my ears,
And pierce my bleeding heart, so I would fain
Defer this sad narration of my pain—
But it is meet that thou the worst shouldst know—
And sure there can be nothing new in woe
To me—no burning pangs the soul can melt—
No bitter agony I have not felt—
No depth in grief, to which I have not sunk—
No dreg in Sorrow’s cup I have not drunk !

XI.

“ The second day, her frantic ravings ceased—
The third, her troubled spirit Death released,

And left me to a darker fate and gloom—
Oh ! never more may such be mortal's doom !
May mortal never more such vigil keep
Above the corse's cold—dark—festering sleep.
Six days I floated on the stagnant sea—
The dead alone to keep me company—
Six days I sent to Heaven my feeble cry—
Six days I prayed for death—but could not die !
At last, I know not if I dreamed or slept,
Or, if 'twere stupor o'er my senses crept,
Or, from its wasting, dying tenement,
To other worlds my fainting spirit went ;
But unto me my sainted mother came,
In all, save sorrow's pallid hues, the same—
The same clear eyes, and mournful mien she bore—
The same meek smile, and raven tresses wore—
Again she drew me to her gentle breast—
Again her lips upon my forehead pressed—
Again she clasped her hands 'twixt both of hers,
And bathed them with affection's burning tears,
And said—' On earth for thee is rest my boy,
Life, for thee, treasures future love and joy ;
Though, first, much pain and sorrow thou must know ;
Yet, fear not, I will guard thy weal below—
Thou yet wilt see thy sire, when lank Remorse
Is gnawing on his heart ; when, like a corse,

Dead to all things, he roams the earth alone,
Pining for kindred love, but finding none.
Fly to EUDORI, on the Grecian strand—
Convey my dust to his paternal hand—
Tell him my fate—my penitence—despair—
My dying blessing—and my parting prayer.—
Then MEDON seek—avenge my wrong so vast—
Be pure—and thou wilt gain this Land at last !'
And now I woke beneath a burning sky—
And thought, in turn, my time had come to die.
My swollen eyeballs throbbed with maddening pain,
My pulses leaped—spun round and round my brain—
My tongue lay parched and palsied on my lips—
Slow stole upon my sight a dark eclipse—
And went and came, like shadows o'er the sun—
A start—a gasp—a sigh—and sense was gone.

XII.

“ At last, I felt me borne as in a dream,
And wafted down some softly-gliding stream,
And heard the creaking cordage overhead—
The sailor's merry song and nimble tread—
Then backward sank to mental night again—
Delirium's world of fantasy and pain—
Where hung the fiery moon—and stars of blood—
And phantom ships rolled on the rolling flood ;

Again awoke, as fain my spirit clung
To life, and over me a sailor hung,
Striving with cordials to recall my breath,
And woo me from the cold embrace of Death ;
But, in my hammock many a dreary day,
And weary week, I impotently lay ;
The while he watched me with a parent's care,
With holy oil, and rosary, and prayer ;
Brought every toy that lures the childish sight—
And, when at last health came, 'twas his delight
To give me books—to see my mind expand—
And grasp the lore of many an ancient land—
To pore o'er angles, and the curious chart—
To learn the compass, and the seaman's art.

XIII.

“ This was LEANDER—Master of this bark ;
A short and sinewy man, with aspect dark ;
Features embrowned by Equatorial beams ;
Yet lit with pity's purest, softest gleams—
That sacred light sent up from feeling's shrine,
To make the human face appear divine.
Much he had known of sorrow, pain, and strife—
Once, too, he had a boy and tender wife—
But they were gone—he'd now no kin—no home—
And Pelf allured him o'er the distant foam—

Yet, could not 'bate the dearth his bosom knew—
And in his heart a second son I grew.

XIV.

“ My mind, by grief, was ripened ere its time,
And knowledge came spontaneous as a chime
That flows into the soul, unbid, unsought ;
On earth, and air, and heaven, I fed my thought—
On ocean's teachings—ÆTNA's lava tears—
Ruins and wrecks—and nameless sepulchres.

XV.

“ Now, lovely girl, I leap the gulf of years,
And scenes unfit for youthful maiden's ears ;
The mortal miseries and debasing wiles,
Bedimming ocean's pearl-encircled Isles—
Those Edens of the soft Hesperian sea—
The Isles of love, and song, and mutiny,¹
Where Zephyr waxes weary with perfume,
And Nature clothes the earth in deathless bloom ;
The maiden vested in her raven hair,
Roams fresh and free as her own mountain air.

XVI.

“ Wherever fickle fortune promised gain,
This gallant vessel sped the azure main ;

She bore the richest treasures of the NILE,
To deck the beauty of the British Isle ;
Then westward sailed, the INDIES to explore,
And course along COLUMBIA's plenteous shore.—
And over her, at last, I had full sway,
And roved, at will, upon the liquid way,
From OTAHEITE's shore to SALAMIS—
I had what most men crave, save happiness—
That fair, illusive bubble all pursue,
With outstretched hand and ever eager view,
To the dark verge of death—then hopeless there,
Behold it burst—and vanish into air—
Leaving them weary and aghast to sink ;
Or, grope in darkness on the frightful brink :
But Vengeance lashed me on, from tide to tide—
From land to land—in heart a parricide !
Great Ruler of all things above—below !
Why man's unequal destiny—his woe ?
Why born—allured—afflicted—left to hate—
The cruel sport of unrelenting Fate—
To writhe beneath the pangs of speechless ire,
Until the heart consumes with its internal fire ?

XVII.

“ We now were mid the fair WEST INDIAN Isles,
Where Beauty reigns, and Nature ever smiles,

So softly, scarce is heard the Zephyr's sigh—
And where one might be well content to die ;
But Fate impelled me to the Grecian sky—
And soon I bade farewell to INDIA's daughters,
And bounded o'er Atlantic's surging waters.

XVIII.

“ At last we furled our sail in CORON's bay ;
Basking along the shore the sailors lay,
Or strayed wherever fancy led the way ;
While weary and oppressed with gloomy thought,
EUDOR's castle-hall I slowly sought.
The garnished walls were peopled with his race—
And, in their midst, I saw my mother's face—
All beautiful and fraught with girlish grace—
Alas ! why was it there to smile on me,
And break the slumber of my agony !
Mirrors and vases—busts, and statues fair—
And all, bespeaking opulence, were there.
Upon his rich divan EUDOR sate,
Sad was his visage, and his mien sedate ;
Low from his turban hung his silver hair ;
Upon his sallow features sat despair ;
And to my greeting, scarce he bowed his head—
I knelt before him with a shivering dread—

Stammered the woes my heart no more could bear—
My mother's penitence, and parting prayer—
Besought him to accept her treasured dust—
And me to take beneath his sacred trust ;
But vainly—vengeance darted from his eye—
Cold through me ran his freezing scrutiny—
'Depart ! unconsecrated Youth !' he said,
'Nor longer wake the memory of that maid—
Each word of her thou speakest, to my heart
Sends torture keener than the barbèd dart.
She was my idol—priestess—heaven—my bliss—
The emblem of her mother's loveliness—
Her beauty—but 'tis past.—These limbs are weak—
Hoary my beard—and furrowed deep my cheek—
Childless I am—yet rather than to take
Thee to my heart, I'd clasp the venomèd snake—
My curse is on thee ;—from my sight depart—
Or, feel this sabre rankle in thy heart !'
Shaking with inward ire, EUDORI said,
And bowed between his hands his turbaned head.

XIX.

"I rose—I bowed—I staggered from that hall—
Praying for death to wrap me in his pall—
I reached the shore—beneath the pitying moon,
Lay, like ENDYMION, chained in sorrow's swoon ;

I loved EUDORI—could have laid my brow
Within the dust for one kind word—one vow
Of fatherly protection—but 'twas vain—
He turned on me a glance of fierce disdain,—
And sent me shivering through the world again.—
'Twas done—my last faint hope on earth was o'er—
And I was friendless—hapless as before—
An heir to title, and to high estate,
But heirless, banished by relentless hate—
I called upon the rocks to pity me—
The crags—the mountain-peaks for sympathy—
Invoked the moaning billows at my feet
To wrap me in their azure winding-sheet—
The birds—the unseen spirits of the air,
To mitigate the depth of my despair ;
Still these would hearken never to my cry,
But left me to my fate—to one long, living sigh.

CANTO IV.

ZAMEN'S HISTORY CONTINUED—JOURNEY TO MECCA—
THE WRECK—MYNERA'S LINEAGE.

I.

“SHRINE of the Gods ! mine own eternal GREECE !
When shall thy weeds be doffed—thy mourning cease—
The gyves that bind thy beauty rent in twain,
And thou be living—breathing GREECE again ?
Grave of the Mighty ! Hero—Poet—Sage—
Whose deeds are guiding stars to every age !
Land unsurpassed in glory and despair,
Still, in thy desolation thou art fair !
Low in sepulchral dust lies PALLAS' shrine—
Low in sepulchral dust thy fanes divine—
And all thy visible self—yet, o'er thy clay,
Soul—beauty—linger, hallowing decay.
Not all the ills that war entailed on thee—
Not all the blood that stained Thermopylæ—
Not all the desolation traitors wrought—
Not all the woe and want invaders brought ;—

Not all the tears that Slavery could wring
From out thy heart of patient suffering—
Not all that drapes thy loveliness in night,
Can quench thy Spirit's never-dying light ;
But hovering o'er the dust of gods enshrined,
It beams a beacon to the march of mind—
An oasis to sage and bard forlorn—
A guiding light to centuries unborn.

“ For thee I mourn—thy blood is in my veins—
To thee by consanguinity's strong chains
I'm bound, and fain would die to make thee free—
But oh ! there is no liberty for thee !
Not all the wisdom of thy greatest one—¹
Not all the bravery of THETIS' son—²
Not all the weight of mighty PHŒBUS' ire—
Not all the magic of the Athenian's lyre,³
Can ever bid thy tears or mourning cease,
Or rend one gyve that binds thee, lovely GREECE !

“ Where CORINTH weeps beside LEPANTO's deep,
Her Palaces in desolation sleep,
Seated till dawn on moonlit column, I
Have sought to probe eternal Destiny.
I've roamed, fair HELLAS, o'er thy battle plains,
And stood within APOLLO's ruined fanes,

Invoked the Spirits of the past to wake,
Assist, with swords of fire, thy chains to break ;
But only from the hollow sepulchres,
Murmured—‘ Eternal slavery is hers !’
And on thy bosom I have laid my head,
And poured my soul forth—tears of lava shed,
Before thy desecrated Altars knelt,
To calmer feelings felt my sorrows melt—
And gladly with thee would have made my home,
But Pride and Hate impelled me o’er the foam,
To distant lands and seas unknown to roam.

II.

“ The sails were spread—propitious breezes blew,
And from the lessening shores of GREECE we flew,
Bounded away by SCIO’s palmy Isle,
And anchored on the margin of the NILE.
There dwelt the crew—there health and pleasure won—
Rich treasures from the Children of the Sun’—
Jewels from TYRE—brocades from PERSIA’S loom—
From AFRIC, gold—from ARABY perfume ;
While o’er the wrecks of fallen worlds I pondered—
To TYRE and SIDON, and JERUSALEM wandered,
Mewing my mute thoughts up in sepulchres—
Couching on coffins—craving dead men’s tears.

III.

“ Oh ! God ! it is a melancholy sight
To see that land whence sprung all sacred light ;
Delight of men, and most beloved of God ;
Where, happy first, our primal parents trod ;
Where HAGAR mourned, and JUDAH’S minstrel sung,
With the dark pall of desolation hung !
No band of warriors crowd the royal gate,
No suppliant millions in the temples wait,
No Prophet-minstrel swells the tide of song,
No mighty Seer enchains the breathless throng ;
But from the JORDAN to the ÆGEAN tide,
From GANGES to EUPHRATES’ fertile side,
From MECCA’S plains to lofty LEBANON,
The ashes of departed Worlds are strown.
On CARMEL’S heights, on PISGAH’S tops I stood,
And paced EPIRUS’ savage solitude,
Before the sepulchre of JESUS knelt,
And by the Galilean waters dwelt,
Wandered among ASSYRIA’S ruins vast,
Feeding my mute thoughts on the silent past—
Pride—splendor—glory—desolation—crime—
And the deep mystery of the birth of Time.

IV.

"'Twas night in ARABY—upon the bank
Of the RED SEA awearily I sank,
Pensive and thoughtful :—On me DIAN smiled,
As erst in LATMOS on her dreamy Child,
The while I poured into her silver ears
The hoarded agonies and woes of years.
Silent the desert lay in every part—
I heard but the slow beatings of my heart—
Backward the Heaven-commanded waves retreat—
And the low sound of ISRAEL'S weary feet,
When soft as planetary harmony,
Into my rapt ear flowed this minstrelsy ;

SONG OF THE ARAB MAID.

I.

' One tardy year, young ALMA, now hath passed,
Since at the holy Shrine our vows we plighted—
Speed on, ye wheels of time, the moments fast,
When we for ever there shall be united !

II.

' Now, while propitious silence chains the grove,
No ear is ope to hear my bosom's yearning,

I'll breathe to thee the fond undying love,
That in the censer of this heart lies burning

III.

' I join not in the mirth, nor evening lay,
Nor give an ear to other lover's pleading,
Whose camels tread with mine the desert-way,
But on thy love my heart is ever feeding.

IV.

' I hear thy voice—I see thee every where,
Thy brow upon me like the Day-God's beaming—
I see thee when I close mine eyes in prayer—
I see thee nightly in the land of dreaming.

V.

' I see thee in the Càabà^s divine,
Thy heart with love and holy fervor glowing,
Waiting to claim my hand at ALLAH's shrine,
And bear me where the BENDEMEER is flowing.

VI.

' There, ALMA, it shall ever be my pride
With thee mid INDIA's roses to be dwelling,
And floating down life's smooth enchanted tide,
Our hearts together, like two bright streams, swelling.

v.

“ Thus sang that dark-haired maiden to her lute,
While in me breath, and pulse, and heart stood mute,
As suddenly translated to the spheres
Of Seraph-harmony. I dried my tears—
Approached, and said—‘ What, maid of ARABY,
Alone allures thee to the desert-lea ?
Fear’st not the GHOUL,* nor roving pirate wild,
May here molest ARABIA’S lovely child ? ’

“ ‘ I’m not alone,’ the artless MOSLEM said,
‘ There are our tents—our camels in the glade,
And straying barbs—by ALLAH’S will divine,
We journey to the holy Prophet’s shrine—
Who, who art thou, that lingerest by the sea,
And dar’st the desert-dells of ARABY ? ’

“ ‘ A lonely wanderer at Fate’s command,
With hope, nor home, nor kin, nor native land—
A child of melancholy, wrong, and strife—
A helpless reed cast on the sea of Life,
To drift at random. Maid of ARABY !
Fair, gentle child of love and minstrelsy !
Oh ! tell me, if in earth’s remotest part,
There’s aught to soothe the desolated heart—

Tell me, whom hate hath doomed the world to rove,
Where peace is found below, and where is love ?'

“ ‘ Oh ! Stranger, seek with us the Prophet's shrine,
There bend the knee, and plead for love divine ;
To each true MOSLEM heart an Houri's given'
Who waits his coming at the gates of Heaven !'
Saying, she beckoning, glided to a tent,
Where on their mats the grizzly Arabs leant,
Bid me repose, while her shy glance confessed,
She deemed me lurking foe, or GHEBER'-guest.

VI.

“ The morning came—the slumbering Arabs woke,
And far around the desert silence broke—
Rude sounds went up mid prayers to ALLAH given,
And anthems wafted to the vaults of heaven.
The tents were struck—along the camels led
To take their burden, and the desert tread—
And by the maiden's camel o'er the sand,
I urged my barb to ISLAM's sacred land.

VII.

“ There glowed the Arab's tent in beams serene—
The SERRAPURDA' with its crimson screen,

'Neath which the loveliest maids of PERSIA smiled,
Or, with their lutes the sultry hours beguiled.
There lowing camels wandered o'er the plain,¹⁰
The barb, and glossy steed with loosened rein,
The wild Armenian, and the haughty Greek ;
The Turk, the Arab, and the Hebrew meek ;
The olive Indian from the GANGES' side,
CASHMERE'S cool vales, and OMAN'S glassy tide,
Old age, and Beauty with her flowing hair,
All tongues—conditions—and all grades were there—
Ten thousand through the holy Temple strayed—
And suppliant Nations at the Altars prayed.

VIII.

"What sought I there ? what joy—allurement—bliss ?
Was it a home—love—friendship—happiness,
That led my footsteps o'er the burning sand—
A lonely pilgrim to the MOSLEM land ?
Ah, no ! no hopeful star was beaming there—
'Twas woe that urged me on, I cared not where,
So hate's unslumbering vengeance I might quell,
And slake my grief—my bosom's burning hell !
Alas ! from sorrow we can never fly—
Its roots are in the heart, and there will live and die !
I strode the dells of MINA, and the vales,
That rang of old with sacrificial wails,"¹¹

Tell me, what is the name of the land,
 Where you are building your nest?

"The name of the land is Greece,
 The land of the sun and the sea;
 To which the winds are ever blowing,
 Who with his wings are ever blowing,
 Saying as he blows, 'Greece is mine.'
 Where a ship is ever sailing,
 And no other ship is sailing,
 So that the ship is ever sailing."

"The name of the land is Greece,
 And the name of the sea is the sea;
 And the name of the wind is the wind,
 And the name of the ship is the ship;
 The name of the land is Greece,
 The name of the sea is the sea,
 And the name of the wind is the wind,
 And the name of the ship is the ship."

wring my hand,—

the land ;

the buoyant sail,

gale ;

goes,

he throws,

on his way,

flings back the foaming

leave at last,

ing look on HELLAS cast,

IONIAN waters fly,

the far West in the sky,—

our blooming ship and die.

Already Fancy leads me to those bowers ;
Again I pluck their Paradisian flowers,
Again I taste their mellow, melting fruits,
Again I drink the warbling of their lutes.
But oh, MYNERA ! frail man little knows,
What unseen obstacles may interpose
'Twixt him and hope—enshroud in night his goal,
And in terrific sorrow overwhelm his soul !
Hard by the shores of SICILY we steered,
When near the sinking sun a speck appeared :
The glass was brought—LEANDER scanned the sky,
Then strode the deck with anxious mien and eye—
The cabin sought—unrolled the faithful chart,
And in his mind renewed the rules of Art.
The sailors carefully examined each
Weak plank, or seam—calked every opening breach,
Secured the sails, repaired the stranded ropes,
And to the Pilot's skill resigned their hopes ;
While in the cabin with LEANDER, I
Prepared to meet the worst emergency.
The gathering storm already veils the sun,
Prophetic murmurs o'er the billows run,
And from her inmost caves the maddening deep
Rocks like an Earthquake waking from its sleep.
Night shrouds the sea—the heavens are hung with black,
The beating tempest drives the vessel back ;



The thunder rolls along the boiling main,
As God had rent the angry vault in twain,
And wrapped the waters in eternal night ;
And hopelessly we drift before the tempest's might,
Till on our startled ears a sudden cry—
' Ho ! breakers ! breakers ! ' warns us Death is nigh—
' Brace quick the yards ! the main and topsails reef !
The mizzen brail ! ' are now the orders brief,—
' To sea ! for if upon these rocks we're tost,
We must go down, and every soul be lost !'
And with the speed of thought each seeks his post :
LEANDER grasps the helm, and breathlessly
Strains every nerve to turn the prow to sea ;
But vain ; now on the mountain wave she rides—
Then down into the yawning chasm glides—
Then, like a curbless steed stands head in air,
Shaking from her the pallid mariner—
Then, veering round beneath the tempest's shocks—
Backs—lurches—bilges on the fatal rocks.

And now arise on high the shrieks of death—
The wild farewell of those who yield their breath—
Some battle with the breakers long and brave—
Some seize a plank—a beam—a floating stave—

Some to the mast and rigging cling for life—
Some pray—some curse—some shriek, 'my child—my
wife !

Oh, JESUS ! save us from the tempest's wrath !'
Then sink in silence to the shades of death.
Upon the mizzen, where I shivering clung
A little while, the sage LEANDER hung—
Peace to his ashes ! never shrouded wave
A heart so noble—or a soul so brave !
'ZAMEN ! my dear—my tender boy !' he said,
'I had not thought thus soon to join the dead ;
But 'tis God's will—and his decrees are just—
Oh ! in that God put all thy future trust !
If thou art saved from death, remember me !'
He cried, then sank into Eternity.

X.

The morning came ; still howled the angry main,
Mingling its wailings with our shrieks of pain :
Still o'er our heads the brooding tempest hung—
But five of fifty to the vessel clung—
The rest, alas ! had found a watery grave,
Full many a fathom down beneath the wave.
And morning came—and went—and came again—
And still we bore the pangs of thirst and pain.

Oh Life ! mysterious—subtle—fragile thread !
Spark that divid'st the living from the dead !
What—what art thou, that we should cling to thee
With miser grasp in death's last agony ?
We hugged the mast when pallid hope had sped—
We hugged it when the power of speech had fled—
And we were left not even the aid of cries ;
The Cannibal was glaring from our eyes,
When by the wreck a Pirate's cruiser rode,
And offered aid—a friendly, safe abode.

XI.

“ This was our sire, who saved me from the main—
The common author of our grief and pain—
Thou art my sister—partner of my woe—
My tears—my anguish ”——

“ ZAMEN—ZAMEN—No !

Thanks to the Heaven that made me not akin
Unto the hideous wretch thy sire hath been !
Villain most vile—I had not, from my birth,
Dreamed Heaven permitted such to tread this earth.
Thy story fills my heart with grief and fear,
And renders thee a thousand times more dear ;
For aye, amid thy matchless woes and tears,
The virtue of thy noble heart appears—

Virtue, that lofty souls must ever love—
Virtues that Angels register above.
My sire, the rightful heir of MORA, fell
In battle, ere I can remember well.
He flew, poor man, to GREECE, his native land,
To wrench her from the heartless Tyrant's hand ;
There fell upon the shrine of Liberty—
And well my mother kept his memory,
Until GONZALO, by the wizard's art,
Sought and obtained her youthful hand and heart ;
Which done, with him she sailed to HELLAS' shore—
And to HESPERIA fair returned no more.
He said she of a fatal fever died ;
That they had laid her by my father's side—
But now I see it all—'tis all too true—
Alas ! alas ! she was his victim too !
Foul fiend !—they whispered this into my ear—
But such aspersions I could never hear—
He was so fatherly—so dear to me,
I could not link him with such infamy !
Oh, God ! avenge the injuries of the dead—
Pour thy fierce wrath upon the murderer's head !
I've dwelt from childhood from the world apart,
Deeming it sinless as I knew my heart ;
My lute, the birds, the flowers, have been my friends—
My book, the soft blue heaven that o'er me bends,

My Fancy never, in her wildest dream,
Painted such hideous deeds as form thy theme,
Which circumscribes my knowledge of mankind ;—
But though all else are vile, thou'rt good and kind—
Oh ! in these vales afar from sin and strife,
Loving but virtue, let us walk through life,
Forgetting all the ills our hearts have tried !”
On his responsive breast she sobbing sighed.

XII.

And they were wed—Love chased their tears away,
As mists are driven before the smile of day,
Gave softer radiance to both earth and sky,
And made each lovelier in the other's eye.
No discord rose to mar their happiness ;—
Each morning brought to them untasted bliss ;
No pangs—no sorrows came with varying years ;
No cold distrust, no faithlessness, no tears,—
But hand in hand, as EVE and ADAM trod
EDEN, they walked beneath the smile of God.
At morn they wandered through the dewy bowers,
Tended the birds, or trained the garden flowers ;—
Or, weary of these health-inspiring Arts,
With music and sweet song refreshed their hearts ;
Then all day seated in the colonnade,
Or where the myrtle made a genial shade,

They pored upon the tomes of other days—
CERVANTES' wit, and OSSIAN's sounding lays ;
And DANTE's dreams, and PETRARCH's deathless love—
All that mad TASSO into numbers wove—
SHAKESPEARE's deep harp, and MILTON's loftier song—
From all creations of the minstrel throng—
Statues and busts by Grecian chisels wrought,
They drew the nutriment of love and thought.—
Then, moved by Genius, ZAMEN swept his lyre,
And, like a meteor, flashed its latent fire
Upon the world ; and thrilled its inmost heart—
All that his soul had gleaned from beauty—art—
Love—ruin—melancholy—anguish—wrong—
Revenge—he wove into harmonious song,—
And to his country, and to lasting fame,
Bequeathed a cherished and a spotless name.

NOTES.

CANTO I.

NOTE 1, Sect. III., p. 246.

"Fond lingering over ANDALUSIA'S shrines."

The name of Andalusia, meaning the region of evening, or the west, was applied by the Arabs, not only to the province so called, but to the whole Peninsula.

NOTE 2, Sect. III., p. 246.

"Fresh blows the breeze on TARIK'S burnished bay."

"Tarick, whom Mousa, the Arab General, sent over with a body of troops to make the first attempt on Spain, crossed the Straits, and was the first that set his foot on the Rock of Gibraltar, from which circumstance it was called Ghebal Tarick, meaning in Arabic, the Rock or Mountain of Tarick. Gibraltar is a corruption of Ghebal Tarick."—*See BUSK'S History of Spain and Portugal*, p. 8.

"Mousa était ambitieux et entreprenant, mais la prudence tempérait en lui l'ambition et l'audace ; il fit prendre des renseignements sur l'Espagne, sur le souverain, sur les forces militaires du pays, et ses agents lui firent un rapport fidèle de tout ce qu'ils avaient vu et remarqué. Ils lui vantèrent la douce température de cette contrée, son beau ciel, ses richesses, la bonté de ses fruits,

ses eaux pures et abondantes, la marche régulière des saisons, la variété de ses productions, ses monuments, ses vastes et populeuses cités. 'L'Espagne,' lui dirent-ils, 'l'emporte sur toutes les régions connues; c'est la Syrie pour l'air et le climat; c'est l'Yémen pour la fertilité du sol; c'est l'Inde pour ses aromes et pour ses fleurs; c'est le Katay pour ses mines précieuses; c'est l'Aden pour ses portes et ses beaux rivages.'

"Ces riantes descriptions séduisirent Mousa, qui informa aussitôt le calife des propositions du comte Julien, et de la *facilité* de conquérir ces riches contrées, qu'un détroit de peu d'étendue séparait seul de l'Afrique. Le calife approuva l'intention de son général, dont il connaissait le zèle et l'habileté. Muni de ce consentement, Mousa fit ses préparatifs d'invasion; mais voulant d'abord sonder les dispositions du peuple espagnol et juger de l'effet des promesses de Julien, il envoya cinq cents cavaliers d'élite à Centa, pour être de là transportés en Espagne. Il donna le commandement de cette troupe à Tarik-ben-Zegar, dont il avait éprouvé les talents et la bravoure dans la guerre d'Almagreb. Le passage s'effectua sur quatre grands bateaux qui abordèrent heureusement de Centa aux rivages Andalous. Les Arabes parcoururent toute la côte sans éprouver de résistance. Au bout de quelques jours Tarick ramena sa troupe à Tanger, chargée de butin (au 91 de l'hégire (2); 710 de L.—C.)

"Mousa conçut de ce premier succès les plus heureux présages, et rassemblant aussitôt un nombreux corps d'armée il chargea le même Taric d'aller commencer la conquête. Taric alla prendre terre à Jezira-Alhadra, ou l'île Verte, en face de la ville actuelle d'Algéziras. Les Espagnols opposèrent quelque résistance; mais au bout de quelques minutes ils prirent la fuite. Tarick fit alors passer son armée sur le continent, et son premier soin fut de se retrancher au pied du mont Calpé; ce fut de lui que la pointe du rocher qui se projette dans la mer reçut le nom de Gib al Tarik (Montagne de Tarick), dont les modernes ont fait Gibraltar. Ce grand événement eut lieu sur la fin d'Avril de l'année suivante (711; 92 de l'hégire.)"—*Conquête de l'Espagne par les Arabes.*

NOTE 3, Sect. III., p. 247.

"And many a bark and gallant vessel sweep
Remorseless o'er the mournful Molems' sleep."

When the banished Moors reached the sea-shore in Andalusia, many thou-

sands, preferring death to a home in a strange land, threw themselves into the waves and were drowned.

NOTE 4, Sect. III., p. 247.

"And Nelson's spirit hovers o'er the wave
Where bled the mighty, and repose the brave."

Trafalgar.

NOTE 5, Sect. IV., p. 249.

"Alas! how many children of this earth
Look back and curse the authors of their birth,—
Those who first lured their steps to Ruin's brink,
Then left them there—alone—dismayed—aghast to sink!"

The following is from an account of Parkhurst Prison in the Isle of Wight:—

"Many of the children had been driven to crime by the neglect and cruelty of step-mothers. I asked if they were very unhappy; and was answered, that the great mass were not the least so, but that, on the other hand, there was no doubt that a few were heart-broken. The ties of home, in many instances, retain their influence. One apparently hardened little fellow, who swore and played the bully, on coming into the prison, nevertheless sank down in tears on being talked to of 'his little sister.'"

NOTE 6, Sect. IX., p. 254.

"Sleep chains the earth; the bright stars glide on high."

"Nox erat, et placidum carpebant fessa sopore
Corpora per terras, sylvæque et sæva quierant
Æquora; cùm medio volvuntur sidera lapsu:
Cùm tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictæque volucres,
Quæque lacus latè liquidos, quæque aspera dumis

Rura tenent, somno positæ sub nocte silenti
 Lenibant curas, et corda oblita laborum.
 At non infelix animi Phœnissa : nequē unquam
 Solvitur in somnos, oculisve aut pectore noctem
 Accipit. Ingeminant curæ, rursusque resurgens
 Sævit amor, magnoque irarum fluctuat æstu."

ÆNEID, *Lib. IV.*, *Lines 522-534.*

CANTO III.

NOTE 1, Sect. XV., p. 297.

"The Isles of love, and song, and mutiny."

It was near the coast of Otaheite, and the adjacent islands, that the crew of Captain Bligh mutinied ; which mutiny forms the subject of Byron's *Island*.

CANTO IV.

NOTE 1, Sect. I., p. 303.

"Not all the wisdom of thy greatest one."

Lycurgus.

NOTE 2, Sect. I., p. 303.

"Not all the bravery of Thetis' son."

Achilles.

NOTE 3, Sect. I., p. 303.

"Not all the magic of the Athenian's lyre."

Seven of the greatest cities of Greece—Smyrna, Rhodes, Athens, Colophon,

Salamis, Chios, and Argos—contended for the honor of being the birth-place of Homer. For the sake of euphony I have selected Athena.

NOTE 4, Sect. II., p. 304.

"There dwelt the crew—there health and pleasure won—
Rich treasures from the Children of the Sun."

"The religion of the Arabs, as well as the Indians, consisted in the worship of the sun, the moon, and the fixed stars."—GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Vol. V., p. 410.

NOTE 5, Sect. IV., p. 307.

"I see thee in the Uadâ divine."

Câabâ—The Temple at Mecca.

NOTE 6, Sect. V., p. 308.

"Fear'st not the Ghoul, or roving pirate wild?"

Ghoul—The Arabs believe the desert to be infested with wild Ghouls, or fiends.

NOTE 7, Sect. V. p. 309.

"To each true Moslem heart an houri's given,
Who waits his coming at the gates of Heaven."

"To all the Mahometans, who were true to their country, or religion, were allotted one or more Houris, who would intercede for them in Heaven."—GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall*.

NOTE 8, Sect. V., p. 309.

"She deemed me lurking foe, or Gheber-guest."

Gheber—A follower of Zoroaster.

NOTE 9, Sect. VIII, p. 309.

"The Serrapurda with its crimson screen."

Serrapurda—A high screen of crimson silk, stiffened with cane, and enclosing a considerable space around the royal tents.

NOTE 10, Sect. VIII., p. 310.

"There lowing camels wandered o'er the plain,
The barb, and glensy steed with loosened rein."

"Call to mind when we gave the site of the house of the Càabà for an abode unto Abraham, saying, do not associate any thing with me, and cleanse my house for those who compass it, and who stand up, and who bow down to worship, and proclaim unto the people a solemn pilgrimage; let them come unto thee on foot, and on every lean camel, arriving from every distant road, that they may be witnesses of the advantages which accrue to them from the visiting this holy place, and commemorating the home of God."—*Al Korn*, ch. xxii., p. 255.

NOTE 11, Sect. IX., p. 310.

"I strode the dells of Mina, and the vales
That rang of old with sacrificial walls."

"Before the time of Mohammed sacrifices were offered upon the altars of the Càabà. They strode the vales of Mina—threw stones into the valley—cast their garments on the ground—three times paced around the reeking altars, and the pilgrimage was completed."—GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

Loves of the Minstrels.

TO THOSE

Who love Romance and the Romancer,

WHETHER IN PROSE OR RHYME:

TO THOSE

WHO DARE TO LIFT THEIR SOULS FROM THE MATERIAL TO THE SPIRITUAL,

These Poems are Inscribed,

WITH THE BEST EMOTIONS OF THE HEART

FROM WHICH THEY RECEIVED THEIR VITALITY.

•

LOVES OF THE MINSTRELS.

THE CRUISE OF AUREANA.

A LIFE VOYAGE.

WHEN not a breath bespoke a gale,
And not a cloud eclipsed my vision,
I weighed my anchor, trimmed my sail—
And floated out to seas Elysian.

Onward I sailed by many a realm,
And many a spicy-breathing islet,
With Cupid smiling at the helm—
Nor wished for any other pilot.

The green-haired sea-maids laughing, sipping,
Hung, reeling round my cup of bliss ;
Old Neptune, briny-lipped, and dripping,
Upon my brow impressed a kiss.

The warblers piped, from dell and dingle,
To greet me as I neared the strands—
The lilies made their snow-bells jingle—
The wood-nymphs clapped their pearly hands.

Around me hung th' enamored hours ;
From airy rifts that oped above me
White fingers dropped celestial flowers—
The very stars did seem to love me :

And my ecstatic pulse did play
To silvery feet of roseate blisses
That danced around my soul, which lay
Feeding upon aerial kisses.

Anon a sound came out from under
The wave, and smote my slumbering ear ;
A voice croaked out, like muttering thunder—
“ Beware ! beware ! the shoals are near ! ”

Then starting from this sweet delirium,
I glanced around my sea-borne lodge—
A cloud was in the blue empyreum—
A shadow on my horologe.

I watched the weary waves awake,
I watched them with the tempest wrestle,
And knew full well the storm would break
At last upon my helpless vessel.

I watched it deepening dire and dark,
And prayed to Heaven to help me fly to
Some happy port—or guide my bark
Into some friendly, beckoning bayou.

With lips apart, and hands uplifted,
Breasting the billows' booming shocks,
I asked of Christ why I was drifted
So roughly on these rolling rocks.

The sullen sea made no reply—
Celestial ears were closed to prayer—
No beacon star came out on high,
To light the night of my despair ;

But swift the tempest clomb the sky-walls,
And stretched its wings from pole to pole,
Then, bending low, with flashing eyeballs,
Hung o'er me like an angry soul.

Down bore it on me fierce and fast—
My little shallop danced the billow,
And quivered in the beating blast,
Like leaf dissevered from the willow.

I heard the breakers roar ahead—
I felt my little vessel shudder—
I called my pilot—he had sped—
A fiend was standing at the rudder !

“Fear not !” he said, “’tis but a breeze
That would not harm a lighter vessel ;
I am the pilot of these seas—
And know with wind and wave to wrestle.

“Fear not ! these moorings well I’ve sounded—
With many a frail, dismasted bark
Over these boiling billows bounded
Mid mist and mirk—by day and dark.

“Fear not ! young mariner of the mere !
Be not so pale—be not so fevered—
’Tis but the howling blast ye hear—
The breakers they are far to leeward.

“Fear not ! pale mariner, be of cheer,
We’re now beyond the maelstrom’s power,
Thy little shallop I will steer
Safely to port within an hour.

Now loud as trump of Time, I heard
The storm-fiend ring his awful ’larum,
And now a whirlpool’s jaws we neared—
It was the *Mare Tenebrarum* !

Dark rocks on rocks lay piled and riven—
Midway their front an archway yawned,
Through which the wailing waves were driven
Into the boiling hell beyond.

Beside it, blacker than the night,
Stood Fate, the dread portcullis lifting,
While downward many a wreck bedight,
Heart-freighted Argosy went drifting.

Bleak skeletons of thrones and empires—
Systems, and dogmas—fallen creeds—
Armies with banners furled—sage umpires—
Cities torn from their roots like reeds.

Monarchs and queens with beggars clinging
Unto their togas' golden hems—
The idiot, plunging, laughing, singing,
And tossing up their diadems.

Virtue, with snowy pinions brailed—
Envy, with rankling venom bloated—
Beauty, with all her charms unveiled,
Like drift-wood down the rapid floated.

Now round and round my shallop whirled—
Then struggling lay, as in a spasm ;
I shrieked—the gloating demon curled
His lip, and pointed to the chasm.

I grasped the helm, and though too late,
Hurled back the fiend's exulting glances ;
I called on Heaven—I called on Fate—
Again they left me to my chances.

And now my bark like frightened steed,
Back from the hissing portal wheelèd—
Now forward leaped, with lightning speed—
Now downward, like a drunkard reelèd.

Now, like some mighty wrestler, rising
With foe, it righting, struck a wreck,
And, by the shock, the fiend capsizing,
Had well-nigh shaken him from the deck ;

But, springing up, while fury blanches
His cheek, and all the howling surge
Pushes behind, my bark he launches .
Breathless upon the sable verge.

Gasping it lay, with ruthless arm
The whirlpool clove its sides asunder—
An Angel clasped my sinking form—
The demon and the boat went under.

THE ANGEL'S VISIT.

ONE December evening cold,
Filled with sorrows manifold,
To the sere and sallow wold
With an Elfin step I stole,
To hold converse with my soul,
Of the loved and lost of yore,
Dwelling on the shadowy shore —
The spirit shore.

Very lonely was my breast—
On that night no genial guest
By its hearth-stone paused to rest ;
Dim the lamp of Hope did gleam
O'er my young heart's darkened stream ;
And I sought from mystic store
In that lamp new oil to pour—
Fresh oil to pour.

Dark, and drear, and desolate,
On a mossy crag I sate,
Watching through the heavenly gate
Many a solemn angel-band
Marching to the spirit-land,
When Love tapping on the door
Of my heart, did there implore—
A home implore.

Trembling, shivering, timid-hearted,
From that holy dream I started;
As a ghost of the departed
From the gates of light had drifted,
And with icy fingers lifted
Up the latchet of the door
Of my doting heart once more—
Ah me ! once more !

Then aside I dashed the tear,
Lower bent my spirit's ear,
More distinct the taps to hear,
And all thoughtless did begin
To tell Love to enter in,
When an Angel sought this shore
To defeat him at the door—
My lone heart's door.

Low his golden tresses streaming
O'er his wings with soul-light beaming,
Perched he down amid my dreaming,
Perching, sat ere I could rise,
Gazing full into my eyes,
As my soul he would explore—
And this Cupid by the door—
My lone heart's door.

Calmly then the Angel spoke,
Words that o'er my spirit broke,
Like the chimes in dream-land woke—
“Sad, meek solitaire of earth,
Loving, trusting from thy birth—
Soul that heavenward dost soar,
Turn this traitor from the door—
Thy lone heart's door.

“In thy breast he seeks no home,
From the blithest he will roam ;
He will enter the heart's dome,
Filch its every jewel fair,
Plant his barbèd arrow there,
And then straight go out the door,
Back returning never more—
Ah ! never more !

“ Search the chronicles of Love,
See the nets that he has wove,
To entrap the timid dove ;
See in Lethe's crowded domes
Ashes of his hecatombs ;
And I wot thou'lt keep the door
Of thy heart locked ever more—
For ever more.

“ Blossoms in thy heart may bloom,
E'en while Love hath there his home,
But their roots are in the tomb ;
And the tramp of funeral-feet
Lone thy spirit's ear will greet,
When too late to lock the door
Of thy heart for ever more—
Ah ! ever more !

“ Therefore, mournful child of song,
Leave Love to the heartless throng,
Who can cope with woe and wrong ;
Pour thy soul's surcharge of fire
On an altar holier, higher,
And let Reason keep the door
Of thy fond heart ever more—
For ever more.”

When the Angel this had said,
Out his burnished wings he spread,
And above the tree-tops sped ;
Upward, upward, where the moon
Floated in her cloudy noon,
Leaving me to guard the door
Of my heart for ever more—

Ah ! ever more !

But this heart would not obey
What the missioned sprite did say—
It would have its wilful way ;
It made Love its chiefest guest,
Till he banished peace and rest,
When he straight went out the door,
Locking woe in ever more—

Ah ! ever more !

SONNETS TO MY STUDY.

I.

MY STUDY.

THIS is my world—my angel-guarded shrine,
Which I have made to suit my heart's great need,
When sorrow dooms it overmuch to bleed :
Or, when aweary and athirst I pine
For genial showers and sustenance divine ;
When love, or hope, or joy, my heart deceive,
And I would sit me down alone to grieve—
My mind to sad or studious mood resign.
Here oft, upon the stream of thought I lie,
Floating whichever way the waves are flowing—
Sometimes along the banks of childhood going,
Where all is bud, and bloom, and melody,
Or, wafted by some stronger current, glide,
Where darker frown the steeps and deeper flows the tide.

II.

IT IS MY CAABA.

Yes, 'tis my Càabà—a shrine below,
Where my soul sits within its house of clay,
Listing the steps of Angels come and go—
Sweet missioned heralds from the realms of day.
One brings me rays from regions of the sun,
One comes to warn me of some pending dart,
One brings a laurel leaf for work well done,
Another, whispers from a kindred heart.—
Oh ! this I would not change for all the gold
That lies beneath the Sacramento's waves,
For all the jewels Indian coffers hold,
For all the pearls in Oman's starry caves—
The lessons of all pedagogues are naught
To those I learn within this holy fane of Thought.

III.

HERE HOMER TEACHES.

HERE blind old Homer teaches lofty song ;
The Lesbian sings of Cupid's pinions furl'd,
And how the heart is withered up by wrong ;
Dante depicts an infernal world,
Wide opening many a purgatorial aisle ;
Torquato rings the woes of Palestine,
Alphonso's rage, and Leonora's smile—
Love, beauty, genius, glory all divine ;
Milton depaints the bliss of Paradise,
Then flings apart the ponderous gates of hell,
Where Satan on the fiery billow lies,
" With head uplift," above his army fell,—
And Avon's bard, surpassing all in art,
Unlocks the portals of the human heart.

IV.

TO THE GENIUS OF LITERATURE.

[A STATUETTE ON THE MANTEL IN MY STUDY.]

THY little foot uplifted on thy knee,
Thine eyes intently bent upon thy book,
As in a transcendental revery,
Ne'er deigning round my study-room to look,
There thou dost mutely sit from day to day,
Lost in the dreamy realm of fantasy.
Yet o'er my heart thou hold'st a mighty sway,
And sagest lessons dost impart to me
Of art, and beauty, and the wealth of lore ;
The unfathomable seas of mind and love ;
The meed for lofty effort held in store,
Till aspiration lifts my soul above,
And I am drunk in intellectual joy—
My charming, beautiful, mute marble boy.

V.

TO THE GENIUS OF ART.

[A STATUETTE ON THE MANTEL.]

THOU art a beam from God—the brightest ray
That heaven hath earthward sent to cheer the soul
And animate it in its house of clay,
With dreams of light, and life, and glory's goal.
Here, mutely worshipping, I gaze on thee,
Till nascent haloes dawn around thy brow,
And from the portals of eternity,
The laurelled dead, returning, round thee bow.
There bent o'er Farnarina's sainted face,
Feeding his soul, eternal Raphael kneels,
As if in its pale hues he still can trace
Beauty, surpassing all that Heaven reveals :
Angelo—Titian—all the immortal great,
Glide in and at thy feet for inspiration wait.

VI.

TO HEBE.

[A STATUETTE ON THE BOOKCASE.]

GODDESS of Beauty, and eternal youth !
Stray spark from Eden, ere the serpent came,
And fastened on the human heart his tooth,
And earth assumed a different hue and name !
Lovely ideal ! Beatific beam !
For which Canova made a house of clay !
No more thou art to me a Poet's dream.
Such life and light thou shedd'st upon my way,
Such living freshness breath'st upon the flowers
That droop beside the fountain of my soul—
So much dost speak of Bacchanalian hours,
How proudly thou did'st bear the nectar bowl,
How one ill step o'erwhelmed thee with disgrace,
And Ganymèdes won thy high celestial place.

VII.

TO A BUST OF HOMER.

[STANDING ON MY DESK.]

HOMER, thou art not dead ! Thou canst not die
While beats one heart on this terrestrial sphere,
That quickens to the spell of Poesy,
Or, Fancy's smile illumines its chambers drear.
Three thousand years have watched thy steady light
Guiding the minstrel band to Fame's high goal,
As Cynosura through the treacherous night,
Directs the mariner o'er the dangerous shoal.
Those filmy orbs emmove with Genius' fire ;
Those pale lips speak from out the mighty past,
Of Helen's beauty, and Achilles' ire,
And Ilium's tears, and sighs, and struggles vast,
Until I hear the Grecian shouts resound,
And Troy's proud walls come tumbling to the ground.

VIII.

TO MY BOOKS.

HALLOWED companions ! tutors ! ministers !
To ye I bring my overburdened heart,
Bare its deep wounds with many sighs and tears,
And bless ye while ye soothe its burning smart.
If falsehood, envy, hate, or death surround me,
Ye fortify and make my spirit strong—
If sickness fling her pallid mantle round me,
Ye speed the weary-wingèd hours along ;
If pleasure lure me to the festive hall—
Nature too long detain me by the brink,
Ye, like kind, watchful parents, gently call
Me hither, at your sapient founts to drink.—
Oh ! who would spurn the shrine which Wisdom tends—
Oh ! who could fail to love such pure and constant friends !

IX.

TO MY GUITAR.

So dear a friend as thou I never knew—
Such truth, and faith, and love, and sympathy
From evanescent hearts I never drew,
As I have drawn from thy soul-melody.
When I am sad thou chant'st some Paynim story
Until my woe is lost in woes of eld ;
When I am glad, thou sing'st of knightly glory,
Till heart and brain in magic spell are held.
And here, all day, thy voice my spirit drinks,
While reeling rapture steals along my veins,
Till every pulse inebriated sinks
Beneath the power of thy delicious strains ;
And softly beatific harp-notes roll,
And seraphs sing around the altars of my soul.

X.

THE OASES

THINK not that I am hapless, ye who read
'The pensive numbers of my fervent lyre.
That in the heart are sown some upas-seed,
Is not to prove all healthful germs expire.
That in a garden are some withered bowers,
Crisped buds and yellow leaves bestrew the ground,
Is not to prove it hath nor herbs nor flowers.
Think not because I've stood on every round
Of Fortune's ladder, that no oases
Amid the desert of my heart upglow
Above the sands and sallow cypresses,
Cheering the weary pilgrims as they go—
Not all the fires that Terra's breast consume,
Can kill these emerald spots that mid my heart-waste
bloom.

XI.

JOYS OF INTELLECTUAL EMPLOYMENT.

'Tis true I'm poor in what the world calls bliss ;
'Tis true I have known many wounds of pride,
With which a weaker nature would have died.
'Tis true I've passed Charybdis in distress,
Yet mid the maelstrom thrilled with happiness.
We should not murmur 'gainst an earthly trial—
It throws a stronger sunlight on life's dial,
Awakes the spirit in its chrysalis,
And plumes it to the broad, bright heavens to soar.
O God ! if I could sing the bliss I've known,
While sitting in this study-room alone,
Listing the soul-waves wash the eternal shore ;
If I could ring it out in one loud song,
'Twould shake the throne of grief and banish wrong.

XII.

HEART JOYS.

THE disappointments that did drape my youth,
And heavily upon my heart-strings lay ;
The yellow fennel that entwined my way,
Breathing upon my soul the dews of ruth ;
The many failings I have known of truth,
And love, and friendship—gnawing cares,
Toils, tears, bereavements—inward aches of years,
That teach me life's realities, in sooth ;
All have not banished from my bosom hope,
Nor drank the freshness of its youthful bloom—
There are some feelings grief cannot entomb—
Joys that to common daybeams never ope—
My spirit feeds on inborn blessedness,
And still hath faith in truth, and love, and happiness.

XIII.

TO POESY.

I.

THE earth, the sea, the air, are full of thee—
All animated nature owns thy sway—
The Angels thy entrancing spells obey,
Inexplicable—Heaven-born Poesy !
Thou art the holiest gift of Deity—
The High-Priest of the heart, that soothing e'er
To its confessions lend'st a willing ear ;
O'er its dark waters breath'st serenity,
And giv'st a voice to all its sacred feeling.
Thou dwellest with the humble, sad, and lone,
And broken-hearted, when love, hope have flown,
And death life's shallow current is congealing ;
Thou bidd'st the soul look heavenward from this clod—
And art the heart's best refuge next to God.

XIV.

TO POESY.

II.

How could I live without thee ! Unto whom,
In melancholy moments, could I fly,
To breathe or thought, or wish, or hope, or sigh,
And claim, in turn, a smile to light the gloom
That hovers o'er my heart, as o'er a tomb !
Who could allure me from the embrace of Sorrow,
My spirit cheer with visions of to-morrow,
But thou ? Who dwell with me mid bud and bloom ;
By hill, and dale, and stream, and rustling grove,
Teaching me Nature's language—those great truths,
With which she elevates, instructs, and soothes ?
Who lead me through those starry aisles above,
Unveiling to mine eyes Eternity,
If thou shouldst leave me—blest—inspiring Poesy ?

XV.

THE POET.

YE airy habitants of Fashion's mart !
Who, like the gayly-painted butterflies,
Seek but to dazzle by your gaudy dyes—
From all, that seem not gold and glitter, start
Appalled—as there could be nor soul, nor heart ;
Who never felt ennobling sympathies
Quicken your breasts ; nor heard Humanity's
Deep pleading voice ; scorn not the Poet's art !
Look nor disdainfully, nor cold on him,
Though soiled his garb, and wanting many a stitch—
Pale, worn his brow—his eyes with weeping dim ;
Though he charm not the stony-hearted rich,
His bosom throbs with higher—holier fire,
Than ever base, or common souls inspire.

SONNETS

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF PETRARCH.

I.

LAURA'S BEAUTY.

I SAW a form angelically bright,
Celestial beauty in the world below ;
And when I now recall my joy and woe,
All else seems but a dream—a vapor light.
I saw sweet tears the orbs of Laura fill,
Whose light eclipsed the light of envious Sol,
And heard the mournful music of her soul
Flow till the mountains moved—the streams stood still—
Love, wisdom, sympathy, and high desire,
Weeping, produce more holy harmony
Than ever yet was breathed from mortal lyre.
Heaven, raptured, listened to the solemn sound—
No leaflet dared to quiver on the tree,
Such bliss—such joy—earth, air, sky, ether bound.

II.

THE MODEL OF HER FACE.

I' WHAT part of Heaven, or world of beauty, love,
Did Nature find the model of thy face,
Within whose matchless and seraphic grace
She sought to show her power in realms above ?
What nymphs in fount—what goddess of the grove
E'er gave such golden tresses to the wind ?
When were such virtues in one heart combined ?
Right through my breast the shaft of death they drove.
A beauty so divine none ever knew,
Who never gazed enraptured on thine eyes,
Rolling so sweetly in their liquid blue.
None ever knew the balm of Love—his wiles,
Who never drank the music of thy sighs,
Or thrilled beneath the magic of thy smiles.

•

III.

THE SPELL OF HER BEAUTY

THE stars, the heavens, the elements combined
Their arts, to make a work where Nature might
Reflect herself more beautiful and bright,
And Sol a purer, holier light might find.
So lofty was the work—so lovely, new,
That mortal ken was blinded by its beams.
For ever in her eyes' cerulean streams,
Shone love, grace, sweetness, beauty, fervor true.
Their rays entranced and purified the air—
Awakened truth—and so divine became,
They baffled speech—love, thought, conception quelled.
No base desire was ever nourished there,
But honor, virtue burned a deathless flame—
And all vile hopes by Beauty's light were thence repelled.

•

IV

THE POWER OF HER VIRTUE.

OH, ardent virtue, that my heart enchained !
Oh, gentle soul, my spirit's lofty dome !
Oh, Sun of Purity—my stainless home !
Tower in high Heaven, by Angel-hands sustained !
Oh, flame—oh, roses scattered on sweet flakes
Of snow—a mirror pure wherein I gazed,
And thence to Beauty's face my glances raised—
A holier light than Sol's empyrean lakes !
Could distant regions comprehend my song,
I'd fill the earth with thy celestial name,
Nile and Olympus should the sound prolong :
But since the pinions of my muse are bound,
That lovely land shall echo with thy fame,
Which Apennines divide—and seas and Alps surround.

V.

HER PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

BLESSED be that bitter, yet thrice hallowed time,
When Laura's image brought into my heart
A bliss that genius never can impart,
And filled my soul with joy and grief sublime.
Her mien was gentle, and adorned with grace.
Her plaintive lamentations rapt my ear,
And made me doubt if mortal I did hear,
Or some fair one of Heaven's angelic race.
Her locks were gold, her cheeks were living snow,
Her brows were black, her eyes two stars that glowed,
Where love concealed, for ever bent his bow.
Her teeth were pearls, her lips vermillion hues,
Through which her voice like heavenly music flowed.
Her sighs were flame. her tears were crystal dews.

VI.

THE TORTURE OF LOVING.

If 'tis not love, what is it that I feel ?
But if 'tis love, whence these consuming pangs ?
If good, why goad me with these festering fangs ?
If ill, why with sweet torment do I reel ?
If bliss be mine, whence this eternal strife ?
When Laura frowns, lament and tears are vain.
O, living death ! O, sweet, delicious pain !
Without consent, why dost thou rule my life ?
If I should yield, me torture would o'erwhelm.
Alas ! mid adverse winds my fragile bark
Drifts down the doubtful sea without a helm !
No beams from wisdom's star a port proclaim,
But, ignorant of my fate, I brave the dark,
Trembling amid the winter of my flame.

VII.

LAURA'S SCORN.

SENNUCCIO, I would that thou didst know
How I am used. What, is my life accursed ?
I struggle with my burning love as erst—
Still Laura guides my steps where'er I go.
Now seems she humble, now with haughty mien,
Now stern, now soft, now cold, displeased, now pleased,
Now clothed in candor, now by kindness seized,
Now fierce, disdainful, smiling, sweet, serene.
Here once she sweetly sang, and here she sate,
Here gazed on me, here melancholy stood,
And with her beauteous eyes transfixed my heart.
Here once she spake, here wept, here smiled elate,
Here changed expression. In this pensive mood,
Day, night, Love holds me with his ruthless dart.

VIII.

BEAUTY'S ARROW.

It was the day that Phœbus draped the skies
In memory of his god, that Beauty blessed
First sheathed her barbèd arrow in my breast,
And chained my soul with beatific eyes.
My bosom then had never known a shield,
Nor dreamed of erring shaft—unconsciously
I chased the entrancing spell, till woe is me !
Too late I woke to find my fate was sealed.
Love, finding me disarmed against the foe,
Oped, through mine eyes, a channel to the heart,
Through which the tide of tears might ebb and flow ;
And thence, all honor, duty did forego
To pierce me with his unrelenting dart—
To arm my lady—and to show not me his bow.

IX.

THE MYSTIC POWER OF LAURA'S EYES.

BLESSED be the day, the week, the month, the year,
The happy season, time, the moment, hour,
The lovely land, the place, where mystic power
Of two bright eyes enchained me in their sphere.
Blessed be the grief that did the tear-drops start,
When I was wedded to eternal Love—
The bow, the arrow that my bosom clove—
The wounds that burn for ever in my heart.
Blessed be the voice with which so often I
Have called that name, I've most on earth adored.
The rapturous wish, the silent tears, the sigh.
Blessed be all paper whereon I have traced
Her beauty's fame, the breathing thoughts I've poured,
From which her image had all else effaced.

•

X.

LOVE'S LOFTY FOOD.

Love's lofty food so lifts my spirit up,
I envy Jove not his ambrosial dew.
I gaze on Beauty, and my soul anew
All else forgets in her inebriate cup.
Her songs, her words I prison in my soul,
That it may kneel before them in its cell,
Conquered by Love. Unknown his fatal spell,
Thrice blessed, I yield to Laura's twirl control,
I drink the music of her every tone,
Whose holy harmony to Heaven is dear—
And none can feel who've not its rapture known.
I feed my eyes upon her speaking face,
Where concentrated visibly appear,
Art, genius, beauty, beatific grace.

XI.

LOVE'S SWEET ANGER.

SWEET anger, sweetest wrath, sweet peace, sweet ire,
Sweet pain, sweet woe, sweet burthen of sweet good,
Sweet speech, so sweetly felt and understood,
With thy sweet pinions fan this sweetest fire.
Weep not, my soul, but suffer and be brave,
In thy too ardent flame bid honor come
Unto thy aid, and hold her blessed to whom
I erst did say, "*Thou only me canst save!*"
Another Century, perchance, will sing
With sigh of envy, this undying flame,
And weep my love's melodious suffering.
While others will exclaim, "Oh, blinding woe!
Why seal'dst our eyelids? Why did we not claim
An earlier birth—or *they* a later know?"

SONNETS FROM DIFFERENT LANGUAGES.

I.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT

'Tis Saturday, precisely half-past three,
P. M., the twenty-sixth of February,
Fifty-six (but with dates I will not tarry),
And, holding back my breath, I list for thee.
My elbow rests upon my study-table,
My hand imbeds my cheek. With studious look
Mine eyes are bent upon an open book,
And, yet, to read a line I am not able,
Although the volume is by Thackeray.
My tell-tale thoughts through Reason's hands have
slipped—
(I would to Heaven their pinions had been clipped)
And, laughing, flown to meet thee on thy way,
To whisper how thine absence does unnerve me—
And thy dear presence turn my heart all topsy-turvy.

II.

MY SOUL'S PHYSICIAN.

WHEN I was on the edge of twenty-three,
Late in the year of fifty-one, I think,
To see me writhe they gave me gall to drink—
And maddened by the draught, I sent for thee,
Who, like a kind physician, came to me,
Sat down beside the sick-bed of my soul,
Administered all antidotes for dole
In mollifying balm of sympathy.
Then, dashing from its violet brink the tear
That rose to tremble thanks, I flung apart,
Confidingly, the portals of my heart,
And bade thee look into its sepulchre—
And thy kind greeting of its early dead
Through all this life shall be remembered.

III.

FANCY'S PICTURE.

INTENT to seek afar some resting-place,
Fancy with partial pencil painted thee
Upon the tablets of my memory,
That I might gaze for ever on thy face,
Without the scrutiny of green-eyed jury
Envy impanels, with an oath sublime,
To twist the acts of innocence to crime,
And put the straight-laced public in a fury.
To seek that foreign home I did not go,
But did elect, upon my native soil,
Impatiently in paths of pain to toil
For laurels, which through years should greener grow—
And, now, above the hazy horizon
Of my young starless life thou'st risen like a sun.

IV.

BEST DEFINITION OF MAN.

MAN is the vainest creature Heaven has made,
Except the peacock, which unpicked would be
Of him a better definition, five to three,
Than Plato's on which classic stress is laid.
I hate his selfishness, effeminate weakness,
Because in him I look for something strong.
(Since strength's his boast), I hate the load of wrong
He legislates to make us tote in meekness,—
Yet, hath the God of Nature given to me
A soul so large, a heart so broadly fashioned
For all that's high, impetuous, and impassioned,
That I'm in love with half the swains I see.
Upbraid me not, cold hearts ; mid toil and strife,
This love's the well-spring of my higher life in life.

V.

TO SIDNEY.

WHILOM I closed the portal of my heart,
And said, "*No guest shall ever enter more ;*"
But, late thou camest a-rapping on the door
So heavily, it jarring, swung apart,
And in thou sallied'st like a conqueror.
With manner that bespoke the realm thine own,
Didst take thy seat on its deserted throne,
And straightway, with no tremor born of fear,
Beganst inaugural discourse on love.
Thine eloquence thrilled me like a barbèd dart,
I caught my breath, and strove to say—" *Depart !*"
But lip and tongue refused alike to move,
And, though thy usurpation then did grieve me,
'Twould well nigh kill me now if thou shouldst leave me.

SONNETS FROM THE ITALIAN.

ADALINA TO ADHÉMAR.

I.

FIRST LOVE.

I HAVE not parted with my fifteenth year—
The flowers of childhood still illume my way—
The founts of childhood just behind me play—
The songs of childhood still are in my ear—
Its footsteps in the halls of memory ;
Yet, if my life be counted, not by years,
But drops of bliss commingled with my tears,
Already have I lived a century ;
And should have gray hairs stealing from my wimple,
Like Julia's nurse, be leaning on a staff,
With squeaking voice, and melancholy laugh,
And hoar frosts gleaming in my rosy dimple—
But, like brimmed wine-bowl Bach'nai founts replenish,
Is my heart bubbling o'er with love's life-giving rhenish.

II.

THE TIME WE MET.

It was the time of vernal bud and blossom,
When blushing Flora roved by wood and lea,
Breathing perfume from her ambrosial bosom,
Fresh palpitating from the Deity ;
When pearly-footed brooklets down the vale,
Went leaping into ocean's calm embrace ;
And sweet-voiced fountains sang in every dale,
As glad to leave their ice-bound hiding-place,
And bask in April's renovating noon ;
When from a thousand wind-harps music burst,
And my young heart with nature was in tune,
That I beheld thee, dear Adhémar, first,
And from Love's quiver sped the fatal dart
That held, and holds transfixed my bleeding heart.

III.

LOVE BORN FULL-STATURED.

My love was born full-statured. With degree,
Of Heaven's high school, from out my soul it hove,
As sprang Minerva from the brow of Jove.
A beam launched into immortality.
It walks beside me like a guiding star,
Flinging a halo on my earthly way
More vivifying than the god of day
Sheds on the orbit that he treads afar.
It holds my pulses—drains my purple veins—
Gobbles my heart down, when it does not need it,
Which, like Prometheus' liver grows to feed it,
Drawing its nutriment from sweetest pains—
And though it tears me, well I love its culture,
Nor crave a Hercules to slay the gnawing vulture.

IV.

THE CITY OF MY HEART IN ASHES.

WHY is the ground thou treadst more hallowed to me ?
Why does thy voice transfix me like a dart ?
Thy glances burn their way into my heart
Like rockets ? Why thine image e'er pursue me ?
I am not sick—yet whence this strange emotion—
Bewildering, wild, delicious pain I feel—
Dizzy delirium with which I reel,
Like shallop staggering on a stormy ocean ?
Whence this new fire that through my bosom flashes—
These Adonèan flames whose naphtha breath
Is suffocating health, hope, peace to death ?
Alas ! the city of my heart's in ashes !
O Cupid ! O incendiary cruel !
How couldst thou fling thy torch mid such inflammable
fuel ?

V.

NATURE'S MASTER-PIECE.

THOU'RT Nature's masterpiece. Most perfect of
Her works, in execution and design.
Most beautiful, Adhémar, most divine,
Of all the temples she has built for love,
And lofty virtue, honor, chivalry.
In what high world, great Mother ! didst thou find
The attributes of such capacious mind ?
The essence of such magnanimity ?
Of such majestic, such high-statured soul ?
From what volcano was such genius caught ?
From what swift lightning such enrapturing thought ?
From what magnetic fount of feeling stole
The eloquence, whose rapid current lifts us,
And o'er the wide empyrean sea of beauty drifts us ?

VI.

LOVE'S POWER.

LIFE had no God-light—earth no glory till
I heard the footsteps of thy Soul, and felt
Thine eyes on me like tropic sunbeams melt,
Infusing warmth through all my frame—a thrill
Of fire, that banished cold, and ice, and chill ;
Then beauty on the face of all things dwelt,
And folding up its hands my spirit knelt,
Drinking of omnipresent love its fill.
My senses of the weight of clay were purged,
Till I could peer o'er in the spirit-world
On countless souls alit with pinions furled,
Giving me gaze for gaze. With beck they urged
Me to o'erstep the bounds 'tween Life and Death,
Drawing me towards them till soul took away my breath.

VII.

LOVE'S ANGELHOOD.

I NEVER felt my angelhood till thou,
Beloved Adhémar, bent thine eyes on me ;
I never felt my soul's divinity,
And all its strength of pinion until now.
Thou'st taught it, like a new-fledged bird to soar
Out on the borders of the aerial shore
Beyond the realm of storm, and sleet, and snow ;
And poise with thee upon heaven's starry brow.
Arm locked in arm—wing lapping over wing—
Lip pressed to lip in sensuous, soft embrace,
Our spirits float illimitable space,
Sweeping the worlds of high imagining,
Drinking of beauty—love from wells divine,
Until they all forget that spirits can untwine.

VIII.

LOVE'S CONSTANCY.

WHILOM I wept, but they were tears of woe—
And now I weep, but they are tears of bliss,
Such as from Angels' eyes fall when they kiss
In Heaven, and thrill with an ecstatic glow.
For thee, beloved Adhémar, sweet tears flow,
When I remember all thy great love is,
And how it brought me out of grief's abyss
Into a port where winds nor tempests blow.
As two bright rainbows sit above the clouds,
Vested in beauty that all beauty cheers,
Serenely smiling through their radiant tears,
So sit our souls 'bove all that mist enshrouds ;
And constant as the twin stars walk the sky
Must they thus clasped revolve through Love's eternity

IX.

LOVE'S COLOR.

I CAN nor tell nor sing the bliss of loving,
It is a joy to think of—not to speak,
Words, symbols, lyres, seraphic trumpets are too weak
To utter its divinity—so proving
That silence is its best interpreter.
Love never did gain strength through speech or ear ;
If found loquacious, it is plumed for roving,
Or lodged in bosoms little worth its moving.
All things assume the color of my love,
I only see through its prismatic eyes.
It vests the stars in hues of Paradise,
And clothes the moon in soulshine from above—
If sun, moon, stars went out—earth were black night,
I could live on and love by Love's celestial light.

X.

LOVE'S LAST SWEET DRAUGHT.

A WEEK ago to-day, the hours embalmed,
Serenely, silently as one that's dead,
Upon thy breast I bowed my throbbing head,
And down my pulses sank like sails becalmed.
My hand was softly folded up in thine,
So softly that I did not feel the pressure,
And so I lay imbibing without measure,
From out the crystal cup of love divine.
Stars dawned. The storm of woe aback was driven,
In muffled murmurs like a dying dirge.
I heard the waves of bliss around me surge,
And all the Angels calling me in heaven,
When lo ! the hand of Reason smote the bowl,
And dashed it from the lips of my inebriate soul.

XI.

THE CHANGE.

AH ! woe is me ! how have I fallen from
My height—my heaven of heavens—my Eden fair,
Down to this lower world of grief—despair,
To trail the dust like any other worm !
Where are my wings that erst outsoared the storm,
As the bold eagle cleaves the upper air ?
Where are the sylphs that twined my flowing hair,
'Trancing me till they spoke their loving warm ?
Ah ! where the soul, whose pinions under mine,
Did waft me up against the glowing stars,
Or with me float upon their silvery spars
Along the wide empyrean blue.—Supine
I lie, adrift adown the dreary dark,
Where dawns no beacon-star to guide my helmless bark.

XII.

THE RIVER OF THE PAST.

I'm roving up the river of the past,
Where thou and I, Adhémar, hand in hand—
Cheek pressed to cheek, whilom, were wont to stand,
Watching the golden moments as they passed ;
Or, speechless, gaze into each other's eyes
Until our souls arose in those expanses,
And stood up, face to face, exchanging glances
Of love, then swooned away in ecstasies.
Cupid through us gained immortality—
A passport through the gates of Eden won,
Since, while our flame lent ardor to the sun,
It held within itself a purity
That lifted it above the thought of sin—
And the full sanction of both heaven and earth did win.

XIII.

THE PARTING.

"Tis just one year ago, beloved, to-day,
Since, my pale hand between thy hands compressed,
I laid my burning brow upon thy breast,
And bade the flood-gates of my heart give way,
Then shut them down upon its streams for aye.
We sought to speak, yet neither said farewell ;
Fate rang her larum through my spirit's cell
Until the chill of death upon me lay.—
I never could re-live that hour again,
Through every artery shot an icy pang,
As if an adder pierced me with its fang,
And dashed the roseate fount of life with bane—
Mine eyes were open, yet I could not see—
I breathed, yet I was dead—all things were dead to me.

XIV.

LOVE WITHOUT A PARALLEL.

MY love for thee had not a parallel—
The dusky Queen of Egypt had ignored
The dizzy height to which my passion soared.
The burning Lesbian, in her island dell,
Had never strung her lyre to such a height,
Lest at the tension it had sprung apart,
And lain all shattered, shivering, like her heart.
Such love begot not Helen's fatal flight,
As thou, Adhémar, in my breast inspired.
Had Anthony, Phaon, Paris been as true
To all Love ever dreamed, or felt, or knew,
As thou, whose gallant soul my being fired,
The Orient Queen had wooed no aspic sleep,
Nor Sappho made the wild Leucadian leap.

XV.

ADIEU.

ADIEU—adieu ! In silent tears we parted
To journey on, diverging as two beams
That from the equatorial line have started,
Bending their faces towards the earth's extremes.
All day my bosom heaves with heavy sighs—
All day I sing thy favorite songs and weep—
All night I gaze into thy luminous eyes,
Or clasp thy shadow in my feverish sleep.—
Oh ! for the love that was for death too strong
Oh ! for the sweet-charmed hours that sped too soon,
When thou didst steal from Beauty's laughing throng,
To meet me by the soft consenting moon,
Inclasp my hand in tremulous delight,
And bend on me thine eyes angelically bright.

XVI.

ONENESS.

NEVER in earth or Heaven canst thou be loved
As I have loved thee—never—never more .
By love so holy can thy soul be moved,
Upon terrestrial or celestial shore.
On thee alone my faithful spirit dwelt—
To thee alone my restless Fancy soared—
For thee alone before my God I knelt,
And the libations of my full heart poured.
Thy smiles, thy words, each feature of thy face,
Thy step, as thou didst from me last depart—
Thy mournful gait—thy form's majestic grace,
Were caught and treasured in my dotting heart,
And there have lived through every varying mood,
The soul and solace of my sainted solitude.

XVII.

REMEMBRANCE.

THY voice flows o'er my listening heart like sound
From fairy fount or lute in land of dreams,
And full thy loveliness upon me teems,
With thy bright presence lighting all around,
Until my pulses leap like rills unbound.
I see again thine eyes' effulgent beams ;
I walk with thee along the laughing streams,
Through whispering grove — o'er flower-bespangled
ground,
And feel thy glowing touch my heart-strings thrill,
As I upon thy doting arm recline,
Listing thee speak from out thy spirit's shrine,
Love-freighted words, whose heavenly music still
Steals softly o'er my weary, thirsting soul,
Exerting o'er it aye a calm and sweet control.

XVIII.

THE RETURN.

I SEE again thy tall, majestic form,
E'en with the vividness of my first sight ;
I see thine eyes, like stars amid the night
Of my deep woe—I feel thy heart beat warm
Against my heart—I feel thy tremulous arm
Inclasp my waist—and lip to lip impressed,
I feel the sweet flame kindling in my breast,
And stealing o'er my soul the fatal charm.—
O memory ! thou art, alas ! too true !
Too faithful to this desolate heart of mine,
Whose innermost recess is sorrow's shrine !
I would forget the past—and seek anew
Some other votary—some alluring scene,—
But ever thy dear form, Adhémar, floats between.

XIX.

THE SPELL.

THY presence dwells around, above, below,
On all things lovely and most beautiful,
I hear thy voice in every fountain's flow—
Behold thy smile on every flower I cull
Along the hills, and vales, and gliding streams ;—
I see thine eyes' soft hues in the blue heaven—
Thy brow's bright radiance in the iris' beams—
Thy mind in the calm pensiveness of even.
The tuneful birds, the rills, the rustling trees—
The beings of the air—the stars—the moon—
All sounds, and tones, and stirring melodies—
And aught with which my spirit doth commune
In heaven, or earth, or space, or thought, to me
Hold eloquent discourse, adorèd one, of thee.

XX.

I THINK OF THEE.

I THINK of thee till all is dim confusion,
And Reason reels upon her fragile throne—
The past and present blend in strange illusion—
Thoughts, feelings, all commingle into one,
As streams and rills into the ocean run,
And my pale cheeks are drenched with a suffusion
Of drops upheaved from lava-founts of woe ;
And while these burning tides my lids o'erflow,
Impassioned Fancy to thy presence hies,
And suns her in the radiance of thine eyes—
At the pure well-spring of thy bosom sips,
And feeds upon the nectar of thy lips,
Then back, with gathered sweets, returns to me,
As homeward comes at eve the honey-freighted bee.

XXI.

BURIED YEARS.

YEARS have been tombed, Adhémar, since we met,
Sorrow and change have brooded o'er my way—
Thine image floated o'er me night and day,
Like some lone-wandering star that could not set.
I've sought in other climes for other friends
To quench the fire that on love's altar burns
For ever : but to thee my spirit tends
Constant as magnet to Alru'ba turns.
Beneath the stars I've wrapped me up in dreams,
And talked with phantoms till the morning light ;
I have run races with the laughing streams,
And sung with birds from early dawn till night,
To wean my heart and win my thoughts from thee—
But thou wert still my star, my sun, my Deity.

XXII.

THE FAILURE.

LONG have I left the world, each dazzling scene
Of joy, and mirth, and hall of gayety,
To seek in solitude tranquillity,
If soul so tost can ever be serene ;
From vulgar eyes my bosom's woe to screen,
And strive, beloved one, if such thing can be,
To rend the chain that binds my life to thee—
All tears and pinings banish—and again
To mingle in the world as proud and gay.
But here, week after week, and year I stay
Feeding my heart upon its hoarded sighs—
The memory of thy form and radiant eyes,
Which woke the plaintive spirit of my lyre,
And kindled in my breast a never-dying fire.

XXIII.

THE RESIGNATION.

A THOUSAND times I've vowed to say farewell—
A thousand times that word's died on my lip—
A thousand times resolved no more to sip
The cup, in which delicious poisons dwell.
A thousand times I've striven the storm to quell
That in this desolated breast doth rave,
And sworn to cool my heart in Lethe's wave—
Against all bonds of Cupid to rebel ;
But such resolves like morning mist depart,
And, like Prometheus on his rocky peak,
Writhing beneath the eagle's slakeless beak,
I feel the vulture gnawing at my heart ;
And to its fangs my bosom have resigned,
Till death in mercy shall my chain unbind.

SONNETS WRITTEN AFTER ADHÉMAR'S DEATH.

XXIV.

THE NEWS OF ADHÉMAR'S DEATH.

Woe's me ! my pulse stands still ! Adhémar's dead !
I read it in the *Journal* of this morn,
That was to me by brawling newsboy borne.
Mine eye fell on the telegraphic head,
And running down the column swift as hawk
Darts preyward, midway halted, while a shudder
Shot through my heart, as through a ship whose rudder
Strikes suddenly against a coral rock.
"After three weeks," it ran, "of agony,
Precisely fifteen minutes ere eleven
Adhémar's spirit passed away to heaven,
Enwrapped in mantle of serenity ;
To-morrow, as the sun goes to his bed,
The knell will call him to the city of the dead.

XXV.

WHO ADHÉMAR WAS.

“HE was a lawyer—in the noon of youth ;
His eagle thoughts like pinioned arrows flew
Into his theme, and pierced it through and through :
Clove Falsehood down, and raised up trembling Truth.
Upon the wings of eloquence he lifted
Up with his soul, star-soaring souls of crowds,
And with these eaglets swept beyond the clouds,
Till 'gainst the azure brow of heaven they drifted.
He was a genius—lofty—generous—kind—
A genius of that high volcanic order
That hurls its lava forth in wild disorder,
And with its rockets strikes the planets blind.”
I read it through—and from my hand, like lead,
The paper fell—and left me rigid, as if dead.

XXVI.

ARRIVAL IN SPIRIT-LAND.

'Tis just six months ago, beloved, to-day,
Since Death rode by upon his pallid steed,
And plucked thee from the wayside, like a reed,
Then sank his spurs into his iron gray.
'Tis just six months to-day, since, out of breath,
He sat thee on the shores of Acheron ;
And called grim Charon, who, with grizzly frown,
Did ferry thee across the stream of Death.
'Tis just six months, to-day, since thy fair feet
First pressed the borders of the spirit-land,
And thou didst give the angels thy white hand,
Who thy arrival came with flowers to greet—
Six months, to-day, since thou, at Eden's gate,
Seated with them, didst all glad news of earth relate.

XXVII.

MY THOUGHTS HANG ON THE GATES OF PARADISE.

THOU'ST taken all my thoughts to heaven with thee ;
I cannot chain them in their cells below,
But through the bolts and bars away they go,
Till on the borders of th' empyrean sky,
Disconsolate, they perch on Eden's gate,
And, pressing their fair faces 'gainst the grate,
There rapt, they hang a-gazing in on thee ;
Arrayed in purple of eternity.
There rapt, they watch thee pace celestial bowers :
There rapt, survey the sylphs entwine thy hair
With blossoms nurtured in seraphic air.
There rapt, behold thee clasp the white-winged hours,
Until heaven's jealous porter them espies,
And, sore offended, shuts the gates of Paradise.

XXVIII.

ADHÉMAR'S REIGN.

TWELVE years, Adhémar, thou didst rule my heart—
Twelve years usurp its realms from zone to zone—
Twelve years serenely sit upon its throne,
Despite of many a rival's pointed dart.
Twelve years thou wert the shepherd of the flocks
That gathered in its Càabà to hear
Thee preach of beauty, truth, faith, hope, love, cheer.
Twelve years thou cam'st at dawn upon the rocks
That gird my soul, to talk with Poesy,
And watch my thoughts at play among the flowers,
Like lambs ; or wrestling with the rosy hours ;
Or bathing in the founts of minstrelsy.
O Death ! how couldst thou such a monarch slay !
And leave my heart-world to a base plebeian sway ?

XXIX.

EXCHANGE OF LOVE-LETTERS

We met and gazed into each other's eyes,
When from the violet brinks our spirits rose,
And leaning over kissed with thrilling throes,
That broke along the air in sobbing sighs.
Entranced they wept—exchanged betrothal letters,
Then downward to their silent prisons fled,
And by the lamp of Hope these letters read,
And felt the happier for Love's fatal fetters :—
But Hate below, and envious Saint above,
Between them placed a gulf impassable ;
Yet, on the opposing shores they stood for all,
Sending love-missives by heaven's carrier-dove ;
And, flinging kisses over to each other,
All glowing from the fires warm hearts can never smother.

XXX.

MUTE COURTSHIP.

O, ~~HAD~~ these fancied shores the gift of speech—
Could they recount the countless vows they heard,
Winging the air like Paradisian-bird—
Had they the power of Love, Faith, Hope, to preach,
They'd tell a sadder tale of love and madness
Than ever the Bosphorus mermaids told
Of lofty Hero and Leander bold.
They'd tell how on these banks we paced in sadness,
And mutely, by the pale moon, wooed like fairies,
The while, convulsed with Love's delicious spasm,
Our hands stretched forth and clasped across the chasm,
Holding us *vis-à-vis*, like statuaries,
Until Death, passing by on his white steed,
Drew up, and struck the one down like a helpless reed.

ADALINA'S REVERY.

[FROM THE ITALIAN.]

'Tis eve—and by this stream I stand
And think, departed one, of thee,
When first thou here didst take my hand,
And breathe thy holy vows to me ;
When first the flood-gates of thy heart
Were lifted, and thy love in gushes
Came down, as vernal fountains dart
Upon my soul suffused with blushes ;—
'Twas underneath this willow's bough—
And it is here !—but where art thou ?

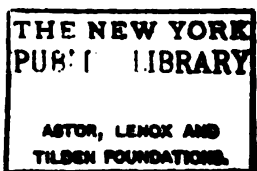
Twelve years ago this July night,
When all the guardian saints above
Were gazing through the gates of light
To see our souls dissolve in love—





"The eye is not the stream, nor the
willow the stream, nor the tree

— *THE GARDEN* —



Hand clasped in hand—eye bent on eye,
Our bosoms meeting like two billows,
And through our lips sigh chasing sigh,
As zephyrs through the wavy willows,
We stood where I am standing now—
And I am here!—but where art thou?

Entranced, we stood as none have stood
Since Sappho Phaon's bosom fired ;
Entranced, we wooed as none have wooed
Since Egypt's love-sick queen expired ;
Entranced, our spirits face to face
Spoke through the windows of the soul
Of all love, beauty, bliss embrace,
And wrote white vows on Heaven's white scroll
Beneath this willow's weeping bough—
And it is here!—but where art thou?

And still my heart is full of youth,
Its playgrounds ring with mirth of blisses ;
And still my soul is full of truth,
And flings the world its roseate kisses ;
And still my step is lithe and light,
And fleetier than the young gazelle's ;
And still my eye with hope is bright—
The tide of Hippocrene upswells

Around my spirit's pale feet now—
And I am here !—but where art thou ?

These vales are here—these mountains stand
As they were standing on that eve ;
The nightingale—the zephyrs bland,
Soft through the cypress branches grieve ;
The stars are sitting out in Heaven
Around the dappled milky way,
As they were seated on that even,
Watching the slumbering god of Day—
And earth smiles bright and blooming now
As on that night—but where art thou ?

Like snowy doves thy vows descend
With noiseless wings the vales of Weir ;
Thy breathing thoughts around me bend,
Thy burning words entrance my ear ;
And at the fount of memory
That gushes down this hallowed shore,
I drink until its source is dry,
And still look 'up its lips for more,
Beneath this willow's weeping bough,
While echo answers—"Where art thou ?"

Oh, River ! that dost roll along,
Singing like youthful maiden ever !
Oh, Lilies ! that these valleys throng,
Ringing your snowy bells for ever !
Oh, Cypressess ! majestic, grand,
Whose tears descend in silent showers !—
Oh ! tell me where in spirit-land,
Beneath what beatific bowers,
Adhémar, pensive, wanders now,
While I lament beneath this bough ?

I'll question thus no more, my love,
But lift my ken beyond the skies,
Where Angels in the realms above
Stand rapt before thy rapturous eyes ;
And plead with Heaven to ope the gates
Of Paradise, until I see
Thine image through the golden grates
And grades of immortality ;—
*For, well I know round Eden's brow
Thy spirit-feet are winding now !*

.

LYRICS.

LINES ON SOME VIOLETS.

[LEFT UPON MY DEEK WHILE I WAS AT A FUNERAL]

HE brought these violets yester-eve,
While I was with the dead,
And when I hither came to grieve,
To me they meekly said :

“ Let not thy gentle heart-founts flow
For her who is at rest,
But joy and sing for all who go
To sit among the blest.

“ Weep for thyself, and not for her,
Child of melodious grief !
And pray thy Angels, hovering near,
To make life’s journey brief.

“For, now we hear thy spirit beat,
With bleeding plumes, its grate,
And treading with impatient feet,
Like one that could not wait.

“Like one, who, pale mid dungeon gloom,
Paces his scanty floor,
Awaiting till the jailer come
To ope his prison-door.”

LINES ON A VASE OF FLOWERS.

[FOUND ON MY DESK.]

I GAZE upon these simple flowers
As something I revere ;
They grew in Love's enchanted bowers—
And Love hath placed them here.

I kiss their cheeks of virgin bloom,
I press their dewy lips,
While my rapt soul of their perfume,
Inebriated sips.

I look into their violet eyes,
And feel my heart grow calm,
And fancy I'm in Paradise,
Inhaling Eden's balm.

There in ecstatic dreams I rove
Among celestial bowers,
Weaving a garland for my love,
Of beatific flowers.

LOVE'S FIRST KISS.

I NEVER treasured up this kiss,
And gladly now would it forget,
But, with its rapturous thrill of bliss,
My heart, pulse, brain are throbbing yet.

Revelling it lies upon my lips
Imbibing all their dewy showers,
As honey-bee the nectar sips,
From out the rosy lips of flowers.

And other thirsting kisses come
To claim their share of nectar too,
But, with his little roseate plume,
He drives them from his cup of dew.

O Cupid ! take thy kiss again !
Bid it from off my lip depart,
'Tis sipping life from every vein,
Its beak is fastened on my heart.

THE KISS.

Two lovely beings near me stood,
 The one a tall and blooming youth :
 The other, in sweet maidenhood,
 All wreathed with smiles, and love, and truth.

He gazed upon her beaming face
 As if his soul lay mirrored there,
 Then drew her close to his embrace—
 But shrinking back, she said, "*Take care !*"

"It never gave me joy," he sighed,
 "The dew from saintly lips to sip—
 I'd rather quaff the lava-tide
 That flushes Passion's burning lip."

"Then go," she said ; "I spurn thy kiss ;
 Go, kneel at glowing Venus' shrine,
 And drink thy fill of wanton bliss—
 Thy lip shall never feed on mine."

BLANCHE TO ANTONIO.

SINCE that balmy night in June
We sat beneath the moon,
Mid zephyrs cool,
While all the stars above
Talked to us of light and love,
I've been a fool.

On the bolt of my heart's door
Rust had gathered—and before
It cobwebs hung ;
But to thy touch, alack !
The rusty bolt flew back—
And ope it swung.

Then enter—do not falter—
Take the chair beside the altar,
Intrepidly,
O'er my spirit, kneeling there,
Bend, and drink the holy prayer
It breathes for thee.

*

I'LL SHARE IT NOT WITH NELLIE.

THEY say that thou art still engaged
 Unto the lovely Nellie ;
 If this be so, thy love may go—
 I'll share it not with Nellie.

They say thou'rt charmed with every maid,
 And giv'st thy heart to many ;
 If this be true, to thee adieu—
 I'll share it not with any.

If Nellie was thy premier love—
 Thy truest—why thus leave her ?
 If I am thine—for ever thine—
 Ah ! why dost thou deceive her ?

I did not use a wile to win
 Thee from the lovely Nellie ;
 Thou gav'st, in fee, thy heart to me—
 I'll share it not with Nellie.

THE LOVE-LETTER.

A FLUTTER in my room I heard,
Soft as descending dew,
And on my table saw a bird
Perch with a *billet-doux*.
I took it from its little bill,
And o'er it glanced mine eye,
When thought, obedient to my will,
Did make her shuttle fly—
The while the carrier-dove, aloof,
Awaited for *this woof*.

“I’ve read thy lines with feelings higher
Than minstrel’s art can tell—
Thou’st breathed thy love in words of fire,
And sat in pearls of thought, ‘*Estelle*’—
Thou’st led me to the Oasis
In the desert of thy heart,
Where limpid streams of love and bliss,
From silent sources start—

And, with a chaste and reverent hand,
Engraved me in the sand.

“I bless thee for the iron faith
In man thy truth has taught me—
The flowers thou’st flung upon my path—
The feasts of song thou’st brought me ;
Thy sympathy, unschooled by art,—
The friendship thou hast proved ;
It is the great need of my heart
To love—and be beloved.”—
Here, white-winged herald, with this note,
Back to thy master float !

LINES ON BEING ASKED FOR MY AUTO-
GRAPH.

I WISH I had a pretty name,
Whose beauty was its only fame,
A sea of secret joy I'd quaff
In sending forth my autograph.
When erst I roamed with May and Ellie,
They used to call me little Stellie,
To which, elate with love and hope,
I bounded like the antelope ;
But, when I grew too large to play,
And gave the world a tender lay,
They put an E before the S,
And made Estelle—I wish 'twere Bess.
And then I had another name,
Which now I hardly care to claim—
'Twas Blanche—of old Castilian fame.

TO A LAWYER WHO WAS NOT AT MY
SOIREE ACCORDING TO PROMISE.

O DEAR Mr. Dyett !
What a load must lie at
The door of your heart !
Its angels a-stare
At the stack of fibs there,
I'm afraid will depart,
And placard the door,
That others may soar
On their heavenly way.
When we parted last night,
With our hearts leaping light
As the white-footed spray,
With a tip of your hat,
You swore you'd be at
My little *soirée*.
But 'mong poets of fame,
And singers who came,
And limbs of the Law,

And Beauty and Youth,
And Virtue and Truth,
Our Dyett none saw.
We sung and we danced,
And lovingly glanced
Around on each other,
And if you'd been here,
And tasted the cheer
Of soul none could smother,
I'm certain, to-day,
You would bless my *soirée*,
And come to another.

LINES TO ONE WHO WILL UNDERSTAND
THEM.

You tell me that you love me
With a passion pure and high,
As the heavens that bend above me
When the Day-god warms the sky.

You vow that you will cherish
My memory while you live—
That you'll let no feeling perish
While you've life-blood left to give.

I know that you are truthful
As aught beneath the sun—
That you'll let no ivy ruthless
My flowers of bliss o'errun ;

Yet, of hearts I'm an inspector,
And I know thine link by link—
At its fount of bubbling nectar
Any one, who will, may drink.

And, although you may replenish
It, for me, my dainty lip
Will never taste the Rhenish
From the goblet others sip.

THE END.

SW
Wb
mon

